

DRIS DAY'S SUMMER WARDROBE

modern screen

JUL.
25c

When is Elvis
going into
the army...

Will they
cut his hair...

answered!

ALL YOUR
PERSONAL
QUESTIONS
ABOUT
ELVIS

by Judy Spreckels



la parsons: **SHIRLEY TEMPLE RETURNS!**

the
kiss
of
spring



... for your hair

You sparkle with Springtime freshness when your hair has a dew-fresh fragrance . . . a sunny, younger look.

TWEED Soft Fragrance Shampoo gives your hair a billion bubble beauty bath. Cleanses thoroughly—yet so gently it safeguards the precious natural oil

that keeps your hair soft, lustrous, easy to manage. Let exciting new TWEED Soft Fragrance Shampoo capture the spirit of Springtime for you all year 'round. 69¢ and \$1.

JUN 10 1957

But how long
will it last?

Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll *stay* sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

The most common cause of bad breath *by far* is germs that ferment the protein always present in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine **IS** antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

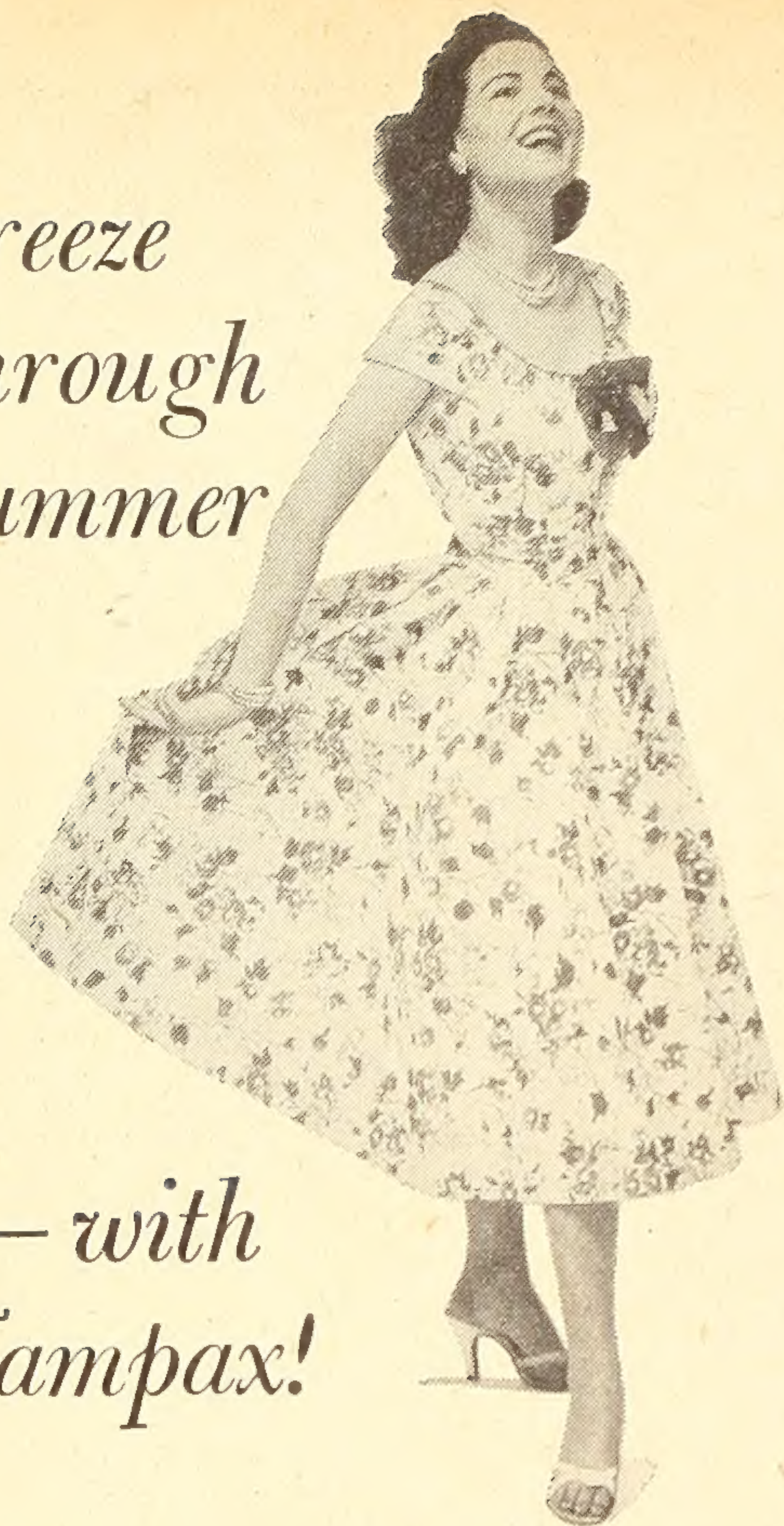
LISTERINE
the most widely
used antiseptic
in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

breeze
through
summer

—with
Tampax!

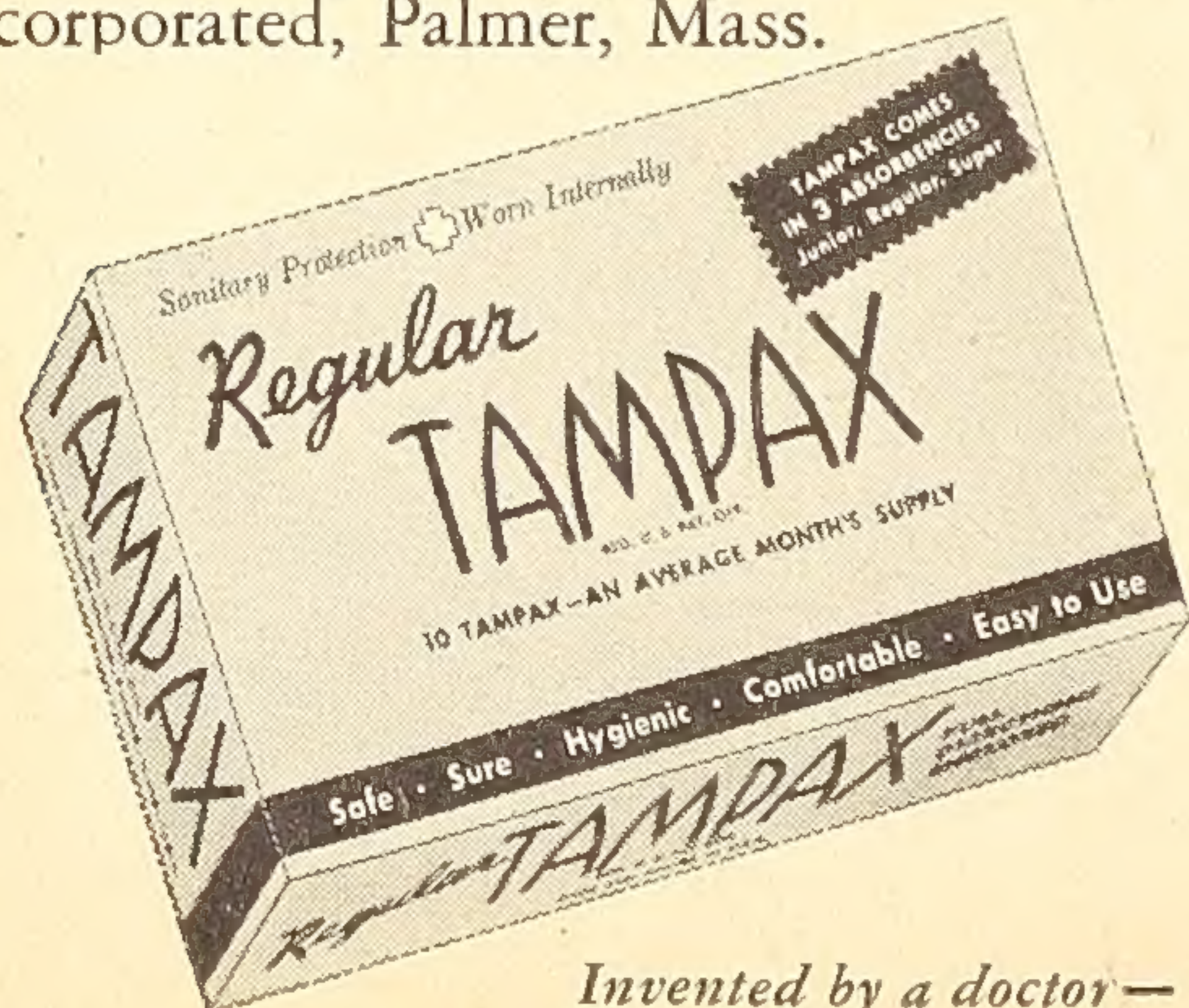


Oh, we're not suggesting Tampax can do anything about the heat! The sun will go right on glaring down... the thermometer will go right on up to boiling point! But when it's time-of-the-month for you, you'll be mighty glad you're wearing Tampax® internal sanitary protection, the *coolest* protection ever!

What a wonderful sense of freedom you enjoy when you use Tampax. Not to be bothered with pins, belts or pads. Never to worry about telltale lines or bulges—no matter *how* you're dressed. Never to know chafing or irritation. Not even to be aware that you're wearing it!

Tampax is invisible and unfelt when it's in place. Because it's worn internally, odor can't possibly form. Nice thing about it—it's so made that your hands don't ever have to touch it. It's the *daintiest* ever to insert—and to dispose of.

Tampax lets you do what you like, whenever you like—go swimming, riding, sightseeing—you name it. And you can carry spares just by tucking them away in your purse! So make the *most* of your summer. Use Tampax. 3 absorbencies (Regular, Junior, Super) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

modern screen

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*Color portrait of Doris Day on the cover by Dick Miller of Globe.
Doris can soon be seen in WARNER BROS. *The Pajama Game*.
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From singing idol to dramatic star.

A new first in the exciting career of

Bing Crosby



The comedy phase of his career brought him new fame. He co-starred in the funny "Road" pictures. This is "Road To Bali".



Last year, Bing reverted to his first love and starred in the big musical, "High Society". Its songs made the Hit Parade.



With his role in "Going My Way" he revealed another facet. He played Barry Fitzgerald and won the Academy Award.



Now, Bing proves his versatility by feelingly playing a dramatic role. It is an inspired portrayal... a

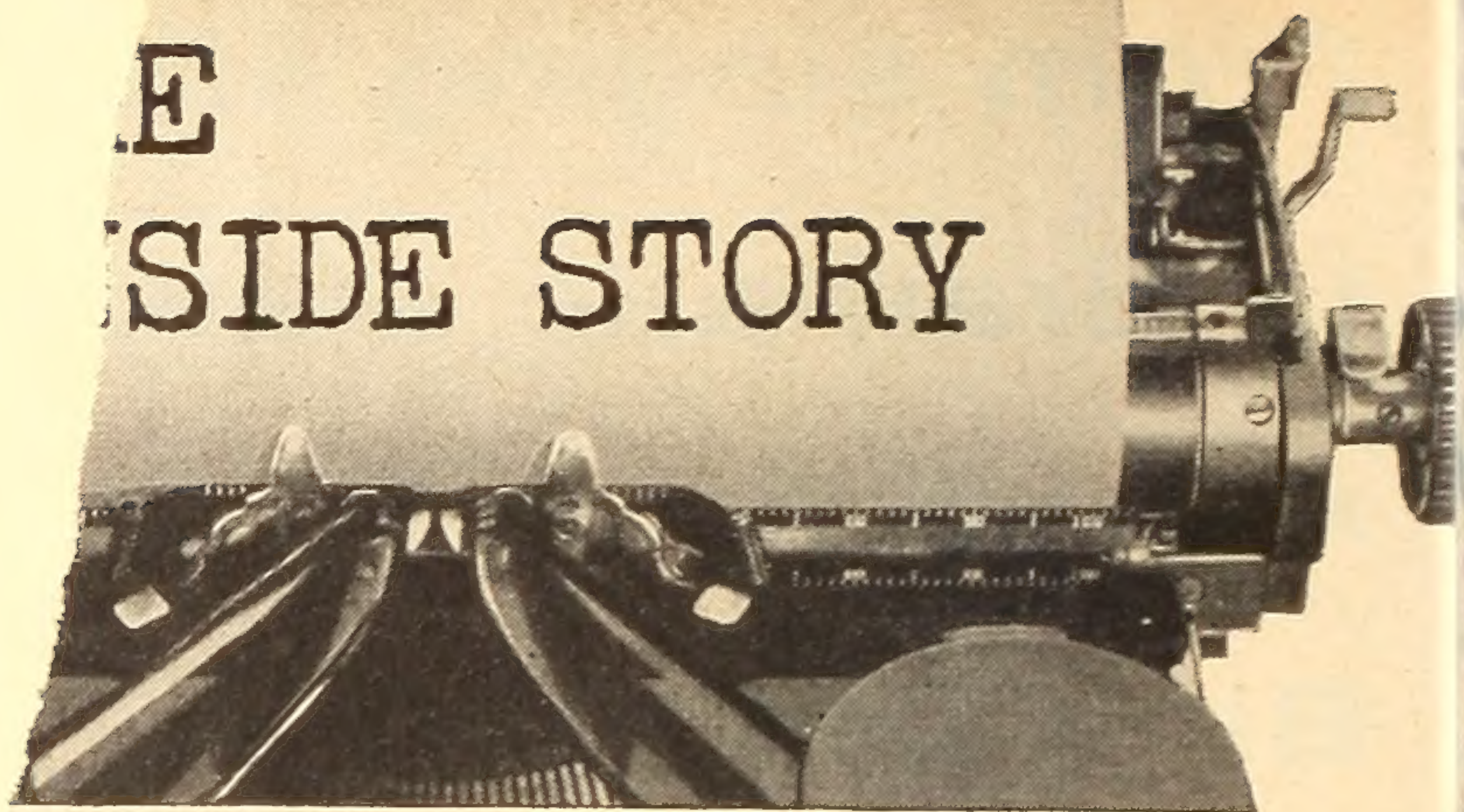
M-G-M PRESENTS A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION • STARR

BING CROSBY IN MAN

CO-STARRING INGER STEVENS • MARY FICKETT • E. G. MARSHALL

SCREEN PLAY BY RANALD MacDOUGALL • BASED ON A STORY BY MALVIN WALD and JACK JACOBS • DIRE.

THE INSIDE STORY



real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

ou tell me if the Paul New-
e Woodward romance is
ous?

—H.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

true that Judy Spreckels, who
ose stories about Elvis for
SCREEN, is seriously ill and has
er engagement to that South-
she was going to marry?

—J.H., NYC

y was very ill, blood poisoning,
lled off her engagement during
g hospitalization.

y did Audrey Hepburn turn
the female lead in *Sayonara*?

—L.Y., NYC

couldn't picture herself as a
se.

ere did Gene Kelly get \$500,000
e on his wife in their divorce?

—E.L., SCRANTON, PA.

ly has been working for twenty
has always been thrifty.

w many children does Ingrid
an have and by whom?

—S.L., AKRON, OHIO

ie step-son, Renzo Rossellini;
girls and a boy by Roberto Ros-
i; one girl, Jennie Ann Lindstrom,
Dr. Peter Lindstrom.

s the Loretta Young-Tom Lewis
riage on the rocks?

—G.T., TROY, N.Y.

Geographical separations, resulting
m his being in N.Y. while Loretta is
Hollywood, make it difficult for them.

Was Luana Patten really married
at the age of sixteen?

—E.P., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Yes.

How much money did Ingrid Berg-
man get for *Anastasia*?

—S.H., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. \$250,000.

How come Kirk Douglas never
wins an Academy Award?

—I.T., ELLENVILLE, N.Y.

A. He is not particularly well-liked in
Hollywood by his voting colleagues.

Is it true that Prince Rainier and
Grace Kelly sold pictures of their baby
to the press?—J.Y., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Yes; the money goes to Monacan
charities.

Q. Didn't Bing Crosby have his heart
set on playing *The Rainmaker*?

—T.T., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. Yes.

Q. Does Fred Astaire go out only
with young girls?

—K.T., FT. WAYNE, IND.

A. On occasion.

Q. When Frank Sinatra opened at the
MOCAMBO in Hollywood, did he really
ban part of the press from the club?

—G.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Yes. His press agents notified the
management that Sinatra considered
certain press members unacceptable.

Q. Does Debra Paget's mother really
weigh more than 300 pounds?

—G.D., ELGIN, ILL.

A. Debra's mother has dropped a hun-
dred pounds, is still rapidly reducing.

Q. Is Mamie Van Doren's hair bleached?

—A.R., ALBANY, N.Y.

A. Yes.

Q. Is Vera Miles pregnant? How many
children does she have?

—K.R., WICHITA, KAN.

A. Vera is pregnant; already has two.

Q. Can you tell me the real name
of Vikki Dougan, who wears backless
clothes? Where does she come from?

—R.Y., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. Vikki Dougan was born Edith
Tooker in Brooklyn.

Q. Why did Lana Turner's daughter
run away from school? Didn't Joan
Crawford's children do the same? Why?

—G.T., RICHMOND, VA.

A. Lana's daughter was unhappy at
school. Joan's boy thought his mother
was too strict; thinks so no longer.

Q. Will Ezio Pinza ever work again?

—Y.T., MILANO, ITALY

A. Only as an actor, he says—not as a
singer.

Q. Bing Crosby's new leading lady,
Inger Stevens—isn't she sweet on Bing?

—L.Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Inger Stevens and Crosby have been
dating. (Continued on page 24)

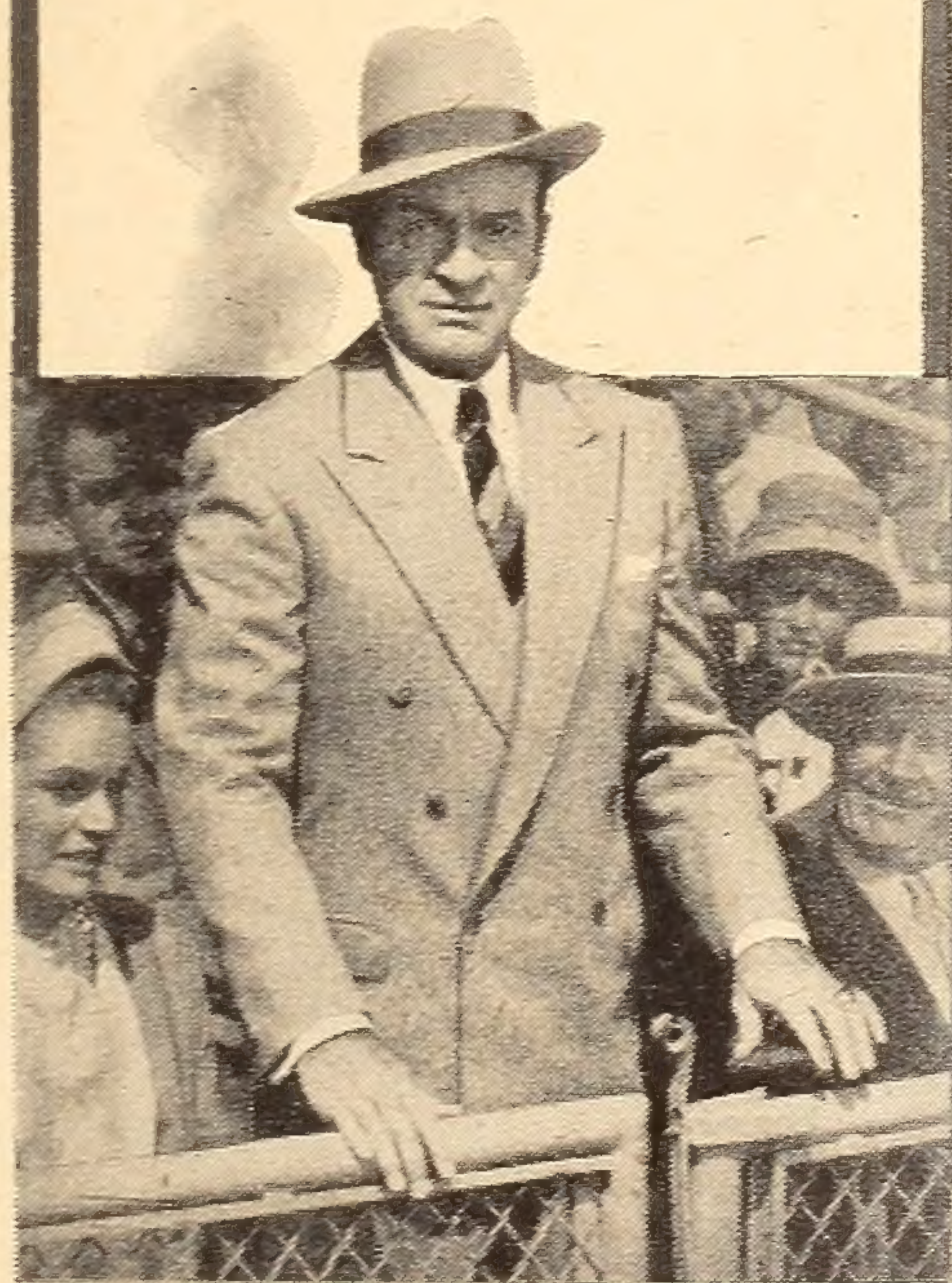


*He held her
for the first time
... and knew
there'd never
be a last!
The love story
of a guy who
gave up
City Hall for
the arms of a
beautiful girl!*

Paramount Presents

BEAU JAMES

THE LIFE OF JIMMY WALKER—
NIGHT-MAYOR OF NEW YORK



Starring

BOB HOPE · VERA MILES

PAUL DOUGLAS · ALEXIS SMITH · DARREN MCGAVIN

Guest Stars—

GEORGE JESSEL · WALTER CATLETT · TECHNICOLOR®

Produced by JACK ROSE · Directed by MELVILLE SHAVELSON · Screenplay by JACK ROSE and MELVILLE SHAVELSON

Based on the book by Gene Fowler · Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by Jack Baker

VISTAVISION®
ACTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Story-book happiness—

And story-book tragedies—

And here and there a welcome laugh

For Our Town's twinkling stars...



*Lauren Bacall, who held down the fort for the New York premiere of **Designing Woman**, shares the spotlight with two pups.*

NEVER WERE THE FANS IN THE grandstands treated to such a show as MGM put on in the lobby of the PANTAGES THEATRE for the premiere of *Designing Woman*. Some wag said he hoped the show inside would be as good—and it was that, and more! The delightful comedy is by far the best thing **Lauren Bacall** has ever done and **Gregory Peck** is always charming.

But to get back to the exciting goings-on outside. A raised platform had been erected in front of the theatre, and forty minutes before the picture started a wonderful fashion show was paraded. Models swished and twirled in all the lovely clothes Helen Rose designed for the film.

The models had plenty of competition from the glamour girls who were parading past into the theatre.

Kim Novak, who usually won't be seen doing even her marketing in any color but lavender, showed up as the most surprisingly gowned girl of the evening. She was wearing, believe it or not, a white sheath with long green gloves! She came equipped with her standard escort, however: the devoted **Mac Krim**.

Before I had a chance to ask Kim how come she'd changed her color scheme so radically, she asked me breathlessly, "Oh, do you think

you can get Mac and me in to hear **Frank Sinatra** at the MOCAMBO after the show? I hear there aren't any reservations." Considering that Kim was Frankie Boy's big moment and vice versa not too long ago, this request certainly came out of left field!

Greer Garson was another belle attracting much admiration, wearing a flowing red chiffon gown topped by her bright red hair.

Tony Martin flew in from New York to take his best girl **Cyd Charisse**, who was all in white—including white mink. Cyd just won a place on **HARPER'S BAZAAR'S** *The Best Dressed Motion Picture Actresses*.

A wild shout came from the fans when **Gregory Peck** showed up with **Veronique**, who was wearing the most stunning coat I have ever seen. But for my money that attractive French wife of Greg's is becoming too thin.

Sheila (Mrs. Guy) Madison looked like a breath of Spring in a pale pink chiffon. "I don't feel like Spring," she whispered as we entered the theatre together, "I'm freezing"—and her teeth were chattering.

I've never seen **Ann Miller** in the same gown twice, and this event was no exception. I bet Ann has more gorgeous bouffant white gowns in her wardrobe than anyone else in the world.

It was a big night and I just wish my good friend **Lauren Bacall** had been on hand to enjoy it. But she was doing the honors for the premiere in New York while **Gregory Peck** held down the West Coast event.

THE REALLY DIFFERENT DINNER party **Greer Garson** gave at the CLUB SEVILLE in honor of the visiting **Steve Allen**, and to celebrate her mother's birthday, was an eye-opener as far as what some of our stars have been up to!

They've been taking mambo, samba, cha-cha-cha and Calypso dance lessons at this newest Hollywood night spot from a very good looking young man whose name is Steve Peck.

Thought I'd fall over when **Rocky Cooper** told me that Gary—of all people—was taking lessons, and **Norma Shearer** and her husband Marty Arrougé are regular pupils!

I even got myself on the floor and did some of the dancing, although it's pretty strenuous!

Greer attributes her new figure to this form of exercise—and believe me, that's a mild word for it. Anyway, Greer is thinner and is looking more svelte than she's been in years.

(Continued on page 8)



Loved that peck on the cheek from that Greg Peck! Greg's wife, Veronique, was nervous as a kitten till Greg got his just reward—deafening applause from the West Coast audience!



Bob Stack and his Rosemary take a short cut. "It's illegal," grins Bob, "but easier!"



See that proud-papa look on Rory Calhoun? Lita agrees the baby's exceptional!



Guy Madison was there, with his pretty wife. That attractive two-some is going to have a new baby.



Greer Garson stopped to chat with Phil Reed, who never looks a day older.



Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman are still looking as ecstatically happy as ever.



Kim Novak DIDN'T wear lavender! Mac Krim looks like he'd like his arm around Kim permanently.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood (Continued)



Rita Hayworth remembers too well the legalities she endured to keep her child.

I'M ON RITA HAYWORTH'S SIDE

about not sending her daughter Princess Yasmin to the bedside of the little girl's grandfather, the seriously ailing Aga Khan.

The Aga is supreme ruler in his realm, and his son Aly Khan is his heir. If Aly, the father of Yasmin, should decide to keep the child in Europe—it would take a terrific international legal hassle for Rita to get her child back.

CARY GRANT GOT SUCH A

chuckle out of the personal letter **Ingrid Bergman** sent thanking him for accepting her Oscar for her. One part of her letter to Cary reads:

"Early in the morning I heard my name coming over a transmission, on wire, with a French commentator, about the awards. In back of the commentator I heard your voice. You were saying something about 'If you can hear me now, Ingrid, wherever you are in the world'—and I replied, 'I'm here, Cary, in the bathroom!'"

"That was the moment I really received the Oscar and I felt tears coming to my eyes. While Hollywood was so kindly applauding me—there I was with cold cream on my face, brushing my teeth, getting my Oscar in—what a place—the bathroom!"

A ROMANCE I EXPECT TO BE-

come really serious is that of **Tony Perkins** and **Maria Cooper**, Gary's daughter. The tip-off is that they are so casual about one another outwardly. Which seems to be the teenage code this season. The kids say: the more you care, the less you show it. Anything else is being a square!



That smile on Betsy Drake may be there because husband Cary Grant has just told her about that amusing letter he got from Ingrid . . . or maybe it's there just 'cause she's out with her fella.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: THE

Jack Bennys always give wonderful parties and their Easter-Saturday formal affair at the Crown Room of **ROMANOFF'S** was no exception.

Mary personally supervised the decorations and she kept everything very Spring-like in green and white. The walls and tablecloths were green and all the flowers, either in tall silver urns or on the tables, were white roses, white stock and gardenias.

Merle Oberon, who was the honor guest—the party was for her and her wealthy fiancé **Bruno Pagliai**—kept to the color scheme in a lovely white taffeta dress and her fabulous emeralds.

The gown Mary chose was a Dior of turquoise satin, slightly bouffant and long.

June Allyson showed up in a high-necked blue sweater, appliquéd with lace, and a short blue chiffon skirt. She and **Dick Powell** held hands most of the evening and showed the world how thoroughly they've made up.

Kay Gable looked so chic in black with her beautiful diamond necklace, earrings and bracelet and **Clark** was very proud of her. Clark likes ladies in black, and Kay likes what Clark likes.

Another black dress was **Cyd Charisse's**—although Cyd's was relieved by white trimming. **Judy Garland** not only wore a chic black dress, she brought along the man who designs them!—**Norell** of the famous designing house of **TRAINA-NORELL**.

Having such a good time were **Deborah Kerr** and **Tony Bartley**, with Deborah looking so pretty in the dress she wore to the Academy Awards—white lace over nude chiffon.

The **Dean Martins**, **William Goetzes** and **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** were among the 150 guests who danced and danced till the wee small hours.

I'M ON MY SOAPBOX TO ASK:

What's with **Anne Francis** and **Russ Tamblyn**—and I don't mean romantically? For reasons best known to themselves, Anne and Russ have teamed up in a series of off-screen gags that aren't too funny, if you ask me, but which are plenty puzzling.

To give you an idea—at the premiere of *Designing Woman*, Russ and his date Anne, showed up dressed informally and sat in the bleachers yoo-hooing at their movie-star friends and diving into bags of popcorn when they weren't busily chewing gum.

When the picture started they abandoned their bleacher seats and mosied into the theatre, not at all self conscious about their casual dress—contrasting with the formal attire of the rest of the audience.

Well, this might have been just a nutsy mood and soon forgotten—although I hear MGM, where Anne is making *Don't Go Near The Water*, wasn't too pleased about this stunt at one of its big pictures. But Anne and Russ seem to be keeping it up.

A few nights ago, for example, they walked into a popular cocktail lounge in Beverly Hills carrying their own cocktails in a milk bottle and asked the waiter for just "ice and glasses." When they were refused the set-ups, they said they'd keep trying cocktail bars until they received such service! As both Anne and Russ drink very little—what's this all about?

It isn't even election year. They can't be paying off bets. (Continued on page 11)

THE CHARMING MYRNA LOY

■ "It is rather eerie to hear your voice come through a TV set when you least expect it," admits Myrna Loy in her soft, gentle tone of voice. And that's exactly what happened to her one evening in her Washington, D. C. home.

"It must have been the late late show. The next thing I knew my husband (Howland H. Sargeant, former Secretary of State for Public Affairs) and I were watching a movie, an *old* movie," and Myrna was slinking all over the place playing the part of a sexy vampire. This picture was made in the days when she was typed as the exotic or Oriental villainess. "That's when you'd see me popping out from behind beaded curtains," she giggled.

After seeing a movie like this, she must have felt tremendously grateful to fate that she finally found her niche in comedy roles.

"You know," she says, "many people don't realize it, but comedy is the most difficult form of drama, both from a directing as well as acting standpoint. Timing is essential."

The actual shooting of this type of picture takes a long time. "Look at *The Ambassador's Daughter*. I was in Paris for four months," she said.

In the near future Myrna is scheduled to go out to Hollywood to make two GE television pictures. Putting into practice that feel for timing plus a charm that never fails, she remarked: "For those TV pictures, you rehearse three days and shoot two days for something that is one third the size of a regular full-length movie. Then they carry you out. But I love it!"

Myrna leads a full life with her varied interests. And it makes no difference where she is, be it the nation's capital, New York, Hollywood or Timbuktu, she enjoys life and shows it.



**Hair with the
fresh young **HALO** look
is softer, brighter**

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean*.





1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Arrid keeps you safe morning, noon and night! Rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night.

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps

you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid stops perspiration stains. Used daily, it keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never a hint the situation's getting warm. Saves clothes from ugly stains even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .

to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

THE LONE STAR STATE INTRODUCES . . .

Remember the song that goes, "The eyes of Texas are upon you!"

The eyes of the whole world have been on many movie stars who hail from The Lone Star State. They include:

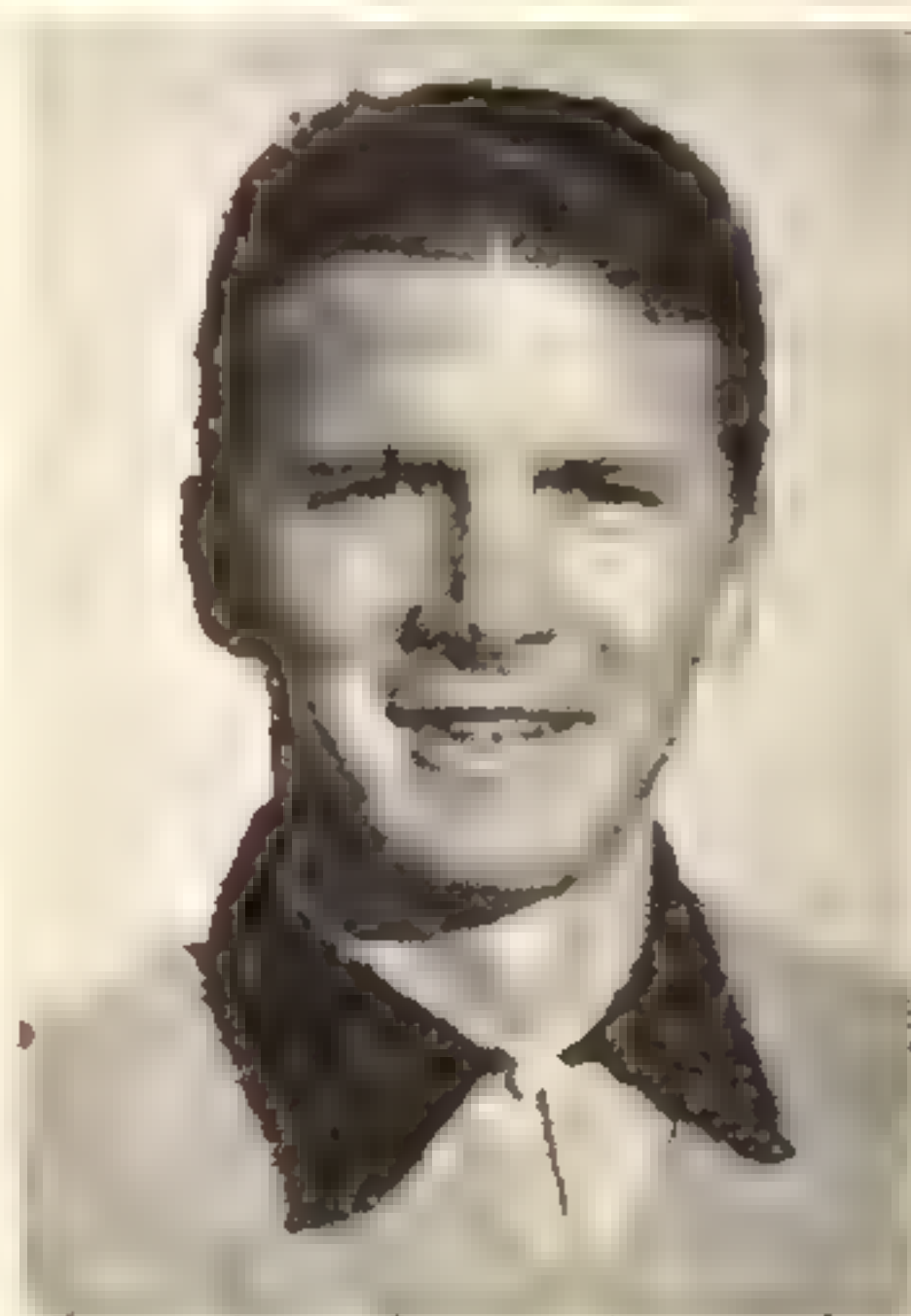
Dewey Martin—*Katemy*
Debbie Reynolds—*El Paso*
Zachary Scott—*Austin*
Gale Storm—*Bloomington*
Jody Lawrence—*Dallas*
Ann Doran—*Amarillo*
Linda Darnell—*Dallas*
Kathryn Grant—*Houston*
Karen Sharpe—*Dallas*
Martha Hyer—*Fort Worth*



Ann Sheridan
Dallas



Gene Autry
Tioga



Steve Forrest
Huntsville



Cyd Charisse
Amarillo



Audie Murphy
Kingston



Joan Crawford
San Antonio



Ann Miller
Houston



Mary Martin
Wetherford

LOUELLA PARSONS
n hollywood (Continued)



hat Inger Stevens, with her delicate air and
 er down-to-earth talent, is just delightful.

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM:
 lovely, blonde **Inger Stevens**—and I bet
ing Crosby agrees with me. Not only is
 e Swedish beauty his leading lady in *Man*
On Fire, but she's his favorite date these eve-
 ings. However, don't look for a marriage.
 ger's just recently divorced.

Although *Man On Fire* is her first motion
 picture, the girl who was born Inger Stensland
 Stockholm about twenty-two years ago has
 d much tv and stage experience in this
 untry. Coming to the United States with her
 ther when she was thirteen, the first thing
 e set out to do was to master the English
 nguage without the trace of an accent.

"I kept my ear tuned to all the American
 cents I heard as my father moved from
 ollege to college as a teacher," she explains.
 e lived in New York for two years. Then
 nsas. Then Texas, where he is head of
 e Adult Education Department of TEXAS
 ch at Lubbock." By the time she had been
 posed to these territories, Inger was speak-
 y a very good brand of American-English,
 d no accent.

Her next mission was to gain experience
 an actress. At eighteen she took off for
 w York, where she soon received jobs on
 commercials, later in tv shows. Her first
 ney was spent improving herself under the
 e coaching of famed **Lee Strasberg**.

Summer stock companies took her time for
 couple of years before she was again paged
 tv, this time for feature roles.

She came to Hollywood to test for *Tin Star*
 h **Tony Perkins** and **Henry Fonda**,
 didn't get it because she looked too young.
 her test was so good it rated her a PARA-
 UNT contract and a loan out to MGM
 Bing's movie. Inger likes golf, tailored
 the—and Bing! (Continued on page 12)

New Spray-Set

by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!



See lovely **TERRY MOORE**,
 in "**BERNADINE**"

A 20th Century-Fox Production
 in CinemaScope.
 Color by De Luxe.

SUPER-SOFT

LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars
 because it's non-drying...
 contains no lacquer...
 mists hair with Lanolin!



HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for
 hard-to-manage hair. 5½ oz. can—a full ounce more! Only \$1.25 plus tax.

Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's... Brush Bad Breath Away!



And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS
AFTER COLGATE'S.



Colgate's with GARDOL

CLEANS YOUR BREATH

12 WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood (Continued)



"Now you shush!" might be what Shelley Winters is trying to make Tony Franciosa do—better late than never! Tony got into quite a to-do with the law, and ended up in handcuffs!

BEING A NEWSPAPER WOMAN I naturally deplore **Tony Franciosa's** losing his temper to the point of kicking a camera out of a photographer's hands when the cameraman attempted to take a picture of him and **Shelley Winters** at the Los Angeles court house. Shelley and Tony were there to put in a bid on a public auction of a home they wanted in Beverly Hills, the late Bert Friedlob's house. They were in a public place, and the cameraman had every right to take their picture. And that's what a Judge later ruled, too.

But Tony has made an abject apology for the scene he put on tussling and kicking and fighting police before he was hauled off to jail with Shell crying her eyes out and begging him, "Please, darling, don't do this."

On Tony's part, it was a bad display of temper. But he's said he is deeply sorry, and apologized to everyone concerned.

I can't see that there is any particular reason to keep on sniping. As the old song goes, *What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry?* Just watch that temper in the future, Tony. One display like this is enough.

EDDIE FISHER CALLED ME THREE times from Las Vegas—I was week-ending in Palm Springs—so I wouldn't be too worried about the automobile accident he suffered. He

was still shaken up after a car smashed in the rear of his automobile, and it could have been very serious for him. He was so up at first that he didn't know whether he could go on for his **TROPICANA** show. **Bing Crosby** was standing by to take over for him. I told Eddie, after he'd rested a few hours he was going on himself and "Please do worry," he said.

SHELLEY WINTERS IS GETTING careless about her clothes again, after being such a well-groomed girl for so long. See that every time Shell falls in love, she pulls the switch and forgets all about being chic. Most women are just the opposite.

Remember when she was so madly in love with **Vittorio Gassman**—before they were married? She lived in slacks.

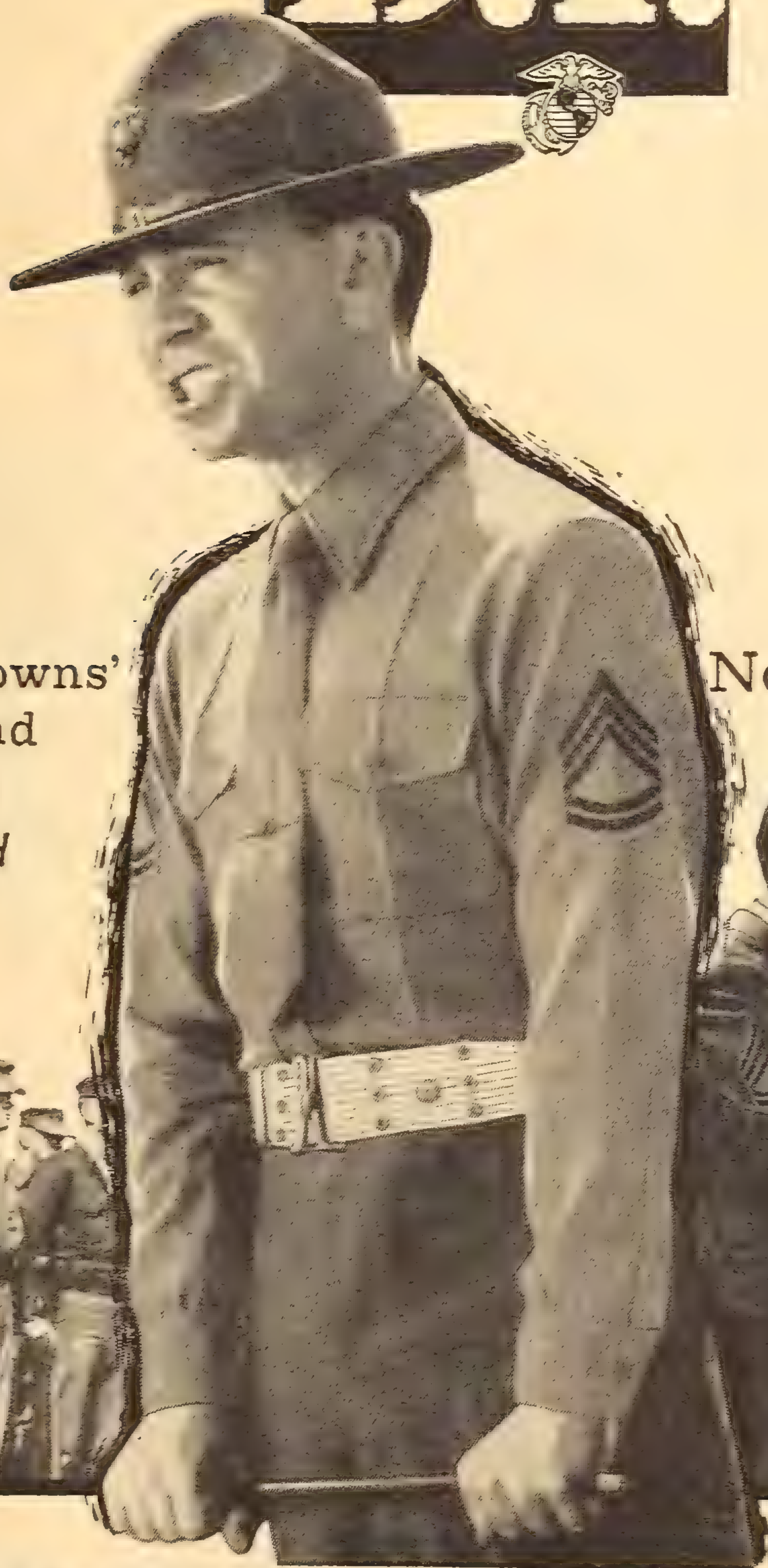
Now she's madly in love with **Tony Franciosa**, and she's back in 'em.

THE INSIDE ON WHY SHE **Laurence Olivier** took a walk, not on a but two films for **HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER** *Separate Tables* and *Devil's Disciple*—is that after he arrived in Hollywood he found that he and **Burt Lancaster** got on each other's nerves and did not see eye to eye on production methods. (Continued on page 1)

JACK WEBB

AS T/SGT. JIM MOORE, U. S. MARINES—
ROUGH AND TOUGH IN A SURPRISING
NEW ROLE, ONE OF THE MOST POWER-
FUL OF ALL SCREEN PERFORMANCES!

THE D.I.



He called them 'clowns'
and 'little girls', and
when they weren't
listening—he called
them wonderful!

Nobody knew he
had a girl—not
even the
girl!

PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.
STARRING

The girl with the Marine-blue eyes!

DON DUBBINS · JACKIE LOUGHERY · LIN MCCARTHY · MONICA LEWIS · VIRGINIA GREGG

AND "PLATOON 194"—REAL MARINES WHO MAKE A GREAT STORY RING TRUE!

SCREEN PLAY BY JAMES LEE BARRETT PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JACK WEBB · A MARK VII LTD. PRODUCTION



LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood (Continued)



Above—As far as Eddie Fisher was concerned, the big news in Las Vegas was Debbie's birthday—not the lavish ¼-million-dollar musical he starred in at the TROPICANA! That's love.



Left—I took just a minute to tell Eddie how much I loved the flowers he had sent me.

Right—That's Nat "King" Cole and Groucho Marx telling Debbie not to be so nervous about it all—it's Eddie who's on stage!

Below—And even rival singer Dean Martin told Debbie how well her handsome husband sang.



A TELEPHONE CALL AND SOME flowers from **Eddie Fisher** asking me to be sure to come to Las Vegas for his opening at the lavish, lush, new TROPICANA HOTEL. I took me there a day earlier than I usually make these Las Vegas week-end jaunts.

Our table was so crowded with visiting firemen that we could scarcely breathe, but Eddie was so good and we were all so proud of him that it didn't matter.

In our little ring-side group were **Debbie**—whom Eddie almost forgot to introduce with his excitement!—Eddie's mother and stepfather, **Jeanne** and **Dean Martin**, **Sheila** and **Gordon MacRae**, the **Guy Madison**—and scores of others.

Loretta Young, who rarely goes nightclub "stepping," came with **Jo Wayne**—the first **Mrs. John Wayne**—and Loretta looked stunning in a green dress. She's also put on some weight—most becoming.

The lobby of the TROPICANA looked like a gangster's funeral with all the big floozies wishing Monte Proser well on the opening of this most fabulous Las Vegas hotel.

A week after the TROPICANA opened, **Bing Crosby** visited Eddie and the introduction Eddie gave Bing is still talked about as the all-time superlative—certainly from one singer to another.

Eddie called Bing "an American institution."
(Continued on page 1)



New! The only permanent you dare wash at once!



Leaves your hair
soft, sweet and
instantly
shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!
RICHARD HUDNUT'S New

Quick
LANOLIZED
HOME PERMANENT



So easy! No need to shampoo first!

Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized lotion. *A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave!* So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion!



Wave and wash with ½ the work!

Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast, it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



**2 new-style waves
for the price of 1**

Crystal Clear Lotion can be
recapped. Use ½—Save ½.
\$2.00 plus tax.

(1-wave size, \$1.25 plus tax.)

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood (Continued)



ATTENTION, YOU TEENAGERS who think you are old enough to smoke: **Natalie Wood**, your idol, underwent hypnosis—and that's going strong—to help her give up the habit. And as this is written, she hasn't smoked in three weeks. Keep up the good work, Natalie, and be a good example to your teenage fans!

A LEGAL BATTLE BETWEEN Marilyn Monroe and Milton Greene was inevitable. Milton feels that he gave up a lucrative business as a photographer to guide Marilyn's business affairs, while Marilyn's position is that he did not represent her properly and that he made commitments for her that she could not possibly fulfill.

When I was in London last summer, Mrs. Greene suddenly left for the USA, taking the Greene child with her—and there were many rumors that Marilyn and Milton were battling constantly.

How much truth there was in this I don't know, because there were just as strong rumors that Marilyn and **Laurence Olivier** were at it hammer and tong all the time they were making *The Prince And The Show Girl*.

All this would have made Marilyn the busiest battler since Jack Dempsey.

All I can say is that Marilyn is always influenced by the people with whom she is as-

Natalie Wood, dining with that handsome Nicky Hilton, could be looking over her shoulder at that habit she's tossed aside—and for three weeks now!

Marilyn Monroe's latest role had her starring in a court room. Could be it's husband Arthur Miller who was the advisor behind that legal hassle.



sociated at the moment, and I suspect husband **Arthur Miller** had a lot to do with her decision to divorce herself from Milton Greene and his advice.

THE LETTER BOX: NEARLY FIVE over at the amount of fan mail this month—now hold on—**Mike Todd!**

Taylor's indulgent husband has made a hit with the girls. **MARY LOU BEVACQUA**, **L. THOMPSON**, **JILL ADAMS** and many, many more wrote in about Mike, but perhaps **PEGGY TER**, of Milwaukee, sums it all up in writing:

"Oh, golly! No wonder Elizabeth tells this terrific, vital, loveable man! He's just too! Instead of acting like a stuffed shirt at the Academy Awards, he was so natural, coming down the aisle—then dashing back to kiss Liz—and you could just tell he was being with happiness. And those **DIAMONDS** gives her! The other girls can have **Elvis Rock**. Make mine Mike!" . . .

"I resent the fact that **Yul Brynner** won't discuss his family life with the fans," complains **MRS. BURT WESTMAN**, Cincinnati. "His looks so pretty on tv at the premières and sure we'd all love hearing about her." It's this thing Yul is adamant about, Mrs. W. Just wait and give. But don't let it interfere with your life, him on the screen. . . .

CLEO SALE, Memphis, Tenn., -let's **Bing Crosby** have it. Taking issue with Bing having said that **Elvis'** sideburns "will have to go," Cleo snaps: "As for **Elvis'** sideburns, if Bing Crosby had that much hair, I wouldn't let it go!" . . .

"I never read anything from the fans at your letter box department," chides **MRS. E. ADAMS**, Houston. "Have the fans deserted them?" You wouldn't think so if you saw the salary checks, Ellie. . . .

CAROLYN CARTER COLLINS, San Francisco writes: "**Frank Sinatra** leads such a charmed life he can't even hurt himself. All that bad **WRONG-DOOR** publicity he has around and walks through **THE RIGHT DOOR** the **MOCAMBO** singing for nothing to help a friend and winning back all his friends. Right you are, my friend. . . .

"If **Robert Mitchum** isn't up for Oscar next time 'round after **HEAVEN KNOWS** Mr. **ALLISON**—they might just as well call the whole thing off," is the high praise **BARCLAY** sends Bob from Detroit. . . .

MRS. STEVEN BAXTER, Amarillo, Texas, writes the world to know: "My little girl **Billie**, is six years old, printed out a little letter to **Deborah Kerr** asking this lovely lady for her photograph. Not only did Miss Kerr send one, but she printed such a nice message that **Billie** could read it herself." That's the kind of person **Deborah** is; she's very loved.

FRANK WISBAR, Brooklyn, says: "I am seventeen years old and a drama student hoping to become a professional actor. When I learn more about my chosen work from watching **Glenn Ford** than any other actor on screen, I think that is quite a compliment. Do you?" I do indeed, Frank. . . .

CONNIE CHAPMAN, Pasadena, California, claims: "**Mitzi Gaynor** is the best-dressed girl on the screen. Any arguments?" No arguments—but Mitzi has a running start with her lovely figure, Connie. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

IT'S JUST AN OLD G.I. CUSTOM WITH
A BRAND-NEW JAPANESE TWIST!!

The uproarious
saga of those
hilarious heroes
who "took" Tokyo
in OPERATION
KIMONO!!



JOE BUTTERFLY

CINEMA SCOPE
TECHNICOLOR

starring

AUDIE MURPHY · GEORGE NADER

co-starring

KEENAN WYNN

KEIKO SHIMA · JOHN AGAR · CHARLES MCGRAW · FRED CLARK and

BURGESS MEREDITH



As JOE BUTTERFLY, that lovable con-man!

DIRECTED BY JESSE HIBBS SCREENPLAY BY SY GOMBERG, JACK SHER AND MARION HARGROVE PRODUCED BY AARON ROSENBERG A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR DRAMA

A Hatful Of Rain
Reach For The Sky
The Buster Keaton Story
The Garment Jungle

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE

The Pajama Game
Silk Stockings
Let's Be Happy

FOR SUSPENSE

Dino
Beyond Mombassa

FOR LAUGHS

The Monte Carlo Story

NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*



Two strangers stand at the door, but they are strangers only to the wife and father of the young drug addict. He knows them, and their brutality...

A HATFUL OF RAIN

outstanding drama of drug addiction

■ Here at last is a movie dealing with moral degradation that doesn't fall victim to itself. *A Hatful Of Rain* is concerned with drug addiction, but it is also concerned with the close relationships between understandable people and it is brilliantly acted. Eva Marie Saint and Don Murray are a young married couple who live in one of those projects in lower New York. Eva is pregnant, but there is something wrong with her marriage. She doesn't know what it is, but she suspects another woman.

Murray's brother, Anthony Franciosa, works as a bouncer and boards with them. Franciosa is a good-natured likable fellow to whom Eva is increasingly drawn due to the withdrawal of her husband. The movie opens with the boy's widowed father, Lloyd Nolan, arriving in town, and the old pattern of father and sons soon reasserts itself with all its former pain and rejection. Nolan is a rigid, swaggering man who is ashamed of any show of tender emotion. He never liked Franciosa and now calls him a bum for not coming across with \$2,500 he needs to complete the purchase of a saloon in Florida. Franciosa can't

tell him that the money went for the drugs to which Murray is addicted. Murray is Nolan's favorite. Indeed, Nolan shouts his relief in having at least one son he can believe in. Although Murray is victim of a fatal habit about which his whole life must revolve in order for daily survival, Franciosa is a victim too, whose lack of self-esteem distorts his sense of loyalty so that he unwittingly contributes to Murray's self-destruction. Drug addiction itself is presented in all its brutality but the drama is inclusive enough for even a very humorous and skillful piece of acting by Franciosa.—20TH-FOX (Continued on page 20)



She's brushed out her new Bobbi wave—and right away (without resetting) her "Souvenir" hairdo looks pretty as you please.

Just brush it! That's it!

No resetting—no "breaking in"
with Bobbi—the special permanent
for casual hairstyles like these

You get a soft, natural Bobbi wave *and* your casual hairstyle in just one step. Simple pin-curls and Bobbi lotion—that's all. No separate neutralizing. No resetting. Bobbi's as easy as setting your hair and your wave is in to stay—carefree and casual—week after week.

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Softly feminine—that's "Daffodil." Only Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent lets you brush out a soft, natural wave the very first day. Just brush it. That's it!



Bobbi is the only permanent specially designed for carefree haircombs like "Calypso." With Bobbi you just can't get tight, fussy curls.



Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent complete with "Casual Pin-Curlers" for faster, firmer pin-curls. Can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. **\$2.00**



New! Bobbi Refill—Everything you need (except pins) to make your casual hairdo permanent. **\$1.50**



BEYOND MOMBASSA



THE PAJAMA GAME



DINO



THE MONTE CARLO STORY



THE GARMENT JUNGLE

THE GARMENT JUNGLE

a drama of blood and needles

"There ain't no love in the dress business" is the way Lee J. Cobb's foreman puts it to Lee J. Cobb's son, home from Korea and anxious to join Pop in the business. Can't argue with that. Pop's partner, who was eager to sign up the shop with the union, has just plunged down twenty-seven floors via the elevator shaft to his death. Robert Loggia, a union organizer who has the nerve to come in and mingle professionally with the sewing machine girls, gets beaten regularly in dark alleys. Pop doesn't want to join the union. He is one of those early pioneer types who thinks his multi-million-dollar business belongs exclusively to him. *Can this murder and mayhem be the doings of my Pop?* asks idealistic young Kerwin Mathews. Well, no, it's the doings of racketeer Richard Boone, from whom Pop has bought protection against unionization all these years. Well, sooner or later, Cobb has to see that it's his hand that pulls the trigger, lowers the boom and thrusts the knife into the vulnerable but stubborn flesh of underpaid workers on Seventh Avenue. With Gia Scala, Valerie French.—Col.

BEYOND MOMBASSA

adventure in Africa

Wouldn't you know that after all the trouble it took for Cornel Wilde to get to East Africa he'd discovered that his brother has been murdered? Was it because brother had discovered uranium in his mine? *No, no*, says Leo Genn, a very sympathetic missionary, *it's the dirty work of the Leopard Men*. The Leopard Men, it turns out, run around in leopard skins and claw white men to death just so they'll get the idea to stay out of Africa. *Well, we'll see*, says Cornel Wilde, and prepares to hike out to his brother's mining camp beyond Mombassa. Along on the trip, beside the shifty-eyed native bearers, are late-brother's shifty-eyed 20 partners (Christopher Lee and Ron Randell),

Leo Genn and his niece Donna Reed. Plenty of action and romance in this well-paced African western.—Col.

THE PAJAMA GAME

the garment industry's lighter moments

Now manufacturing pajamas is a different kind of story entirely. There's a happier bunch of people working in pajamas. But danged if the union doesn't come between management (Jack Raitt) and labor (Doris Day) again. He's the new superintendent; she's head of the grievance committee that is now grieving because the workers aren't getting seven and a half cents an hour more. Jack wants to forget all about business and buy a set of *his* and *her* pajamas, but Doris won't stand still to be measured; she wants justice done and a raise rendered to the Sleepite Pajama Factory workers. There are some wonderful songs, especially a show-stopping duet called "There Once Was A Man," sung by Raitt and Day, and some wonderful dancing by Carol Haney and crew, particularly in a sunny picnic scene and at a union meeting. Eddie Foy, Jr. is extremely funny as Carol's jealous suitor, and the atmosphere—plus the unusual characters in the factory—is refreshing and gay—CinemaScope, Warners.

THE MONTE CARLO STORY

high and romantic comedy

If you are looking for a couple of sophisticated, handsome and irresistible people, look no further than Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica, who looked no further than each other when they met in Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo, home of break the bank or pawn the jewelry. In this sparkling comedy, De Sica plays an impoverished count who has friends in high places—the head waiter (Mischa Auer), the desk clerk, the chef, a chauffeur with limousine, a little boy who can be counted on to steal flowers. All of them conspire to present Vittorio to the world as a well-heeled gentleman who likes to gamble; he always loses.

Actually he lives on a motorless yacht he won from a Greek. Marlene is an impoverished marquise who has a magnificent wardrobe, a case-full of jewelry—which now belongs to a pawnbroker since she likes to gamble, too—and the need to marry a wealthy man. De Sica, in the market for a wealthy widow, makes himself available. Everything's dandy till he proposes and asks her to buy him a motor for his boat. She kicks him in the shins and flashes a handful of pawn tickets she wants redeemed. But here comes multimillionaire, American widower Arthur O'Connell in a yacht as big as the First National Bank. For cargo he's hauling two hayseed relatives and a marriageable daughter, Natalie Trundy. When De Sica and Dietrich swoop down on them, all the money in the world can't help.—Technicolor, UA.

DINO

Sal Mineo reforms

There once was a boy named Dino (Sal Mineo) who wound up in reform school at thirteen. He comes out like a tiger, ready to chew up the world. You can't blame him. Nobody ever gave him a kind word in his life. His mother and father were poor and hard-working, but their idea of love was a slap in the face. Now that Sal's back, they can't help him; in fact, they're ashamed of him. His probation officer, Frank Faylen, wants to help him; so does Brian Keith, an overworked caseworker at the settlement house, but Sal thinks they're for the birds. Sal's little brother, Pat De Simone, is proud that he's already a member of a gang that plans to hold up a garage, and that the gang has offered Sal its leadership. By the time the big night rolls around Sal has learned how it feels to be understood (by Brian Keith) and liked (by Susan Kohner, settlement girl) and he's not too anxious for a future in the death house. This is a fine, warmly human story about juvenile delinquency, and Mineo's acting is first rate.—Allied Artists. (Continued on page 22)

don't buy a bra till you see...



LOVABLE '57 convertibles!



You'll lead the field in high-powered glamour in your new convertible bra by Lovable! Every one is a pace setter for fashion versatility . . . all are foam contoured and cleverly underwired, all have convertible straps. No wonder they lift so beautifully, take curves like a dream. So, before you buy a convertible for '57, be sure to ask for Lovable!

A. 6-Way Convertible...Most uplifting low-priced bra in the field! Cotton. White. Only \$1.50

B. Lov-A-Lift...tapered foam cups lift up, up, up. Cotton and nylon lace. White, black. Only \$3.00

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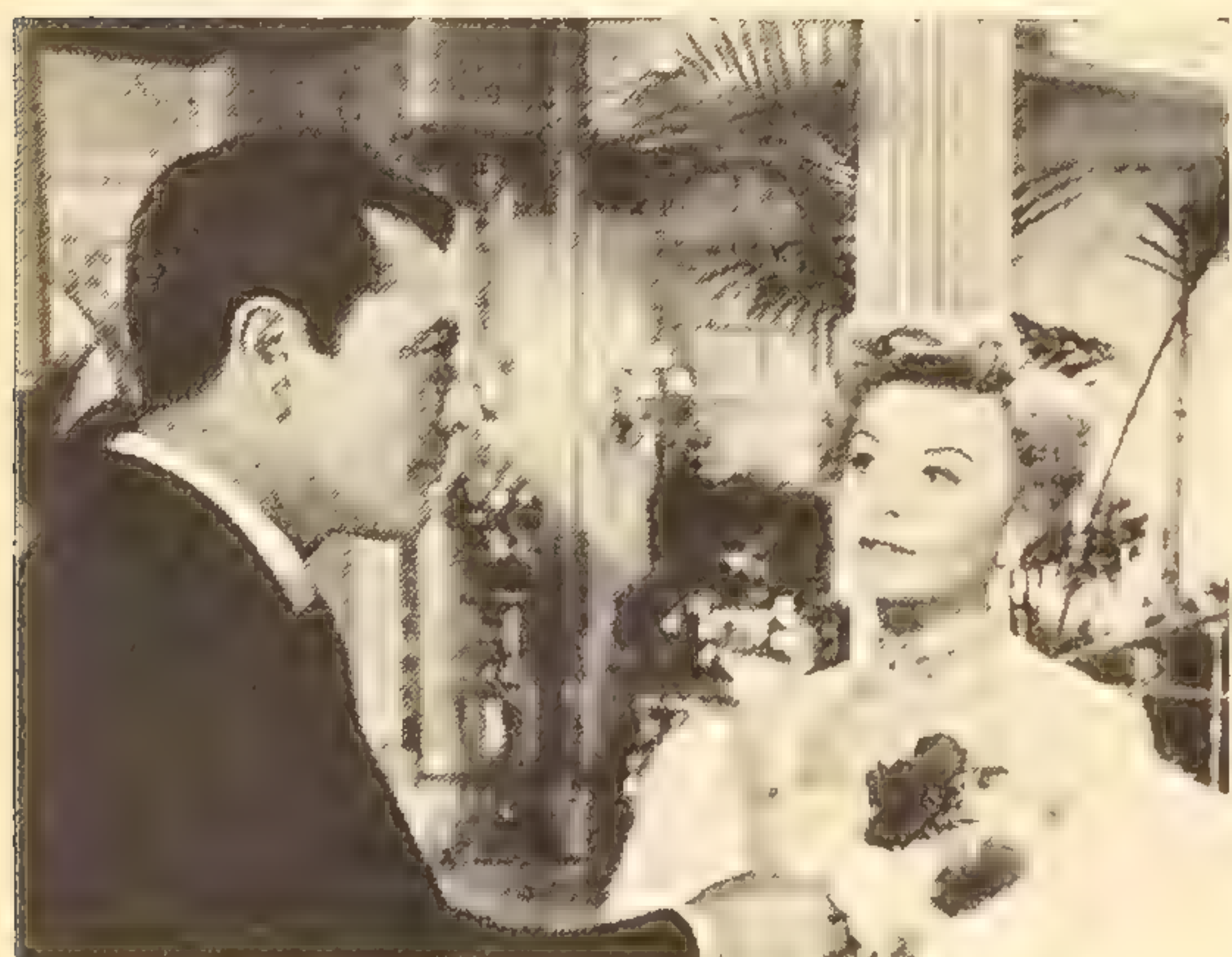
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SILK STOCKINGS



LET'S BE HAPPY



REACH FOR THE SKY



THE BUSTER KEATON STORY

THE BUSTER KEATON STORY

life of a dead-pan comic

When movies didn't make any sound at all there was a dead-pan comedian named Buster Keaton who racked up a fortune in Hollywood. As Keaton, Donald O'Connor is equally hilarious in the comic routines. The rest of the film suffers greatly by distortion of the facts of Keaton's life and by a story line that is hackneyed and mechanical. O'Connor zooms to stardom, falls for a glamorous opportunist (Rhonda Fleming) and buys a castle for her somewhere in Beverly Hills. Trouble is she wants a title to go with it, and jilts him for a count. Ann Blyth, casting director at the studio, has always loved him and marries him when he's too drunk to refuse. They are unhappy ever after, because talkies have come and Don has gone for the bottle. But don't worry, there's a bright dawn following the clouds.—Para.

LET'S BE HAPPY

Vera-Ellen as a small-time heiress

Vera-Ellen's all alone in the world except for her dog and the wash she does for a living. Grandpa died. After a year of mourning, what a delight to discover that Grandpa left nearly five thousand dollars. "I'm gonna live at last!" shouts Vera-Ellen, who's twenty-eight and figures that's old. She's going to live in Scotland, till the money runs out; that takes about two weeks. She meets Tony Martin on the plane; he sells washing machines that do everything but dress you in the morning. So that's a very congenial meeting. In Scotland they stay at the same hotel, but Tony, who's confessed a weakness for over-developed redheads, meets one. Vera meets a lord (Richard Fleming) who has a castle but no money; he thinks Vera has money. Tony thinks Vera's

his girl, even though he's pretty free with redheads. Vera thinks she'll marry Fleming who still thinks she has money. Well, it all comes out fine in the wash. The scenery is lovely.—Technicolor, Allied Artists.

SILK STOCKINGS

a lady Communist in Paris

Ninotchka is here again. This time Cyd Charisse is the beautiful comrade who is up to her ears in Russian propaganda. She arrives in Paris to drag home three lax comrades (Peter Lorre, George Tobias, Jules Munshin) who had been sent to drag home composer Wim Sonneveld, who has been hired by American Fred Astaire to write a score for a musical. The defection of all these comrades is due to women, wine and the general intoxication of Paris. Sonneveld is brain-washed by Janis Paige, a musical comedy star who dresses like a mad peacock and belts out songs like a carnival queen, and the other boys take to easy living like true Broadway characters. When Charisse meets Astaire the electricity generated could light up Moscow, and when they dance, they *dance*. At first Cyd's heart is in Russia while her feet are in Paris, but the switch doesn't take long. There is all the charm of a woman discovering what it is to wear silk stockings and chiffon, the charm of love triumphant and the charm of two wing-footed dancers at work.—CinemaScope, MGM.

REACH FOR THE SKY

a triumph of spirit

This is an unusual and inspiring story based on the life of a modern hero named Douglas Bader (Kenneth Moore). As a young flying cadet Moore is reckless and somewhat of a show-off. Showing off once too often, his plane

crashes and he loses both his legs. The doctors are surprised he's survived; they're astounded at what he goes on to accomplish. He's fitted with artificial legs, but refuses the aid of a cane and forces himself to walk. It's an incredible victory of will over body. Not content only to walk, he must dance, too. And if he can dance, he can fly. His determination is so dogged that he is reaccepted by the air force and becomes a flight commander, chalking up a brilliant record in World War II. This is a true story, a moving tribute to one man and testimony of all men's potential to rise to heights they never dreamed of.—J. Arthur Rank.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

FEAR STRIKES OUT (Para.): A young lifetime of straining to the breaking point to live up to his father's ideals finally does break Jim Piersall of the Red Sox. Anthony Perkins plays Piersall, Karl Malden his father, and Norma Moore is the girl Jim marries. After his breakdown, psychiatrist Adam Williams helps Jim to build a life of his own.

12 ANGRY MEN (U.A.): Juror Henry Fonda's quiet assurance and his refusal to be bullied by the other jurors make for an exciting and dramatic film. The film features Lee J. Cobb, Ed Begley, E. G. Marshall and Robert Webber.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

THE BACHELOR PARTY (U.A.): Don Murray is a bookkeeper who lives in what he thinks is an average project with an average wife. But all this is changed when he spends an evening with the boys from the office. Don grows up that night and finds that what he has is nothing less than Heaven.

BOY ON A DOLPHIN (20th-Fox): Sophia Loren dives for sponges and discovers a treasure. Her dilemma is whether to give it to archeologist Alan Ladd or charming thief Clifton Webb. Athens and the Aegean Sea serve as beautiful backgrounds.

20th CENTURY-FOX
presents

AMERICA'S NEW
SINGING STAR IN HIS
FIRST MOTION PICTURE!

BERNARDINE

(The dream girl in every fellow's life!)

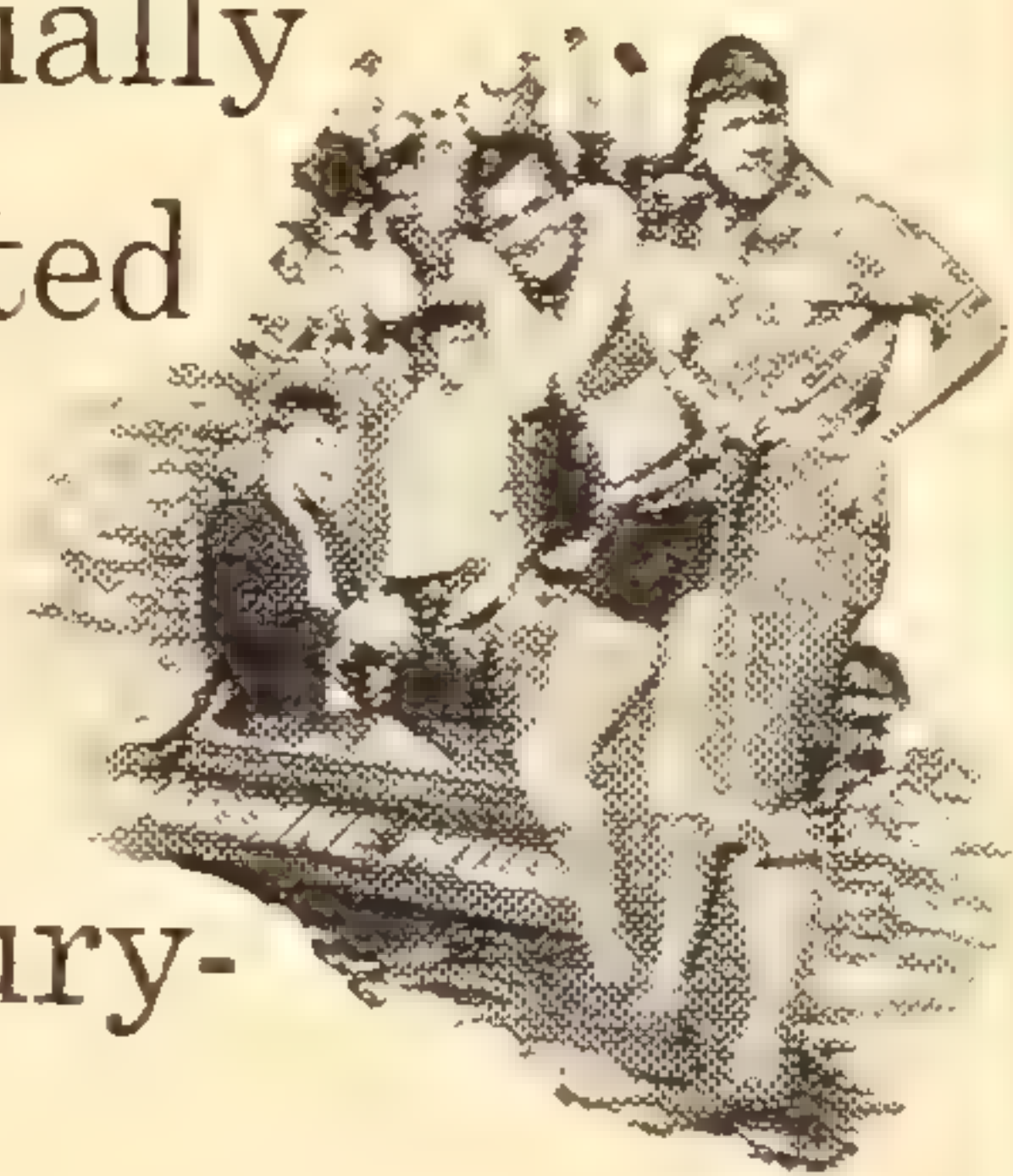
in CINEMASCOPE
and COLOR by DE LUXE

starring PAT
BOONE
TERRY
MOORE
JANET
GAYNOR
DEAN
JAGGER

Hear
Pat
Boone
sing...!



"BERNARDINE"
"TECHNIQUE"
"LOVE LETTERS
IN THE SAND"
in the
motion
picture
especially
selected
by
20th
Century-
Fox
to
bring
Pat Boone
to the
screen!



PRODUCED BY
SAMUEL G. ENGEL

DIRECTED BY
HENRY LEVIN

SCREENPLAY BY
THEODORE REEVES

Based on a play written by MARY CHASE and produced
by IRVING L. JACOBS and GUNTHER McCLINTIC



WHO WON THE GIN RUMMY GAME?



It was Alan's hardware store that really outdid Mr. Peck.

■ Hollywood is saying that Gregory Peck outfitted that kitchen in his new house for free. Or, to put it another way, he won it—in a gin rummy game with Alan Ladd.

But Alan isn't the Ladd to cry about gambling away the profits from his handsome, all-glass-front hardware store on Palm Spring's main drag, Palm Canyon Drive. There may even have been a method to his madness, when all the facts are known.

It was like this. Greg Peck was at the Ladds' house one night. To pass a few amiable hours, he and Alan got into a gin rummy game. It wound up a few hours later with Greg the winner by about \$100.

Not happy about having won from his host, Greg said, "Look, I'll take out the hundred in pots and pans from your store."

Alan grinned and said that was fine.

The next morning Gregory appeared at the shining, modern hardware emporium and Alan was there to greet him. Before you could say *gin!* Greg had selected a good hundred dollars' worth of cooking utensils.

But he didn't stop there.

With Greg, gadgets are a worse fever than gambling. "I just go wild" he admits. So he kept right on collecting.

A popcorn maker he couldn't resist.

And a new type, shiny waffle iron seemed necessary.

Even an ice freezing unit he had to have.

Then of course there are those marvelous electric frying pans. He got an extra one to reserve just for making his eggs, exactly the way he likes them. Well, by the time Greg came to, he had \$400 worth of merchandise, over and above the original \$100 worth of pots and pans that came free!

Alan Ladd grinned. He said to Greg, "Tell you what I'm going to do, pardner. Long as you're such a good customer, I think you're entitled to a discount. Say ten percent?"

So, after examining the facts, it's still a little hard to say who actually won that gin rummy game!

Come to think of it, maybe it was Veronique. Greg's French wife is in love with these shiny, American kitchen gadgets too!

Alan's currently in 20th Century-Fox's *Boy On A Dolphin*. He'll soon be seen in Warner Brothers' *The Deep Six* and *Guns Of The Timberland*. Gregory Peck is currently in MGM's *Designing Woman*. Watch for him soon in 20th Century-Fox's *The Sound And The Fury* and U.A.'s *Affair Of Honor*, *Thieves Market* and *The Big Country*.

inside story

(Continued from page 4)

Q. I understand that James Cagney has paid for the education of several youngsters who don't know the name of their benefactor. Is this true or publicity?

—H.R., WILMINGTON, DEL.

A. It's true. Cagney is a kind and generous human being.

Q. Why is it that Vera Miles won't talk about her first husband? Isn't he the man who first brought her to the attention of Howard Hughes?

—A.N., WICHITA, KAN.

A. Vera dislikes talking about the unhappy past. Her former husband once worked for Hughes, but did not bring her to Hughes' attention.

Q. Why does Frank Sinatra want to star in something as sordid as *What Makes Sammy Run?* I think this is the most anti-Hollywood book ever.

—H.T., URBANA, ILL.

A. Sinatra is sure it will make a fine picture.

Q. Who sings worse—Jeff Chandler or Jerry Lewis? I've heard them both on records and they're awful. Is Jerry trying to compete with Dean Martin out of jealousy? Or what?

—N.F., AKRON, OHIO

A. Chandler has more or less retired from singing. Jerry is extremely ambitious. While his voice lacks range, training, and timbre, Jerry is nevertheless able to put a song across. He is not attempting to compete with Dean Martin at all.

—E.L., NYC.

Q. Isn't Ruth Roman's new husband ten years her junior?

—K.G., REVERE, MASS.

A. He is younger, but not by ten years.

Q. Is it true that Peggy King got a divorce because when her husband touched her, she used to break out in skin rashes?

—Y.G., DES MOINES, IOWA.

A. Not exactly. Peggy says her ex-husband used to drive his auto so fast that it caused her to break out in a skin rash.

Q. Didn't Sir Laurence Olivier refuse to star in *Separate Tables* because he doesn't like Burt Lancaster?

—E.L., NYC

A. Olivier gave no reason for his refusal to play the role.

Q. Has anyone found out where Jean Peters married Howard Hughes?

—T.R., LAS VEGAS, NEV.

A. Not as yet.

Q. Did Jean Seberg, the girl who plays *St. Joan*, really say that "In Paris when a girl does not know love by the time she is twenty, it means one of three things: she is not pretty, she has led too sheltered a life, or she is a Communist?"

—H.T., AMES, IOWA.

A. The remark was made by Francoise Sagan, authoress of *Bonjour Tristesse* in which Jean will star.

Q. Will you tell me who owns more tv stations: Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, or Jimmy Stewart?

—T.U., DALLAS, TEX.

A. Crosby; he owns shares of KCOP, Los Angeles; KFEO, St. Jo, Mo.; and KGLC, Miami, Okla.

Love is a game any number can play... especially in the afternoon...



1. "How many men in my life before you, Mr. Millionaire? I will itemize them..."



2. "Item 1: a handsome red-headed algebra teacher—who first called me Miss X..."



3. "Item 2: a very sweet boy who is now a missionary in French Equatorial Africa..."



4. "Item 3: a riding instructor—formerly a Cossack. Item 4: an English duke..."



5. "Items 5 through 9 inclusive cover a bicycle tour I took with a group of exchange students..."



6. "Item 10: a businessman from Brussels... Item 11: the chauffeur of the businessman..."



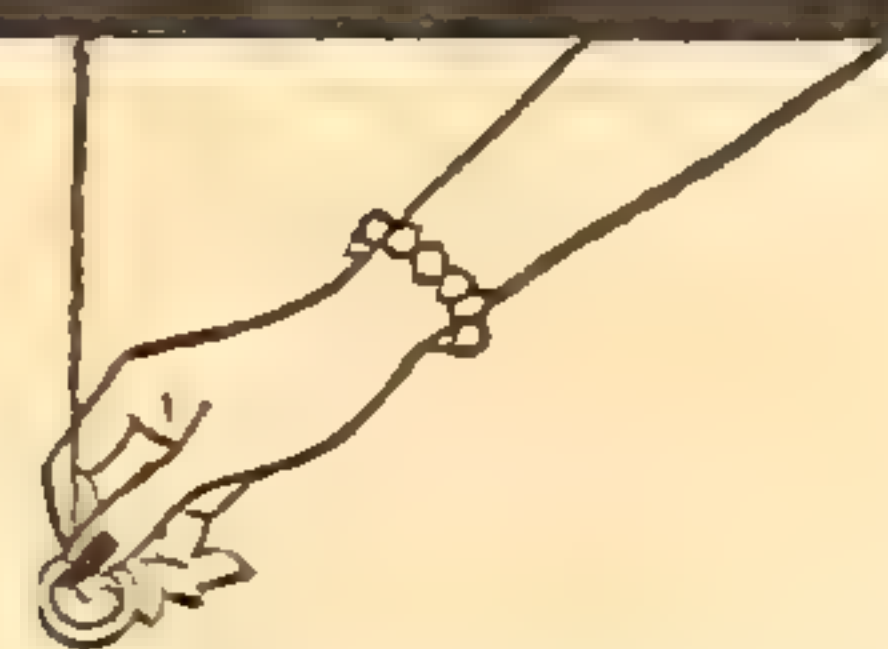
In any other city...at any other time... the American millionaire would have known she was only pretending to be as experienced as he was...but this was Paris...in April...in the afternoon!

ALLIED ARTISTS Presents

**GARY
COOPER
AUDREY
HEPBURN
MAURICE
CHEVALIER**



**LOVE
IN
THE
AFTERNOON**



Produced and Directed by **BILLY WILDER**

With JOHN MCGIVER • Screenplay by BILLY WILDER and I. A. L. DIAMOND • Based on Novel by CLAUDE ANET • Musical Adaptation by FRANZ WAXMAN

*Eartha Kitt's chic apartment . . .
A daughter for Peggy Ann Garner
and Albert Salmi . . . Eileen Heck-
art's good fortune . . . Bert Lahr
and the cigarette habit are part
of this month's*

TV TALK



*Eartha Kitt's got herself a duplex apart-
ment. Living with her are her three pets:
a Siamese, Persian and an alley cat.*



*Bert Lahr is trying mighty hard to cut down
on his smoking. He's got quite a few low
lines in his new play and needs his voice*

Eartha Kitt's new apartment—still in the throes of being redecorated—is going to be one of the most attractive small homes in New York's chic upper East Side. It's a duplex right off Central Park that takes up the ground floor and basement of a five-story building. That's right—the basement. In fact, Eartha's downstairs—which include her bedroom, an office, and two bathrooms—is completely windowless! Another distinction is the fact that there is no way you could tell it was a woman's apartment except in the bedroom. All the other rooms are comfortable and stylish—but with no feminine frills. In the bedroom, however, Eartha went all out for femininity. It's pink all over—carpeting, walls, bedspreads—and full of mirrors and glass shelves. There is one thing that holds the downstairs and the upstairs (two living rooms, a long white kitchen, and a tiny breakfast nook) together. They both feature pictures of Eartha Kitt. She has a pastel portrait of herself in the small front living room upstairs; a huge oil done in Paris over the mantel in the large living room; another oil in the hall downstairs—along with her plaques and awards and citations—and a gigantic silhouette of her profile on the bedroom wall. Eartha's fond of other kinds of pictures, too; she belongs to that school of decorating that calls for many pictures of many shapes and sizes on one wall together, and she has hung at least twelve over her long, low couch in the big room upstairs and just as many more on the wall of the inside stairway. It's no wonder, incidentally, that Eartha could play a cat in *Shinbone Alley* on Broadway. She lives with three of them, a Siamese, a Persian, and a plain old-fashioned alley . . . Speaking of portraits, **Bert Lahr** is terribly fond of one of his in costume for the years-ago hit *Du Barry Was A Lady*; it goes where Lahr goes. When he moved into his dressing room in the theater where *Hotel Paradiso* is playing, it went right up on the wall first thing. Lahr is trying mightily, by the way, to cut down on his smoking—partly because he has so many lines, and loud ones, in this farce hit—and he's made a pact with himself not to pull out a cigarette until two o'clock in the afternoon.

Needless to say, he spends the hour from one to two looking at his watch . . . **Albert Salmi** was just like every other Proud Papa when wife **Peggy Ann Garner** presented him with a baby girl. He whipped over to the hospital, camera in hand, and shot rolls of film of the new addition. Then he carried the snapshots around in his pocket, showing them to one and all and riffling through them by himself when no one else was around. Al still looks too young to be a father—partly because his face is boyish and partly because his clothes are more along the casual collegiate lines than anything else—moccasins, no tie, etc. He carries his aversion to formal living to the point of not shaving every day, or even every other day. Al is nearly always with stubble and in need of a shave . . . The reason some actors wear berets is that their heads are cold! Some of them, of course, do it to be French or arty or to look actorish, but many actors who are bald or balding are so used to wearing their toupees that when they take them off they freeze to death. The only thing that keeps them really warm is a beret. So don't think that all berets are pretentious or foreign; some are as necessary as wool gloves . . . **Arlene Francis** not only looks like **Kitty Carlisle**; she sounds like her—the same accent, the exact same warm effusiveness . . . **E. G. Marshall** is a nut about skin-diving. And E. G., by the way, is the subject of conversation at many a show-biz gathering for a couple of reasons: He is widely and extravagantly admired for his acting prowess—and no one knows how old he is. Actors love to sit around and under-estimate their own ages or claim that someone else is fifty-two if he's a day. But when they discuss E.G., they're lost; they haven't the vaguest idea whether he's thirty-five or forty-nine . . . Another tv name who's widely admired in the business is director **Sidney Lumet**, **Gloria Vanderbilt's** husband. There are some professional observers, in fact, who swear he's the most brilliant director in tv—and, now that he's made the movie *Twelve Angry Men*, one of the better movie men. One thing we know Sidney's done, in his non-professional

life, is bequeath his old psychiatrist to his new wife. Sidney is through with his analysis, but Gloria is still in the middle of hers . . . **Bea Lillie**, in spite of her title of Lady Peel, is one of those frightfully informal characters—always ready for a party, and always ready to go on to another. But she believes in living in style. Informal as "Auntie Bea" may be, she rides in a limousine. And it's not just a limousine of the hired variety; it's Lady Peel's—the chauffeur is Lady Peel's, and the interior decor of the car is a wonderful shade of Victorian lavender. Even when Bea whips over to a saloon way over on the not-so-chic West Side, she goes in regal style . . . Bea is a busy artist, too. She draws and paints like mad. Charcoal, oils, water colors—you name 'em, Bea does 'em . . . We bet you don't know the group of people who make the best baby sitters in the world. It's not grandmothers or maiden aunts. It's actors! Actors have one gigantic advantage over every other known baby sitter: they don't have to go to bed early. They are perfectly willing to sit up until midnight or one or two a.m. So many actors are unemployed to start with that they're grateful for the dough. And even if they're working, they never have to be at a rehearsal at eight the following morning. Actors, as a class, also have a casual attitude about sleeping hours; the figure that if they don't sleep tonight, they can sleep tomorrow night. No other baby sitter can make that claim . . . Everyone who loves **Eileen Heckart**—and who doesn't?—is still smiling over her current happiness. Not only is she a high-priced, sought-after tv and movie actress, she's also a happy wife and mother. Those who knew her *Way Back When* remember that Hecky's career was so slow moving it seemed to be made of molasses. And her then-childless marriage was rocking. Today Hecky is not only an accepted actress but a woman with a happy husband and two wonderful children . . . **Mary Healy** and **Pete Lind Hayes** own what is probably the biggest console television set in captivity, and to top that they've rigged up a loudspeaker system all over their house so that they can hear no matter where they are.



YOU CAN TRUST BURT LANCASTER!

In the days of vaudeville, Burt Lancaster and Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard were playing the same theater, Burt as an acrobat; Harriet as a singer with husband Ozzie's band.

One matinee Burt's high-wire equipment snafued. It had to be replaced, but Burt was broke. It looked like his career might be stymied, right there. But show business people take care of their own, when they can.

Ozzie and Harriet knew of Burt's predicament, and he didn't have to ask. They offered to lend him the \$1,000 he needed to replace that high wire equipment. It was a big piece of change to Burt in those days—\$1,000. But he accepted gladly, with no misgivings. Because he knew he'd pay it back!

Over a period of several years, Ozzie and Harriet would receive envelopes from various spots in the country. There'd be money in the envelopes—ten, twenty, maybe even fifty dollars at a time.

The Nelsons never kept count of the money they'd get from time to time from that acrobat, Burt Lancaster. But Burt did, scrupulously.

One night they met again; they were playing the same town together. Burt came over to the table where Ozzie and Harriet were having dinner between shows. He flashed his white-toothed grin and put twenty-five dollars on their table.

"This," Burt told them, "pays me off." And then, by way of proof, he pulled out a well thumbed little notebook. In it, were itemized all the payments he had made on the \$1,000 loan.

"Thanks," Burt continued to grin. And, holding out the little book, he said to Ozzie, "Will you mark it *paid* please?"

Watch for Burt in U.A.'s Sweet Smell Of Success.



Washed
with another
leading
shampoo!

Washed with
"curl-keeping"
NEW
WOODBURY!

Unretouched photo of Jan Rylander, St. James, L. I. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: Left side of Jan's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results show New Woodbury, with its curl-keeping ingredient, holds waves best. Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-clean, without dulling soap film.

Costs *less* than other leading brands. And right now, for a limited time, the big \$1 size is only 59¢. If you don't agree Woodbury is the finest shampoo you ever tried, we'll return your money.



WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

He's yours, and you *know* it. It's love, and you *show* it.
 What fabulous fun, being female, at a time like this!
 Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your
 charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives
 away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember,
 if you're nice-to-be-next-to...next to *nothing* is impossible!)

VETO is for you
 in more ways than one



Cream



Spray



Stick



Aerosol
 Mist



One touch of VETO
 dries away perspiration worries!

BELAFONTE SECRETLY MARRIED!

"MARRIED A MONTH" SINGER ADMITS

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In a surprise announcement, singer Harry Belafonte disclosed his marriage to dancer Julie Robinson. "We were married a month ago," the popular calypso singer said, "when



Singer Harry Belafonte and his bride, dancer Julie Robinson, smile happily after disclosing that they had been married secretly at Tecate, Mexico, March 8. They are shown in the singer's dressing room at a night club where Belafonte is appearing. His wife was a dancer with Katherine Dunham's negro troupe for six years.

the HARRY BELAFONTE STORY

PART II

by Kirtley Baskette

■ Those were the headlines the world digested with its morning coffee.

Those were the headlines read one morning last April by a young bride and her new husband, a man who had—at last—found a work to fill his soul with and a dignity . . . a place to go and a job to do. That had been the first victory.

And one other thing Harry Belafonte found when he married Julie Robinson, and perhaps that was the best thing of all: he found an end, an end to the aloneness of being always a stranger in a foreign land. That was the second battle fought and won . . .

The first victory took thirty years to win. The struggle for that victory started the day Harry Belafonte was born thirty years ago, of a mother who remembered her childhood on the island of Jamaica and a father who still roamed the seven seas as a merchant mariner—looking for something better than the Harlem tenement that was all he could give to his family. There was one other thing Harry was born of, and it was what made him a man with a cause: he had two white grandparents, and Harry was to show this white world of which he also was a part, that the Negro in him was (Continued on page 90)

Tina's He

Wealth holed up in a tangled wife papers in a Some of her blonde and declared in a davit, figur divorce case Mrs. My asserted, w divorce-see possession thereupon ies with John he, John clothes."

In one usual Delaney served ligan, c for Dr Magist ing to names templ De lawy husb

T to a l ar T J o v i



< Shirley before she retired...Shirley today >

shirley temple returns!

by Louella Parsons



The youngest of Little Miss Marker's brood is baby Laurie. Then there's Linda Susan, husband Charles, and young Charles Jr.

■ As she entered ROMANOFF's, I looked quickly around the room to see if any among the chatting luncheon crowd recognized what had once been the most famous little girl's face in the world. Except for the quick glances of admiration from the men and examination from the women that usually follow the progress of a pretty woman across a room—none did.

But, drawing close to our booth, with those famed dimples springing into view as I held out both hands to her, her face seemed dear and reminiscent to me.

For this smiling, well groomed young matron with her dark hair and dark eyes whose quiet good grooming marked her as more of San Francisco than of Hollywood, was Shirley Temple!

I suppose I should say, she is Mrs. Charles Black. For, even though the week's newspapers had carried the exciting news items that Shirley Temple was coming out of long retirement to narrate a series of fairy tales for tv and this was the direct reason for our meeting, you realize immediately that no matter how much success the future holds for her, here is a happy wife and a devoted mother first and last.

That is what made me ask so quickly after the affectionate greetings and the ordering of lunch was out of the way, "Shirley, I thought—and so did the world—that you were permanently through with show business. What made you change your mind?"

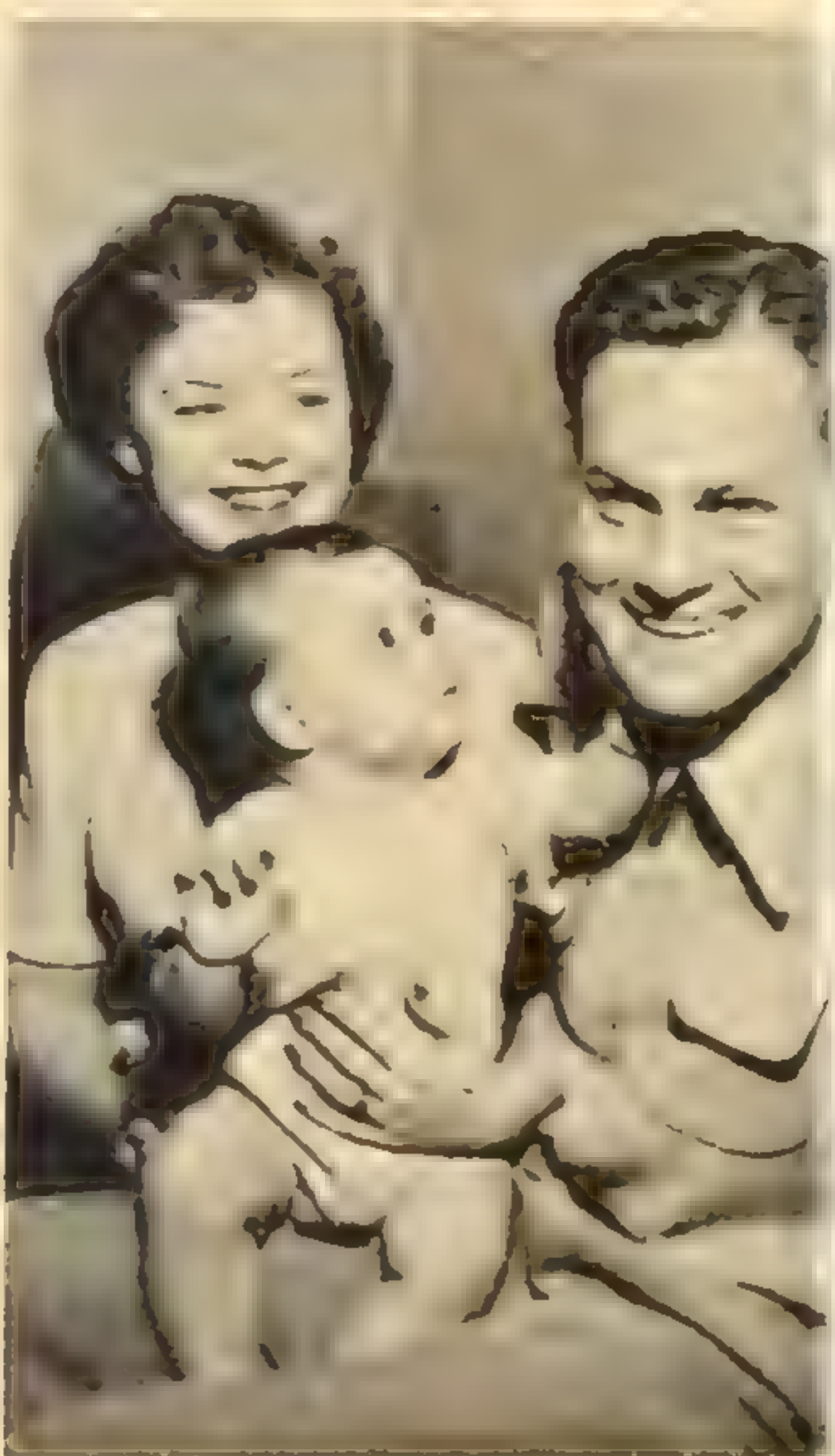
Just as she used to do when she was a child and was careful to consider questions before she answered them, she put her head on the side and patted the soft-curling hair, once golden blonde, now 'naturally' dark. In fact, I had caught her at the beauty parlor on one of her quick trips to visit her parents in Hollywood and within a few hours she would be planing back to her home in Atherton, California. (Continued on page 77)

For Shirley's Life at a Glance, Please Turn Page →



Tiny Shirley Temple smiled and danced and sang her way into the hearts of America before she was five years old. Her greatest early triumph was in LITTLE MISS MARKER, with Adolph Menjou. As a teenager, she was more popular than ever with movie-goers—as the ideal “kid sister”—with servicemen as their favorite date.

Shirley's life at a glance



Love came to Shirley when she was sixteen and she married handsome Sergeant John Agar. In 1948, she gave birth to a lovely daughter, Linda Susan Agar. Two years later the entire country was shocked at Shirley and John's divorce.



In 1950, Shirley met Charles Black in Honolulu. They fell in love at first sight, and soon were married. Shirley gave up her career, saying “My only contract is my marriage contract.” They have two children, a little boy, Charles Alden Black, Jr. (shown with Linda Susan in the photo) and a little girl, Laurie Alden.

Young Lovers:

LOVE CAN BE SHY AND HESITANT



AND TENDER

LOVE



CAN BE STEADFAST AND SECURE AND SATISFYING

LOVE CAN BE MIRACULOUS AND EXCITING AND



HEAVENLY

LOVE CAN BE CRAZY AND



ADVENTUROUS AND LOTS OF FUN

LOVE CAN BE THIS SECOND AND TOMORROW



AND FOREVER

LOVE'S favorite season is summer, the time of warmth and blooming. And in Hollywood, as in every other city and town in the United States, LOVE is working its magic on all who are ready and willing and eager to receive it.

On the following ten pages, Modern Screen follows LOVE on its marvelous route: watches LOVE flit playfully about a young couple on their first date, watches LOVE stop a while to pay court to two "old friends," watches LOVE visit two people who have been transformed by its power, watches LOVE attend the wedding and honeymoon of a couple of its favorites, watches LOVE pay a call on two "recently-married" youngsters.

LOVE'S ways are amazing. Come, watch them with us. →

ben cooper & jill corey

first date

"They met, had fun, and liked each other—very much!"



■ He had a thirteen-day furlough from the army and a longing to take out Jill Corey, the new singing star of *Your Hit Parade*. He phoned. She was rehearsing for a *Climax!* television show. Her first free time was the last night of his furlough. Still, he was thrilled. He was waiting at CBS Television City before the show went off the air, planning to spend his fortune—he gets \$68 a month take-home pay as a private—on the girl of his dreams. But the girl appeared and said *no*. “Stay on your budget!” So they went to KELBO’s, his favorite restaurant anyway, and had a dinner for two that came to a big three dollars. And drank a flaming punch that went for another dollar. Then they flew home to see Jill on television. A kinescope of *Climax!* is broadcast in Los Angeles just two hours after the show’s finished, that’s how. Jill hated herself in her dramatic debut, kept moaning “I’m terrible!” But Ben thought she was great. They looked for a shooting gallery so Ben could show off: he won a marksmanship medal in the army. But they couldn’t find an indoor gallery anywhere, and the beach was too wild and windy that night. They wound up at the OLD TIME MOVIES on Fairfax Avenue, studying how some earlier stars had handled their first acting chances. Then back to Jill’s for coffee, conversation, a little dancing, a kiss. It was a first date to remember. There was fun in it, and a promise for the future.

LIGHTNIN' WINS 1935 His First Role as Leading Man **GARY COOPER**



Private Ben took Jill for a Hawaiian dinner at KELBO's, wound up the meal with flaming fruit punch. Next stop was Jill's place to see Jill on TV, via kinescope. Later the kids took in old-time movies—including Gary Cooper's first starrer, an old Colleen Moore picture, and even an early Hedda Hopper.

Back at Jill's for some music to dance to—courtesy of the radio—and then a cup of coffee. Ben volunteered for KP, or at least he helped clear off the coffee things and dry dishes. At one point even dried Jill. A kiss good night and promises to write each other wound up this marvelous evening. Total cost: \$5.00.



Typical Nader-Hyer date. George played with Martha's dogs, while she finished readying-up. Then they got into his new Thunderbird, headed for Beverly Hills.



george nader & martha hyer / steady date

*"They play and dream
and plan together!"*

■ They're a steady date, which doesn't exactly mean they go steady. Since his romance with Dani Crayne was buried under an excess of publicity, Nader's been careful about tying himself down. But no matter how many ladies he sees, he keeps coming back to Martha Hyer, and if you want to put a romantic interpretation on that, go ahead. It's a sure thing that George and Martha are good companions, solid friends, feel easy with each other. They play and dream and plan together. Less satisfying relationships have flowered into love . . . why not this one? In any case, to get right down to brass tacks, George is a middle-of-the-road type of spender, when it comes to dating. He doesn't travel the chi-chi route—ROMANOFF's and caviar and bring-us-more-champagne—but neither does he expect a girl to be thrilled over a drive-in movie and a hot dog. The night we trailed him and Martha, he called for her early in a brand-new Thunderbird. George took her to FRASCATI's, where dinner for two with one drink apiece and a bottle of wine came to \$12. Later, they visited the CABARET CONCERT THEATRE. Admission for two came to \$4.80, and coffee and cheese muffins accounted for \$2.40 more. Cost of evening: \$19.20. No charge for: spring night, laughs, a tender good-night kiss.



FRASCATI's features Belgian food, good wine, strolling musicians. Later, they window-shopped on Wilshire Boulevard.



Catching the show at the CABARET CONCERT THEATRE. George and Martha toast Harold Lloyd, Jr., whose act is featured in the tiny showplace on Sunset Boulevard. Lloyd's the one behind that clown make-up. Later, a slow drive home, a long walk in the spring night, and a farewell kiss at two-thirty a.m. The perfect evening, and it set George back exactly \$19.20.



richard egan & pat hardy | almost engaged

"They share the wonderful miracle of love!"



■ The feeling is that they'll marry, Dick Egan and Pat Hardy. Surely they're in love. But Egan's a man made cautious by many failures. Nothing good has ever happened to him fast, so he bides his time. He came to Hollywood eight years ago, believing in miracles. He'd been told he looked like Clark Gable; he felt he was a great actor; the studios would feel plenty lucky to get him. Four screen tests later, he was nowhere. MGM turned him down flat. So did WARNERS. Still reckless, he dared to fall in love, and reaped more heartache. Ann Sothern was ten years older, ten years wiser, of a different faith. She sent him on his way, at what cost to herself nobody knows. The effect on Egan was apparent. He seemed afraid to cast a serious glance at another woman. Even when his career began to flourish, when he could have afforded a wife, he made no move in that direction. Determined to be a man-about-town, he was seen with Lori Nelson, Susan Hunter, Vivian Gray, Jean Moir, Valerie Allen, Carol Groat. He insisted that he was "bewitched" by all of them. But, somehow, as a playboy, he wasn't particularly convincing. At thirty-five, he's no kid, to be set aquiver by a new flavor of lipstick. Deeply religious, with much family feeling—he still lives at home—he's a good bet for the altar. A girl just had to come along who could wait him out. That girl, we make bold to say, is Pat Hardy. We'll go even farther, and make even bolder. The miracles that Egan believed in eight years ago, he's beginning to believe in all over again. Especially the miracle of love. He and Pat still haven't put it into words. "We're both free to see anyone we want," she says, cool and unconcerned. And then her eyes soften, and she smiles. "It's just there's nobody else we want to see." For six months now, neither Pat nor Dick has had an "outside date," and marriage, as a topic, crops up with strange frequency in their conversation, considering the fact that both of 'em claim they're not ready to indulge. Pat talks of her career in television—"I'm making (Continued on page 81)



"We found our gold at rainbow's
end - our wedding ring!"

ursula's diary



Tuesday:

Tonight John said we should get married before he goes to England! "Fine," I said. I tried to sound casual, but it was hard. Diary, I love him so much. John said Nevada was the place we must go for the wedding, because I'm not twenty-one yet. I didn't understand. "Why is it better to be not twenty-one in Nevada than in California?" He laughed at me. "They love juvenile delinquents in Nevada," he said. "Child brides are very big there." I told him I'm not so big. I hit him. He said he will design my ring himself, a surprise. "You can't keep a surprise," I said. I had to tease him, or I would burst from feeling too full, right in the middle of the living room.

Monday (one week later):

He brought the ring! He looked so silly and so dear, standing there all pleased with himself and two hands behind his back. "Guess what kind of ring I've got for you." I guessed gold. "Guess the stones," he said. He's stubborn. I guessed rubies. Wrong. Diamonds? Partly. Sapphires? No. Pearls? No. It took me all evening to figure out the ring, and we never got any dinner, but it was worth it. The ring is two gold bands with jade in the middle and the gold is set with many tiny diamonds. Very beautiful. I started to give John a kiss for every diamond, but after a while I forgot to count. More talk about Nevada. Nevada, yes. Las Vegas, no. John hates Las Vegas. He says it is a phoney town.

Friday:

I have a terrible cold. The plan was to start for Nevada tomorrow night, but now I'm not sure. John says he'll fix everything. John is wonderful, but can he cure the common cold? Today, our first baby arrived. The baby is a snow-white automobile, for the honeymoon. It settled the argument about whether we should go in his truck, or my little (Continued on page 72)



*We cherish these
honeymoon shots
we took of
each other!*



“They are more than two people in love—They are one!”



■ He claims she listens in on the extension phone, and opens his mail when his back is turned. She says you have to put a time bomb in the bed to get him out of it. But in the midst of the laughter, they look at each other and it's a look you trust; it's solid.

Romances are easy, made up of butterfly wings and pink champagne and look-at-me-I'll-waltz-you-to-the-moon. Marriages are harder; they're built of blood and bone and worrying about each other more than about yourself, until part of you becomes part of him, and vice versa. Shirley and Jack's romance has grown into a marriage.

Ask Jack what he likes best about being married and he grins, "Now I don't have to make the bed."

Shirley gives a straighter answer—maybe because for Shirley Jones there was never the kick of table-hopping from romance to romance; her heart always wanted a home—"The security of being with someone you love, and who loves you. The fact that you're able to look ahead to your future with that person, plan on a family—"

For the moment, the Cassidys make do with an apartment on New York's east side, not very different from the apartments of other young newlyweds. The kitchen's full of copper-bottomed pots, toasters and electric broilers which were wedding presents. The kitchen table is one of those long wooden picnic affairs with benches that fit underneath, and Shirley and Jack eat there when they eat alone.

For fancier gatherings, there's the hallway. The hallway's regal, as compared to the homey kitchen. To begin with, its floor has handsome black and white tiling, and there's a bar, and a drop leaf table on which sits the one object of actual magnificence in the Cassidy establishment—a sterling silver tea service, a wedding present from Rodgers and Hammerstein. The drop-leaf table they bought because it opens up to seat twelve.

"If I ever get to cook well enough so we can feed twelve," Mrs. Cassidy wails mournfully.

Her husband leaps to the rescue. "You cook lovely. Aren't I getting fat?"

The object is to fatten Jack up, keep Shirley slender. And it's all Shirley's responsibility in this marriage—(Continued on page 82)



Married life for the Cassidys is calling the folks to come on over for dinner—and hanging curtains. And the excitement of watching TV... together.



“when is ELVIS THE ANSWERS TO 43 OF YOUR

“will they cut

by Judy Spreckels



In the March issue of MODERN SCREEN, featuring my story 'More About Elvis and Me,' I asked you to write me any questions you had and I'd try to answer them. Here are the answers to the questions asked most often—with an assist from El on some of the toughies!



Saundra Knuckles, 8042 Zelzah Ave., Reseda, California.

Q When is Elvis going into the army, and will they cut his hair?

A Only one person can answer this one . . . Uncle Sam. Elvis doesn't know himself. Early in January, Elvis passed his pre-induction physical examination—four days before his twenty-second birthday. Whether he is drafted depends on several factors, the army said, ranging from the draft board's quota—to the number of army volunteers in Memphis. In any case, the call normally wouldn't be likely for six months to a year from the day he was classified 1A—if then. If he is called, he may be assigned to the Navy.

One thing you can be sure of: Elvis will do whatever Uncle Sam asks him to, and that goes for having his hair cut—and anything else.



Bea Manning, Star Route, Salamanca, New York.

Q What color is El's hair?

A Brown—almost black when wet.



Violet Geigle, Box 77 Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada.

Q Is Elvis awfully moody and lonesome sometimes?

A Yes, El's moods change frequently, but he is not temperamentally moody. He is often lonesome, though not alone.

Betsy Mordel, Clarinda, Iowa.

Q Do you answer all your mail personally?

A Yes, I have. Though from now on, I'll only be able to answer those letters that enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope—I just get too much mail.



Linda G. Macauley, 7457 Sommers Rd., Philadelphia 38, Pennsylvania.

Q What makes El mad?

A El is pretty patient, but he does get angry when he feels he is being picked on unfairly by someone who is uninformed. I remember once how disturbed he was over some writer's criticism about the way his home was furnished, though the writer had never even been inside his home! He holds his temper very well even with antagonistic characters trying to start something, but when pushed to far he has been known to defend his rights with his fists—successfully!

going into the ARMY?"

PERSONAL QUESTIONS ON ELVIS

is HAIR?"



Marielana Rensch, Crooked Lake 7503, Angola, Indiana.

I have seen pictures of the back of Elvis' head and I never saw his hair combed into a *duck tail*—does he have a *duck tail* haircut?

No.



Marcia Catagnus, 3217 W. Mt. Kirk Ave., Norristown, Pennsylvania.

Is Elvis conceited?

No, he is modest and unassuming.

Mrs. W. A. Gibbons, Wolfcreek, Ore.

Q What are El's favorite colors for his shirts, coats, and trousers?

A El's taste in colors frequently changes. Pink and black are two of his favorites. He generally wears dark trousers and colorful coats and shirts.



Estelle Senator, 7813 Gilbert St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Q Is Elvis really better looking in person than on film?

A In my opinion, he is.

Connie Counsel, Walnut Creek, California.

Q Do you think El is handsome?

A Very handsome.

Marcia Rawlins, Glendale, Arizona.

Q What was Elvis' favorite subject in school?

A English.



Mary Ann Ramirez, 1349 N. Walnut St., San Carlos, California.

Q Does Elvis have a temper?

A Yes, everyone does, but El is generally mild tempered and seldom flares up.



Susie Rosenauer, 2618 Faroan St., St. Joseph, Missouri.

Q Does Elvis cuss or swear?

A I have never heard El take the name of the Lord in vain, and I have heard him strongly object when others have done so—or used four-letter words.

(continued on following page)

"what type of

43 QUESTIONS *Continued*



Jane Morgan, Box 510, Brunswick, Ga.

Q Do you think Elvis works too hard? Does he rest enough?

A I think El works very hard and is very restless, but I believe that in the long run, he gets enough rest.



Sonya Snellgrove, Rt. #2, New Brockton, Alabama.

Q Is there a record of Elvis talking?

A Yes; if you didn't get it when it came out on the stands, you can get it through the Elvis Presley Fan Club, Box 94, Hollywood, Cal. Or write: Elvis Presley, c/o Rainbow Records, 4335 West 147th St., Lawndale, Cal., and enclose 50¢. He also does some talking on the record, "That's When Your Heartaches Begin."

Maria Rafael, Mexico, DF.

Q I have read some of the terrible things Elvis Presley has said and done. Why do you defend him?

A I defend him because he is my friend, and because he has seldom said or done the bad things that have been attributed to him—those quotes are mostly the work of someone who just plays with words. I know El and I judge the truths and lies that I read from my knowledge of the man, not from the printed words of a stranger. I defend El because he has never done anything to make me ashamed of him or to make me regret being his friend.



Beverly Williams, 3686 E. 25th Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Q What is El's favorite record of his own?

A The last time I asked him he said his favorite was "I Was The One," and I know he also likes "Trying To Get To You" especially well. At the rate he's making records though, his favorite is liable to change at any time.

Andy Watson, Norwalk, Connecticut.

Q What is your favorite record of Elvis'?

A I like almost all of them, especially "I Was The One," "Paralysed" and "All Shook Up."



Joyce Gentry, RR #1, Box 364, O'Fallon, Missouri.

Q Does Elvis act any different since being in Hollywood with the movie stars?

A Not toward me. He is still soft spoken, shy, and very polite with strangers. And from my observations, he is still kind, natural and fun-loving.



Arlene Kelly, 4049 Teesdale St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Q Does Elvis like cats and dogs?

A Yes.

Jackie Edwards, Valdese, N. Carolina.

Q For Elvis to date me, would I have to be sophisticated?

A Elvis seems more comfortable around natural girls who enjoy movies and records rather than fancy parties.

GIRL does EL prefer?"



e Stevens, Rt. #1, Elba Alabama.
How can I start a fan club for Elvis?
If you don't want to join a club
's already in existence, gather your
nds together and organize yourselves,
ke your rules, elect your officers, de-
e on your goals.



*nette Fountain, 21 North Ave.,
rlington, Vermont.*
Is it true that Elvis likes to speed,
l that his friends won't ride with him?
No, his friends *do* ride with him.
e found him to be a safe, careful
ver. And when I drive *he* insists that
on't go too fast. Neither of us is tired
living yet!

bie Wayne, Cairo, Illinois.
Does Elvis bite his nails?
Yes.

Micki Dale, Adrian, Michigan.

Q Does Elvis read his fan mail?

A It would be absolutely impossible for Elvis to read all his mail, even if he had nothing else to do. He does read as much of it as he has time for—but he is just as grateful to the writers of every single letter that he doesn't get to read, as the few that he does.

Jill Ott, Wilmington, Delaware.

Q Is Elvis extravagant?

A I find El to be very generous but extravagant only where cars are concerned.



*Dolores Smutek, P. O. Box 251,
Russelton, Pennsylvania.*

Q Does Elvis like horses?

A Yes, El likes to ride horseback, and he likes to go fast when he does.

Gloria Anne Forney, Battle Creek, Mich.

Q Does Elvis get upset when magazines print things that are untrue about him?

A Elvis is a sensitive boy. He knows that writers have to make a living, but it hurts him to read lies, innuendos, and half-truths about himself. He feels badly when people pick on teenagers as a group, just because they like him.



*Joyce Hohlt, 9638 Pine Lake Dr.,
Houston, Texas.*

Q In your opinion, what type of girl does El prefer?

A I have noticed that El likes girls who are honest—not putting on an act to impress him; well-mannered—not loud or trying to attract attention; and neat.



Jean Seiders, McConnellsburg, Pa.

Q Does Elvis really have holes in his face and pimples?

A I never noticed any holes in El's face, but in some very close-up pictures there appear to be some. These do not really appear in person. Some pictures have these holes because when you enlarge a picture a great amount, everyone appears to have holes in the skin. I've never seen any pimples on El's face, though he occasionally gets a rash from sweets or a crazy diet. (Continued on page 62)

The heartbreaking story of...

why LANA left LEX

by Florence Nilres

■ The cab went careening through the heavy traffic, the way Hollywood cabs do. The man's face, turned toward the woman, had the kind of look that says *I wish I could think of something to say to make it easier.* The woman just sat there, the tears following each other down her cheeks.

"Lana," Stephen Crane said, "Lana, all kids run away from home. It doesn't mean anything."

Lana Turner didn't answer; she didn't even hear him.

Like throwing a pebble in a pool, she was thinking. It falls into one little spot and the waves start rippling out farther and farther and you can't even imagine how far away the water is going to be disturbed by that one pebble.

Lex and I separate, she thought, we're the only people who should feel it, and the next thing I know, everybody's life is all jumbled up . . .

Like Cheryl's life . . .

"Lana," Stephen tried to get through to her, "She's my daughter too. I was scared stiff too, wondering where she was. But it's not your fault!"

It's not your fault . . . it's not your fault.

The words echoed and echoed and echoed. Back to the other times she had heard them.

"But it is my fault," she cried, and at last the storm of grief was let loose and heavy sobs broke through . . . through the wall of control she had built to hide her despair.

"Everything's my fault," she sobbed, her head buried on the broad shoulder of this man who had once been her husband and was the father of the only child she had ever borne.

"If Cheryl runs away from home because she's too miserable to do anything else," she said, the words hurting as much now as the first time she had thought them, "then it's my fault. I'm her mother . . ."

She couldn't say the other words that had been ripping her apart— *And if I can't give Lex a child, then that's my fault, too . . .*

"Darling, darling. It's not your fault," Lex had said that day she had lain in the hospital, just after she had lost their baby.

He had walked in and the look on his face, the look (Continued on page 69)

*What caused the
failure of one
of Hollywood's
"happiest" marriages?*



"I'M

JOHNNY SAXON *confesses:*

MY OWN

"I botch myself up

WORST

and really goof."

ENEMY"

■ "I'm my own worst enemy!" says Johnny Saxon.

And that sentence is the give-away—to just about everything that makes Johnny tick . . . and makes it so tough for him to go, man, go. For instance . . .

On his last trip home to Brooklyn, John Saxon bumped into a girl he'd known way back in JOHN J. PERSHING JUNIOR HIGH. After some *remember whens* she asked him, "What are you doing now? Hollywood grabbed you yet?"

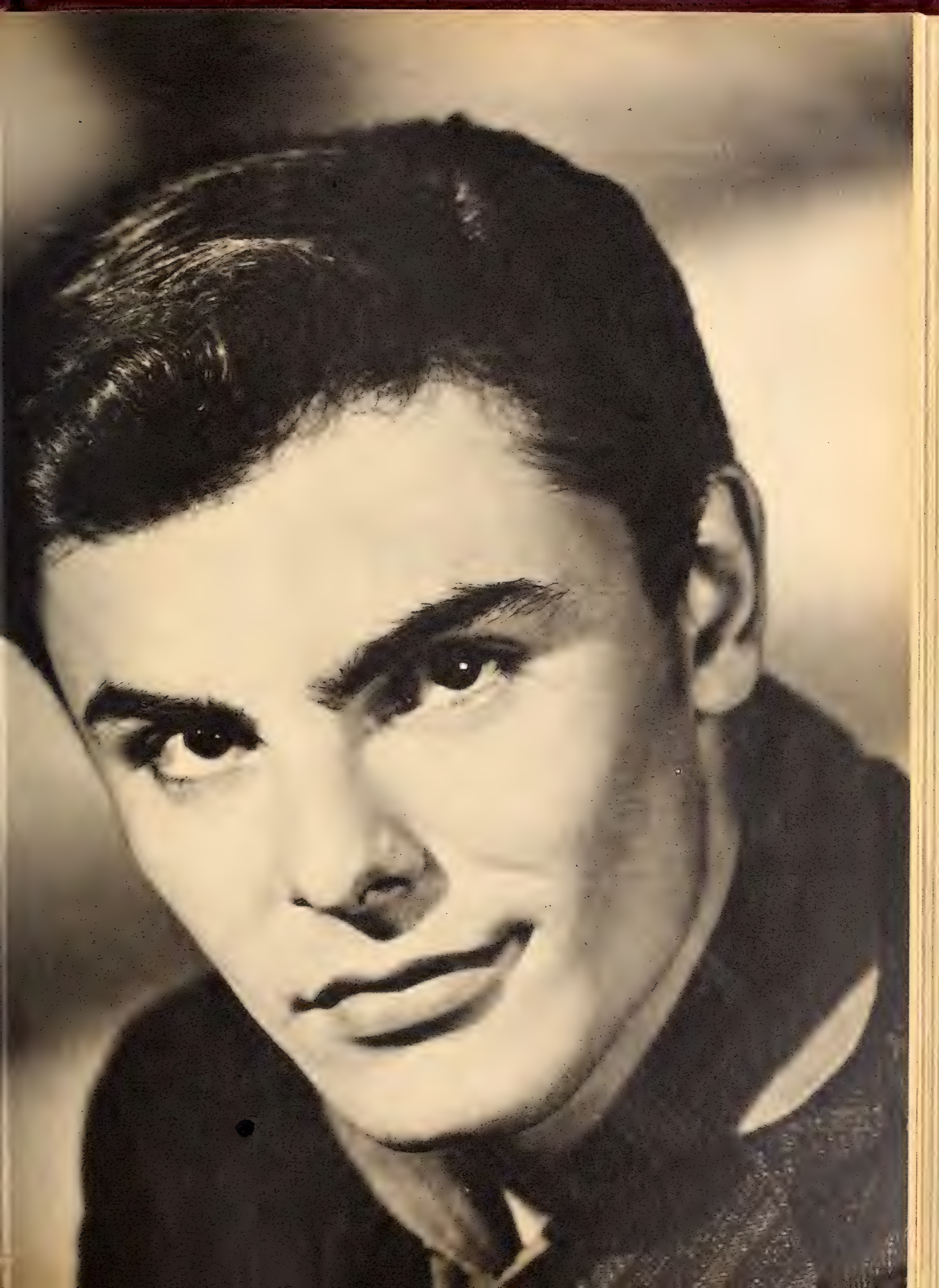
She was only kidding, but the truth of the matter was that Johnny Saxon had already made two hit pictures in Hollywood and was set to star in his third. At that point he was on a personal appearance tour with *Rock, Pretty Baby*. He had a right to bask in a little glory. Instead he ducked.

"N-a-a-ah," he shrugged. "I'm not for that stuff." And there was a lost look around his eyes, because he meant it. Meant it just the way it sounded . . . like he wanted it, and badly.

And today, it's still true, because the shy Adonis with the Roman coin profile is still not for Hollywood. Particularly the big treatment. More than once, during his amazing rise this past year in the business of movie-making, Johnny *has* goofed—rather painfully, for himself and others.

On that tour for instance, he was booked to appear at a teenage country club in New Orleans. As the junior Thunderbird Set gathered to inspect him—a kid who'd slugged up from Brooklyn—Johnny felt like a freak in a sideshow.

What am I doing here? he asked himself; and the answer came back, *Nothing*. So he sat silently amid the glamour, then got up, bowed and walked away. In Houston, Texas, his last stop, a disk jockey introduced him to a crowd, then left him on his own with "Here he is, Kids. Ask him questions!" Johnny had weathered nine such quizzes in the past three days. He felt his temper rise. (Continued on page 86)



DODO'S summer wardrobe

very practical



by PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

■ Doris Day has long been recognized as one of Hollywood's best-dressed women.

Edith Head, moviedom's top fashion expert and six-time *Academy Award* winner, insists, "I've never met anyone more interested in clothes, more capable of picking what's right for her, more practical in her selections—and less interested in general trends than Doris!"

In choosing her wardrobe, Doris follows this set of rules:

Doris buys clothes that *she* likes, and husband Marty likes too, of course, Not *what's the current fashion*, but *do I really like it?* That's the first thing.

A few weeks ago, when a representative from an organization for the blind came to Doris' house to sell her magazine subscriptions, Doris ordered one national magazine, two home magazines, and one movie fan book.

"Aren't you interested in fashions?" the astonished saleswoman asked her.

"Interested, yes. But I never look at fashion books," Doris smiled.

She doesn't go in for the latest trend—her dresses never attract the attention that a professional model's wardrobe would get. But neither does her wardrobe go out of style at the end of the season! Believe it or not, a great percentage of what's on Miss Day's back today was purchased as far back as six and seven years ago! With only the hemlines altered from time to time.

Item number two is simplicity of style. "I look for *fabrics* that are attention-getters," says Doris, and she's forever looking for new materials.

For instance: where did she spend her clothes-hunting time while on her last trip to Europe? At the Diors, Balmain, and Balenciaga fashion shows? Not on your life! She covered the fabric houses. As a result she came back to Hollywood with nearly thirty yards of exquisite materials for this summer's wardrobe . . . a pale blue shantung with white flowery imprints from RODIER in Paris made a short summer evening dress; a light beige wool from London's ASHER LTD. she had tailored into a travel suit, and a soft-pink chiffon was designed into a tight-bodied, v-necked gown (*Continued on page 74*)



huge purses



no bows



short evening gowns



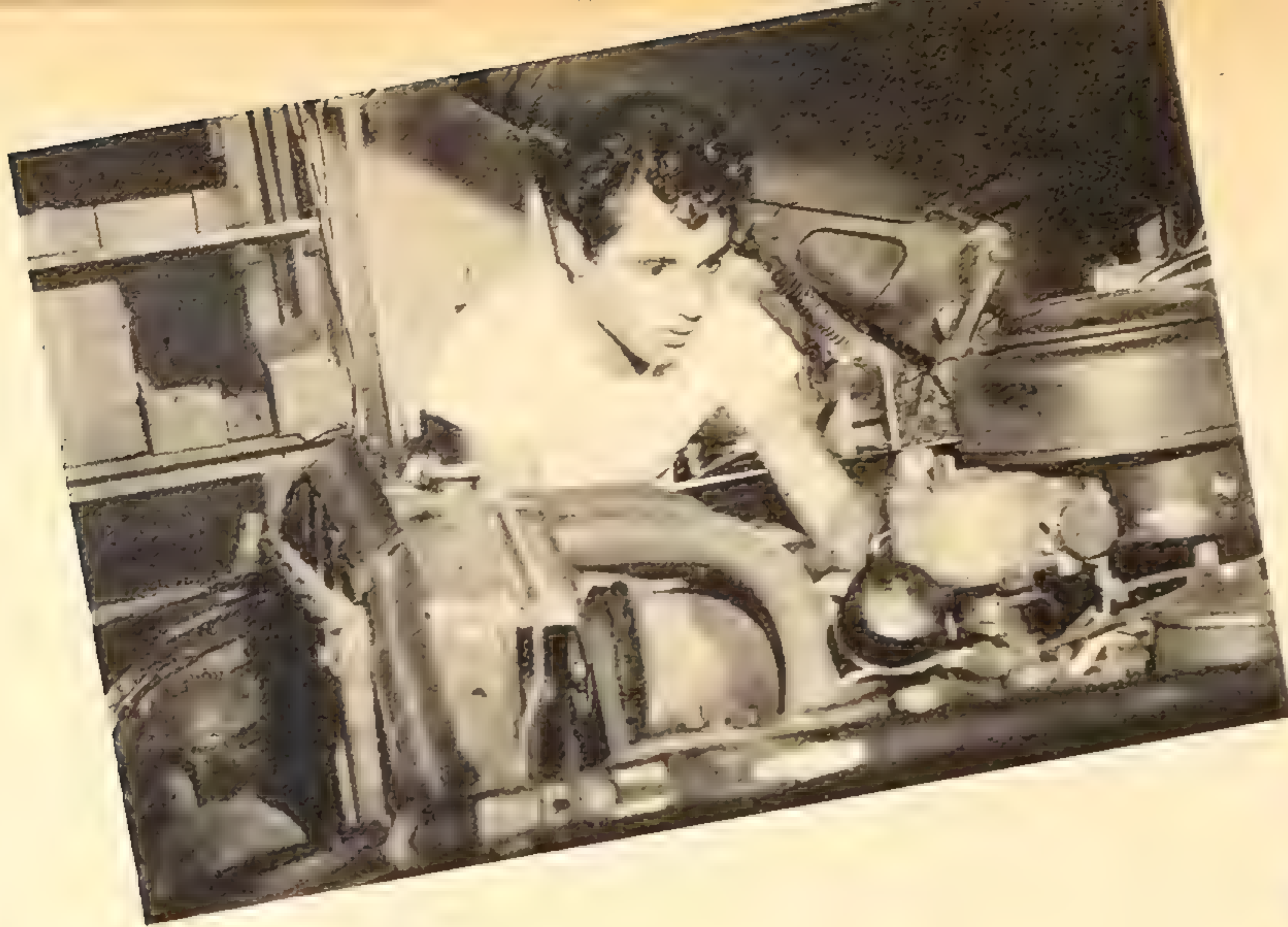
one color



\$-saving alterations

all for





"this was my

SAL MINEO

■ Next to the Mineo house in the Bronx is a small piece of lawn where Sal and his buddies gather on a sunny day to sit in garden chairs and look out to Long Island sound or watch the cars go by on the main highway nearby.

One day a car stalled on the main road. Sal and his buddies were quick to observe that the passengers were three pretty girls.

Sir Sal Mineo, who likes nothing better than to tinker with engines, was johnny-on-the-spot.

"Can I help? I'm a mechanic," he said without batting an eyelash. He ran an experienced eye over the engine. Then Sal shook his head sadly, "Lucky we're here. Your car was about to explode."

"Oh dear," the pretty blonde wailed.

"Just relax. We'll have it fixed in no time." In the half hour the boys took to repair the damage which might have been fixed in ten minutes—since nothing too serious was wrong—there was enough conversation back and forth to result in the girls giving out with their phone numbers for a possible date. And Sal was feeling mighty pleased.

Then the pretty blonde said, "You talk so well. You must be something more than a mechanic."

"Nope," said Sal, "just a poor but honest mechanic."

As the girls piled into their car, the cute blonde said she'd be looking forward to Sal's call.

The car started like a breeze. "You're a wonderful mechanic," the

blonde smiled. And then she added, just as they pulled away, "You're a wonderful actor too. We've just come from seeing your picture."

Leaving Sal on the road staring at her phone number regretfully. "I thought I was so funny, but she was smarter. How can you call a girl after that? The laugh was on me!"

BARBARA STANWYCK

■ To Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck is *The Queen*. Gaffers, electricians, and stagehands consider her the nicest, friendliest, and least temperamental actress in town.

But Barbara can still remember the one and only time she ever tried to pull her rank as a *real* movie queen—until a private detective changed her mind.

It happened several years ago when her stardom was newly minted. She was to play the part of a very rich woman, and among the items on her costume chart was listed: *one diamond necklace; value: \$50,000.*

"We'll use a paste imitation necklace, of course," the director said to her.

"No."

"What?"

"Rich women wear real diamonds. And I feel it would only be right for me to do the same."

"But . . ." He tried to argue. She refused to listen. In the end he rented a diamond necklace—worth \$50,000—from Hollywood's most expensive jeweler. Barbara smiled triumphantly.



BARBARA STANWYCK,
CARY GRANT, JACKIE GLEASON
and SAL MINEO declare:

Zany-est Adventure!"

About noon on the first day of shooting, Barbara left the set for the ladies lounge. As she started along the studio street she was joined by a heavy-set man with a pistol strapped to his waist and a pair of handcuffs sticking out of his shirt pocket.

"I gotta go with you," he said. "The insurance company hired me to go where that necklace goes. *Everywhere* it goes."

They reached the door of the lounge. Barbara smiled. "I can wash my face by myself," she said.

"Uh-uh," he said. "Not with that necklace around your neck you can't."

"But. . . ."

"I go where that necklace goes."

For the next two days the private detective went to lunch with the necklace, to wardrobe with the necklace, and to Barbara's dressing room with the necklace.

The final straw came one day when she tried to take a nap before a difficult emotional scene.

"Don't mind me, lady," the detective said following her to her dressing room and settling down in the club chair. And again he repeated, "I go where the necklace goes."

Barbara tried to sleep.

The chair squeaked.

She tried again.

The chair creaked.

She sat up and unhooked the necklace.

Then she walked to the set and handed it to the very surprised and very happy director.

Laughing at herself, she said, "I guess a paste imitation will do."

CARY GRANT

■ Cary Grant has a most unique distinction.

He is the only person in Hollywood who has a framed copy of his own obituary.

It happened fifteen years ago. Cary and Howard Hughes, the owner of HUGHES AIRCRAFT, were flying across Texas in Hughes' private plane. They were tentatively expected to land at an airfield in Texas, but the day was warm, the clouds were high in the sky, and they had a brisk tailwind.

"Let's go to Mexico," Hughes suddenly said.

"Okay," Cary answered.

Whistling along happily they landed in Nogales, had dinner at a cafe, made a few telephone calls, and went farther south the next day to visit some friends.

Returning to their airplane a day later, they stopped again for lunch in Nogales. Cary idly picked up a Spanish newspaper.

The headlines read:

SEÑORES HUGHES Y GRANT
CREYENDO MUERTO

Cary choked on his coffee and grabbed the first Mexican who could speak English. Cary had guessed right: the headline said he was dead!

It seems that the Texas airfield had quite definitely expected them. When they didn't arrive, an over-enthusiastic press agent sent the news charging across the country's newspapers. For two days planes had been scouring the desert for them, and they were presumed to have come to a fiery end. Already the

newspapers were talking about the *tragic loss*.

The copy of that newspaper is slightly yellowed now, but Cary still has it. When he is discouraged about the way things are going, Cary grins wryly and re-reads the news of his own obituary. The premature news of his death in the desert is a reminder that things could definitely be worse—much worse!

JACKIE GLEASON

■ Jackie Gleason pulled a boner at the swank WALDORF ASTORIA in New York City.

Booked for a benefit there, the entertainer was warmly welcomed by a committee upon his arrival. The applause was deafening as Gleason made his way to the stage. Pleased by the enthusiastic reception, Jackie really outdid himself that night. He not only exhausted his repertoire, but improvised extra bits of nonsense for his audience's enjoyment.


Finally, after receiving a tremendous ovation, Gleason tore himself away—to a telephone; to crow to his manager.

"You should have been there. You wouldn't have believed it! They didn't want to let me go," he boasted.

"Shoulda been *where*?" his manager asked.

"Why, the benefit at the WALDORF tonight. It was terrific . . . sensational . . . just dan-dan-dandy!"

But Gleason's manager had news for him. "It might have been good, Jackie," he said, "only *your* benefit isn't until *next* Friday. You went on the wrong night!"



I'M
GLAD
SHE'S

NOT

PERFECT!

It wasn't till Pat discovered c

■ Jane Powell's parents were poor—Poppa could scrape up only a bare living as a painter; Mama had to forget about ever having anything more to raise her family in than a one-bedroom apartment. It used to break Mrs. Powell's heart that these cramped quarters forced her to be so strict with little Jane. For instance, like the night Mrs. Powell decided to have a few neighbors up for coffee and cake.

A little while before the guests arrived Jane's mother called her into the kitchen. "Now, Janie," she said as she put the finishing touches on the big cake she'd baked, "the people are going to be here right away and I want you to help me get the room in order. If anything's lying around, any magazines or your toys, just put them away nicely and be a good girl and help your Mommy." "All right, Mama," Jane said, took a quick lick of icing and then skipped off into the living room. Mrs. Powell was still in the kitchen when the doorbell rang a few minutes later. "Janie! The door," she called out.

"I'll get it, Mama," Janie called back. She ran to the door and opened it. It was one of the neighbor women. Jane said *hello*, the lady said *hello* back, took a step into the room—and plop, she fell! Mrs. Powell rushed out of the kitchen. She helped the woman up, led her to a chair and got her a glass of water. Then she took Jane into the kitchen. Before she had a chance to say anything, Jane said, "I know, Mama. She fell because my doll was on the floor and she didn't see it and she stepped on it and she fell and I should have picked it up in the first place. I'm sorry, Mama. I'm sorry." Mrs. Powell didn't know what to say. She took a deep sigh. Then she took her little girl in her arms and held her close to her. "I'm sorry, too, Janie," she said, "but when we're crowded like this and there's just no money to get the room we'd like to get for you, a nice pink room with a real bed for you, a closet for your dresses, a . . ." She cut herself short. Firmly, as if this *had* to be done, she said, "Janie, we're going to have to cut out your allowance for this week. *You've got to learn to be neat.*"

From that moment on, Jane developed a passion for neatness—and punctuality too, and a lot of the other virtues that made people in Hollywood think of her as "absolutely perfect, that's what Jane Powell is—absolutely perfect." But . . . how did her *husband* react to this "perfect" wife? Was she, maybe, *too* perfect?

Jane and Pat had been back from their honeymoon exactly one day. It was early evening, about 7:30. Jane was in the kitchen fixing after-dinner coffee and Pat was in the living room, lounged back in an easy chair. He lit a cigarette and started flipping through a magazine. One article caught his interest—and the cigarette ashes just started falling wherever his hand happened to be. But always, of course, *on the rug*. That's when Jane walked in with the coffee. Her eye caught (Continued on page 84)

fault in his "perfect wife" Jane Powell,

that they really relaxed and enjoyed their marriage—

Mr. and Mrs.
Eaton Chalkley
dancing under
a Georgia moon...



how SUSAN

(and how he got

by Mike Connolly

■ After twenty years of devoting her life to being an actress first, and thirteen years of being a wife and mother second, Susan Hayward has had a change of heart.

The change first became noticeable at the party she gave following the *Academy Awards* presentation in March, 1956. It was the first Hollywood party she had ever given. It seems incredible, but during their ten years of married life the Jess Barkers had never given a really big party. Well, I noticed something else that seemed peculiar at the time. Although Susan has known hundreds of actors and actresses and has worked with most of Hollywood's top male stars—Clark Gable, Bob Mitchum, John Wayne, Gregory Peck, Vic Mature, Kirk Douglas, etc.—none of them were invited to the party. This was indeed surprising. She had some producers there, some directors, but mostly there were professional people on hand—doctors and lawyers and their wives. Finally it dawned on me, when Susan introduced us all to Eaton Chalkley, a Georgia attorney and realtor.

Susan was just bubbling. Later I saw the looks she and Eaton were exchanging, and that was when I first understood that Susan had fallen for forty-year-old Eaton's charm, his good manners, his hip sense of humor, his good looks.

But shortly afterward Susan took off for Europe to attend the *Cannes Film Festival*—and incidentally walk away with the Cannes Award and the Cork Film Festival Award in Ireland.

And she stayed in Europe four times as long as she had planned. She stayed two months, though originally she planned on being gone only two weeks. She had a great time for herself. And I—and everyone—thought she had completely forgotten about Eaton by this time.

But we had guessed wrong; the two months were Susan's thinking-out period. Presumably she felt she had reached the top of her acting career. How much farther could she go as a star than this triumphant tour of Europe proved she had gone? She was now in the top-glamour bracket; where do you go from the top?

She thought a great deal of Eaton on this trip—strong, friendly, silent Eaton; firm-as-a-rock Eaton with the crooked, white-toothed grin.

Eaton thought a lot about Susan too, no question about it.

Then Susan came back from Europe and Eaton came out to (Continued on page 80)

got her MAN

ner to leave Hollywood)

why
 "CRAZYNAILS,"
 "ROADBLOCK,"
 and
 "SCOWLY-PUSS"
 love
 PERRY COMO



by dena reed



■ It had been a hard, gruelling day climaxing weeks of rehearsals six days a week, twelve hours a day. And now Perry Como's colorcast was over. He stood, weary and wilted, watching the theater empty. Then he stepped to the mike and, to the teenage fans who were either still sitting in their balcony seats or were standing up to watch the stage clear, Perry called out—

"How did it look to you up there? Was it okay?"

"Sure, fine, Perry," some teenagers yelled from the mezzanine, "it was swell, Perry."

"Good," he sighed. "But you tell me the truth now, 'cause if you don't a little matter of \$100,000 will go down the drain. We want to fix anything that wasn't right. So you kids have got to keep me posted."

"Oh we will, Perry," breathlessly promised Scowly-puss, Crazynails, and Roadblock.

"Good," he said, "I'm relying on you."

This is the sort of thing that goes on between Perry and the teenagers all the time. It isn't a *Star* flattering his public and being flattered in turn. It's some buddies talking things over.

As he was about to walk off the stage, an urgent voice from the mezzanine called him back, "Perry—Perry—"

He turned and went back to the mike. "Yes?"

"It's Terry's birthday."

"Oh gosh!" But he knew what they were waiting for and dog-tired though he was, he sang into the mike, "Happy birthday to you . . . Happy birthday to you . . . Happy birthday, dear Terry, happy birthday to you. Okay?"

"Okay!—And thanks," yelled the recipient of this greeting from the million-dollar voice. And her pals chimed in, "Thanks, Perry."

That goes on all the time too—a birthday song for a buddy. And what do these "buddies" think of Perry? Well, at the same tv show I asked the teenager sitting next to me, "Are you a fan of Perry's?"

"No," she answered. The girl in front turned around, "What's the matter with you? Are you trying to deny it? Of course she's a fan." She turned to me, "She's president of her club."

The girl next to me turned troubled eyes on me and explained, "Perry doesn't like it to have us called just fans. He says we're friends, see? That's all I meant—we're friends, not just fans."

"Oh," said the incensed girl in front as she added, "Well, next time you be careful not to give people the wrong impression that you're ditching the best guy in the world."

Perry's friends would cheerfully go to Hades for him. The reason? Well, growing up is not an easy process. To be a teenager isn't any snap. "They look for advice," Perry says, "but instead they're kidded by their friends. They want to be beautiful, lovable and desirable to boys—but they trip over their feet. They begin to wonder if they'll ever (Continued on page 81)

"love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair"



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DID YOU HEAR ABOUT KATHY GRANT?

■ Prince Mike Romanoff's bistro in Beverly Hills is about as high-class as you can get. So it was a bit of a surprise when Kathy Grant crashed ROMANOFF's in blue jeans. Kathy didn't do it because she wanted some publicity, and she didn't come in the front entrance. What she wanted was an old can, and she came in the back door.



It was all because Kathy and her girl friend, Nan Quinn, decided to paint the bathroom of her apartment. As Kathy tells it, "We had been talking about doing a new paint job on the bathroom all evening. After all, we had the paint, the brushes, even a big can of thinner. But there wasn't anything to do the mixing in. It was too late to start looking for any hardware stores."

Then Kathy got her inspiration. After all, ROMANOFF's was right across the alley from her apartment house and they should have something to mix paint in.

So, just as she was, in blue jeans and T-shirt, she scooted past the ROMANOFF garbage cans and into the kitchen. After the staff stopped blinking, they tried to be helpful. Then the maitre d' came into the kitchen. After he stopped blinking, he said, like blue jeans were routine, "May I help Madame?"

Naturally, they finally found a bucket for Kathy to mix her paint in. And now Kathy's not only the first female to invade ROMANOFF's without being swathed to her chin in mink—she's the only gal in Hollywood to have a bathroom painted from a bucket from ROMANOFF's. The color, of course, is caviar gray.

Naturally, when Kathy gets into the news for any reason, it's followed by the inevitable question: What happened to the romance with Bing Crosby? Kathy's cool enough to give him the last word on that. "I think Bing made the final statement on that," she says. "Remember—he said: 'I have no plans to marry Miss Grant.' So let's leave it at that."

Whether the romance is on or off, twenty-three-year-old Kathy is keeping pretty busy. Aside from painting, she's busily working in many films.

And come to think of it, she was causing quite a few explosions recently at the Publicists' Costume Circus Ball. Kathy came in a scanty red costume and matching platform shoes to add to her cute height—and spent the evening riding the baby elephant the boys had stationed at the door to greet the guests. The pretty brunette made the flash-bulb boys plenty happy posing in all directions at once!

Watch for Kathy who's coming soon in Columbia's *The Night The World Exploded*, *The Brothers Rico* and *The Mad Ball*.

43 questions on elvis

(Continued from page 47)

Pam Thierbot, Denver, Colorado.

Q How tall is El really?

A Elvis is really six feet tall, exactly!

R. Morgan, New York, New York.

Q In every color picture El's eyes are a different color . . . What color are they actually?

A Dusky blue.

Beth Twichell, Augusta, Georgia.

Q Did you think when you first met Elvis that he would some day be the most popular singer and actor in the United States?

A I never gave it a thought when I first met El, but I knew that he had talent—and I wanted him to be the biggest success possible.

Frank Trask, Dodge City, Kansas.

Q Is it true that Elvis has a contract with Col. Parker that says Elvis can't get married for a year?

A No.

Joan Blevins, Tampa, Florida.

Q Who is El's favorite singer?

A He has several favorites: Arthur Big Boy Crudup, Hank Snow, Frank Sinatra and more.

Ted Roberts, Boston, Massachusetts.

Q What is his favorite food? What is your favorite food?

A El digs bacon, toast, melon, pork chops, hamburgers and milk. I like steak, pork chops, bacon, potatoes, and ice cream. El likes ice cream, too.

Mrs. William Havens, Allentown, Pa.

Q Why do people write some of those awful lies about Elvis?

A They make up lies for trashy publications because the lies and innuendos are what those publications pay for, and because they don't know or care to find out the truth.

Cindy Frooshe, Hardy, Arkansas.

Q I saw a picture of Elvis with a cigar in his mouth, but I thought he didn't smoke . . . what is the truth about that?

A El doesn't smoke, but he occasionally walks around with an unlit cigar in his mouth.

P. Frankel, Glendale, California.

Q Does Elvis like any sports?

A Yes, he likes to water-ski, play football, box, shoot skillpool, horseback ride, and fish.

Jeri Scott, Cleveland, Ohio.

Q Can you tell me what Goolytwash means?

A Yes. Sheky Green, the comedian that we got the word from, said in his act that

Goolytwash is the name of an aria from an Italian opera. Of course it's just a nonsense word, but it's fun to say it even if it doesn't mean anything.

Barbara Jenkins, Tarrant, Alabama.

Q How often do you see Elvis?

A That's hard to answer. It depends on where El is, or where I am. We both spend a lot of time traveling, and in all our travels I have never happened to be in the same city at the same time El was playing there. When El is in Hollywood of course I see him more often, because I live here. But sometimes when he's here, I'm away on a trip, or sick, or we both are too busy to spend much time together. It makes me laugh when I read in some stories that I followed El all over the country. I was convalescing in the Las Vegas desert air from bronchial pneumonia when Elvis played there. The farthest I ever traveled to see El perform was a forty-five-minute drive on the freeway to Long Beach, where El had invited me and some of my friends. If I heard that El was going to do a personal appearance anywhere in the vicinity, if it was at all possible, I would try very hard to get there, because I would rather see El on stage than any other person I can think of.

Judy Moore, Reno, Nevada.

Q Does Elvis like all the yelling, and big audiences?

A Yes, he likes to hear the people clap and yell when he finishes a number, because that tells him that they like him. He sings better when he can see and hear his fans.

Hank Leven, Helena, Montana.

Q Does Elvis like to go to parties and fancy eating places?

A Elvis likes to eat in small coffee shops rather than fancy restaurants, and he seems to prefer wearing comfortable sport clothes whenever possible.

Frank Elam, Weirton, W. Virginia.

Q Do you think Elvis is just a fad, or will he stay popular?

A Personally, I think Elvis is here to stay as a show business personality. That opinion is shared by a great many people I know in the entertainment field because they feel that Elvis is now so firmly established as a star. Naturally the tremendous fantastic popularity he attained so rapidly is bound to tape off and find a level, but I feel it will be a high level and El will be a star for a long, long time. From the letters I get, it doesn't look to me like he is losing his popularity, and in any case, personally will always be his fan . . .

Elvis Presley will soon be seen in Paramount's *Loving You* and MGM's *Ja House Kid*.

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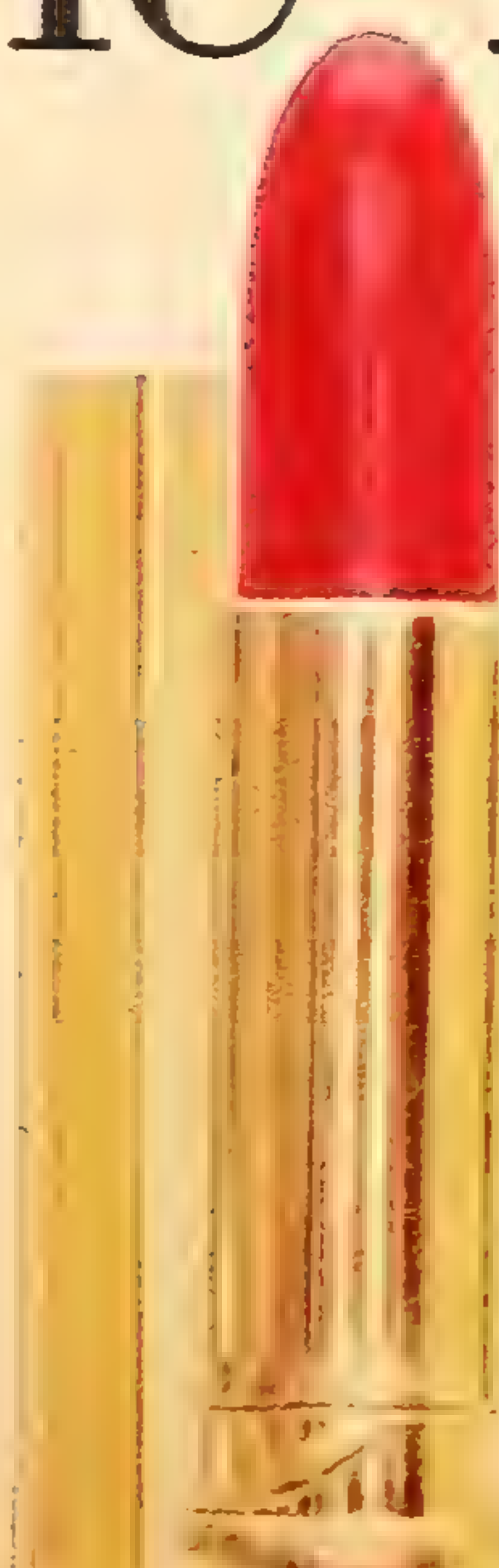
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terry

moore's

favorite picnic recipes

■ In the summertime the Hollywood stars take every leisure moment from their heavy schedules to get away from the formality of Hollywood spots. They go as we do to the shore or the mountains for quiet, rest and fun and to enjoy a picnic lunch or supper. Terry is an ardent picnic fan and so we asked her to give us a few of her favorite recipes for you to add to your picnic fare. For the hot recipes you must take along a small charcoal broiler or go to a spot where you are allowed to build an open fire. Terry suggests that you pack your recipe foods, along with your salads, stuffed eggs, greens and bottled drinks in ice in a Little Brown Chest—put your coffee, tea or juice in a Little Brown Faucet Jug where it will remain hot or cold. Terry's Junior First frock designed by Marian Ross. Wedgies, Huskies.

Sloppy Joes

For 8 servings use 1 lb. ground beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion, pieces of green sweet pepper, 1 cup Hunt's tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. French's mustard, $1\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, 1 cup ripe pitless olives. Hamburger buns. Procedure: Mix all ingredients. Make into patties and wrap in foil ready for broiling. Serve on hot buns.

Stuffed Franks Wrapped in Bacon

For 6 servings use 12 Swift's franks, 3 slices Kraft's American cheese, 3 dill pickles, 6 slices Swift's bacon. Procedure: Cut cheese slices lengthwise in quarters. Slice the dill pickles lengthwise, in quarters. Split the franks lengthwise, being careful not to cut clear through. In each frank, insert a slice of cheese and a slice of pickle. Wrap each frank with half a slice of bacon, fasten with toothpick. Place franks on skewers or twigs, broil over coals.

Easy Egg Foo Young

For 6 servings use 1 cup Swift's luncheon meat, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup onions, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup celery, 1 cup bean sprouts, salt to taste, pepper to taste, 6 eggs. Procedure: Chop luncheon meat. Parboil chopped celery and onions until partially cooked. Mix ingredients. Measure each omelet in a cup. Cook in hot Crisco in shallow pan over hot coals until brown on one side. Turn, cook the other side. Serve with soy sauce. Use chopsticks for fun.

Hollywood Club Sandwich

Use 1 loaf Italian bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. ham, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bologna, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Kraft's Swiss cheese, 1 tomato, some lettuce leaves, 1 sliced red pepper, 1 tbs. French's mustard, 1 tbs. Kraft's Miracle Whip mayonnaise, 4 toothpicks. Procedure: Slice loaf in half lengthwise. Spread French's mustard and mayonnaise on each half of bread. Place 1 slice ham, 1 slice cheese, 1 slice bologna, on bottom half. Cover with lettuce and sliced tomato. Keep on placing ham, bologna, tomato, lettuce, and cheese (Kraft's is our choice) alternately, until filling is almost 4 inches high. Arrange red peppers on top. Cover with other half of loaf. Secure with toothpicks. Cut filled sandwich loaf diagonally into several small sandwiches.

Meat-Stuffed Bread

1 grated onion, 2 tbs. Crisco, 1 lb. Swift's ham, 1 grated carrot, chopped parsley, 2 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. sage, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. thyme, dash chili pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Libby's tomato juice, 1 loaf Italian bread. Procedure: Brown onion. Stir all of the ingredients together. Cut off the end of the loaf of bread. Scoop out inside and add half of the scooped-out bread to the ham mixture. Stuff mixture into loaf shell. Attach cut end of the loaf with a skewer. Place in oven, bake for 15 minutes. If you desire, re-heat on your picnic fire before slicing and serving.

is
it
true

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beauty begins with your

BATH

A black and white photograph of a woman in a bathtub, seen from behind, with her hands on her head. The image is slightly faded and serves as a background for the text.

Take your bath the Hollywood way and something all new will happen to you! Something ultra-feminine and glamorous! You'll never again feel that the average dash of soap and splash of water will do when you once adopt the routine of personal care that is a ritual with the stars. The first rule to remember is that the bath period should be considered one of rest and relaxation and therefore an adequate amount of time should be allowed. The second important rule is to be sure and keep your cabinet supplied with all the products that go to make the bath a real beauty treatment. The bath should be a relaxed and restful period accompanied by speedy and easy routines that will make it one of the most enjoyable interludes of the day. The little routines must become *(Turn to the next page)*

beauty begins with your bath

(Continued from page 67) established and automatic habits.

The period of the bath should also include care of the face, hair and feet as well as little intimate duties such as removing unwanted hair from your legs and under your arms. Daily attention will assure you a glamour look at all times. You will always be groomed and ready for that unexpected date as well as for your routine daily activities. Remember, stars are very glamorous because they look their lovely best at all times.

Here is the bath routine that the stars follow.

The Face: Even before you start the bath water running thoroughly cleanse your face with a cleansing preparation or soap. Deep cleansing is necessary to remove all dirt and grime from the pores. If you have used a cleansing preparation, apply skin lotion to remove the final traces of the cleansing preparation and remaining particles of dirt. Your skin is now ready for a nourishing preparation which you should leave on during the

period of your bath to soften the skin and make it smooth and ready for a fresh and beautiful make-up. If you have chosen bedtime for the period of your bath—just wipe off the excess of the nourishing preparation and leave the remainder on during the night.

While you are taking care of your face you should check any wayward eyebrows and remove a stray one here and there. Then rinse your eyes with a prepared eye bath to rest and clean them.

The Hair: This is the time when a hundred strokes with the brush will surely keep your hair bright and shining and your scalp tingling with circulation. You will find that this quick and firm brushing will also relax your nerves and rest your whole body while you are bathing.

If your hair needs re-setting now is the time to put on a setting preparation and set your curls with clips or bobby pins. When you have finished your bath your curls will be soft and ready for styling.

One warning. The stars suggest you do not use your bath period for your shampoo for they feel the shampoo is so important that a separate period should be set aside for hair cleansing care.

Removing Unwanted Hair: Be sure and check to see if it is necessary to use a depilatory under your arms and on your legs. You should, of course, be fastidious about this always—but particularly so during the summer months when dresses are sleeveless and swimsuits are the order of nearly every day.

Now you are ready for your bath. Be sure you have these things ready. A lovely soap, a back brush, a nail brush, a pumice stone and a wash rag. After a good soaping be sure and brush your nails and toenails (this is the time to check and see if you need new polish). With the back brush, scrub your back briskly. This will also help to relax your nerves as well as keep your skin soft and truly clean. As a final step—use the pumice stone on your feet to keep them soft and smooth.

After your bath—the luxury. Dashes of lush talc, splashes of wonderful cologne. And don't forget to use your deodorant and anti-perspirant. Many girls are careless about this. Forgetfulness can be most embarrassing to you.

If you follow the bath routine of the stars you should feel really feminine and you should look like a million!

\$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, \$10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE HARRY BELAFONTE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE SHIRLEY TEMPLE

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE BEN COOPER

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE GEORGE NADER

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE JOHN DEREK

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DORIS DAY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JANE POWELL:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE SUSAN HAYWARD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE PERRY COMO:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ

☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none

16. I READ

☐ all of TV Talk ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME..... ADDRESS.....
..... CITY..... STATE.....

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Diane Holzinger, Bronx, N. Y.; Miss A. Fittizzi, Hoboken, N. J.; Martha Lim, Vancouver, B. C., Canada; Rosemarie Chambers, Woburn, Mass.; Sondra Pistole, Branch, Ark.; Nancy Madish, Industry, Pa.; Janice Finley, Waco, Neb.; Judy Newson, Tulsa, Okla.; Karen Hogue, Marietta, Ohio; Mrs. Cora Schnableyyer, Helena, Montana

Why Lana left Lex

(Continued from page 48) of worry for her and grief over the baby, had torn her heart so.

"I'm sorry," she had whispered, trying to tell him how much she had wanted—this time—to give him a son.

She had looked at him then, standing there with the big, big bouquet of bright flowers and the big, big lollypop with the jelly-bean eyes that he had brought—and was trying to slip into his pocket, because he had suddenly realized lollypops are for babies and it might hurt her instead of making her laugh.

She looked at this man she had lived with and loved and wanted to give everything to, and thought *And I can't even give him a child!* She looked at the tanned face, and the outline of broad shoulders, and his worried eyes and thought *He deserves more than me. He deserves a complete woman, who can give him everything that a woman should give to the man she loves. . .*

august's **modern screen** (on sale July 4) features great stories on **tab hunter, elvis presley, natalie wood, sal mineo, rory calhoun, etc.,** and introduces **tommy sands, luana patten & james macarthur.** **debbie's** on the august ms cover, and there's a great story about her, too

And a few months later, Lana Turner found the strength to try to give Lex what she thought he had the right to have, she tried to give it to him by ending her marriage to him. . .

Lana Turner and Lex Barker had first met at a big Hollywood party. An engagement party, for Johnnie Ray and Marilyn Morrison. Lana was dating Fernando Lamas those days, and Lex came with his wife Arlene Dahl—though they'd already started talking to divorce lawyers. That was in the fall of 1952.

Sparks? Not then . . .

The party was held at the million-dollar mansion of one of film's past greats, Marion Davies—darling of a young Hollywood. Redecorated to look like the Sunset Strip's MOCAMBO, the fabulous setting might have lent a spark of romance to the most ordinary meeting. But no sparks showed. When the two couples ran into each other, Fernando politely asked Arlene, "Would you like to dance?" Arlene smiled her acceptance to the handsome Argentinian and they whirled off. Lex and Lana stood a moment, watch-

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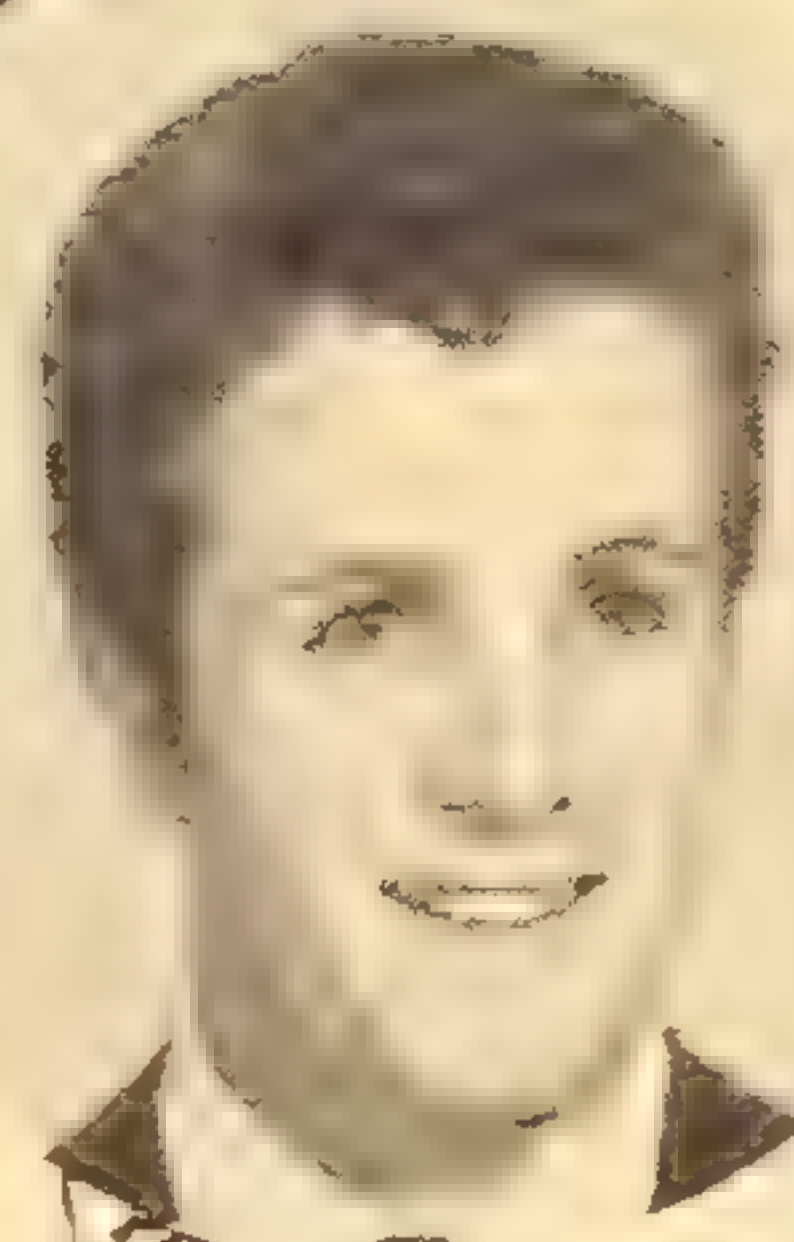
Marshall Thompson



Darren McGavin



Bill Cord



Steve Rowland



Lady Ellen
HOLLYWOOD

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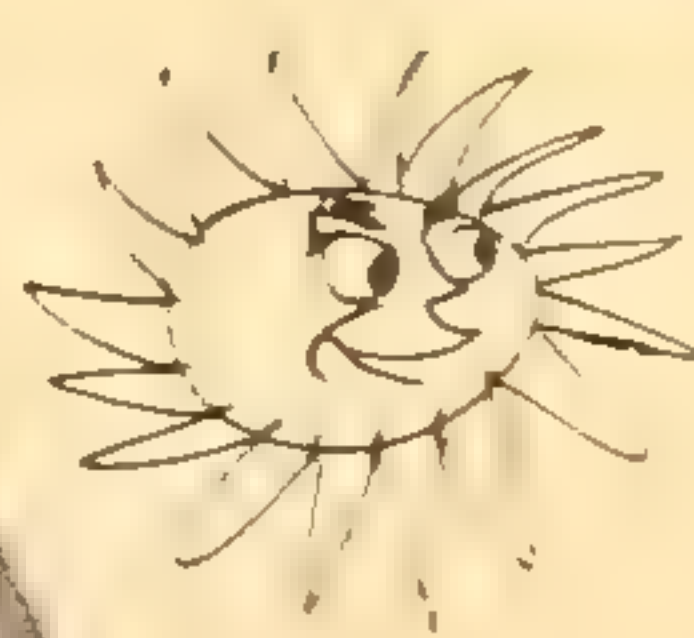
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ing them, trying to remember each other's last picture to open the small talk with. Then Lex turned to the slender blonde girl with the very big blue eyes and said, "I don't think I can compete with Fernando, but it would be my pleasure if you'd try this rhumba with me." Lana laughed, walked into his arms, and found herself enjoying this big man who danced the rhumba or swung from Tarzan's trees with equal grace.

But sparks? No, not then.

Except from Fernando. It is known that Lana and the furiously-jealous Fernando had a violent argument that evening.

The next day, Lana's engagement to him was quite officially broken. By Lamas. In headlines.

When *did* Lex become interested in Lana . . . interested enough to ask her for a date?

"The first time I saw her," Lex said once, holding her hand as if he'd never let go, just after they were married. "Really saw her!" he laughed. "It was—oh, I guess months and months after we had first met. I was down in Palm Springs, swimming in the hotel pool, when all of a sudden I hear this chug-chug-chugging behind me. I looked around, and there she was.

"And then she got out of the pool," and here Lex's eyes had lit up like he was waiting for just what he knew Lana's reaction would be, "and there she was, in a bathing suit! Who could resist *that*?" Lana's blush and bluster were all that tease Lex could have asked for.

When did Lex know he *loved* Lana?

It didn't take him long to know how he felt about the woman who was to become his wife.

It was on their first date.

They had finished dinner, danced a bit, and were involved in one of those serious-

meaningless conversations that strangers get involved in—before they know enough about each other to be able to really talk. It's hard to say who was more startled, Lana or Lex, when Lex said, in the middle of a sentence, "Now, when we are married . . ."

This boy is really dreaming! thought Lana.

That's what I really want, isn't it? Lex's mind raced.

That's how it started.

Enchanted hours in Europe

Then Lana went to Europe to make a film and that would have been that—if they hadn't already been in love. But they were. Lex was on the plane.

They spent enchanted hours and days and weeks discovering Europe together. They went to the museums of Paris, like all tourists, and the little coffee shops. One week end they flew to the make-believe island of Capri, and like all lovers adventured through the narrow cobbled streets holding hands. Together, arms entwined, they stood for long minutes watching the sun sink into a sea that couldn't be real. But now and then, a gray shadow of fear forced its way into their minds—the remembrance of other loves that had been happy . . . and ended before a judge's pronouncement of divorce. Three times for Lana, twice for Lex. Those times they'd hurry on—to the next quaint shop, or the next delightful café or the next unbelievably beautiful view. Or back to that jeweler's window that held the magnificent star sapphire that Lana wanted so much.

"I think I'll buy it," Lana had said to Lex each of the three times they had stopped to look at it.

"It's too much money," Lex had answered each time, pulling Lana away.

Just before they left Capri—Lana to go to England to co-star with Gable, and Lex to Italy for a film—they headed once more for the jeweler's. "Just one last time," Lana begged Lex.

"You'll end up buying it," he answered.

"I just want to look at it," she promised, insistent, not letting him talk her out of it.

When they got there, the ring wasn't in the window; it had been sold.

"Just as well," was all Lex answered to Lana's look that said *you should have let me buy it—I don't care if it was expensive—I've always wanted a star sapphire—there isn't another one in the whole of Europe that was as lovely.*

Of course if Lana had known Lex then as she does now, she might have started wondering a little about his oh-never-mind attitude. If she'd had the time.

But they had planes to catch and good-bys to whisper and suddenly he was in Italy and she was in England and there was nothing but the telephone to whisper into.

For a month and a half.

A magical picnic

Then one Thursday evening the phone rang as usual just as her clock chimed the hour, and Lana answered it with the—by then—usual feeling of slightly breathless excitement. But this time there weren't the long pauses—that were just as good as words as long as each felt the other's loneliness and yearning.

"Look," said Lex as soon as he heard her *hello*, "there's a bank holiday here in Italy, and no shooting. I'm flying over in the morning."

"All right," said Lana. "I'll see you in the morning," she added.

"We'll go on a picnic," she said, just as if they hadn't already said *good-bye* and hung up.

And the next day, just for them, London's fog was shooed away and a golden sun looked down through skittering fleecy puffs of cloud riding in a blue, blue sky.

They found an unbelievably beautiful little woods, and knew this was the spot.

"Are you hungry?" Lana asked so casually that Lex knew she couldn't wait for him to discover all the wonderful things she had thought of packing for lunch.

"Not very," he teased.

"Oh . . ." Then she caught the smile he couldn't hide completely.

"What do you think you're having for lunch?" she asked.

And Lex, to make up for the teasing, and figuring the lunch must be pretty special, answered, "Why, I guess some sandwiches and . . . a thermos of coffee and . . . some pickles, I suppose." And then he really played it up, his exclamations of delight and surprise, as she dramatically presented the whole roast chicken and the chef's salad and the delicate white wine and the brandied peaches. And the thermos—of martinis . . . for toasting-in their reunion after six long, empty weeks without each other.

Later, sipping the last of the wine and watching the shadows of the trees grow longer and longer as the bright afternoon drew to an end, they sat in their little world and she knew that this time—when Lex spoke of marriage, as he had on their first date—she wouldn't think this boy was really dreaming.

They sat on the grass, Lex leaning against a tree, Lana encircled by his arms, sipping the last of the wine, when Lex reached into his pocket and said, "I want to give you something."

"What?" she asked, not really caring and wishing that it could wait so she wouldn't have to move.

"Your engagement ring."

And just like in the movies, she did a

double take as he slipped on her finger the star sapphire she had wanted so much in Capri, that hadn't been in the shop window the last time they had gone to look at it.

"You bought it! Pretty sure of yourself, weren't you?" she demanded, but like she didn't really mind at all.

"Lana," Lex answered quietly, seriously, "a man knows when a girl is in love with him. And I've known for a long time that I loved you."

She looked up at him, at this strikingly handsome man she loved, and whispered, "Lex, this time, for both of us . . . it will last? This time nothing will happen?"

"This one is forever," he answered.

"I'll make you happy, Lex. I'll give you everything a woman can give a man. Then nothing *could* happen. . . ."

A new life together

Later that day, back in 1953, Lex and Lana visited Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding and spent an hour, wide-eyed, watching the Wilding baby gurgle through its pabulum and bath. That is, Liz and Mike and Lex watched the baby. Lana's attention was divided between the baby's antics—and Lex's antics over the baby.

I'll give you that, too, Lex; I'll give you a son, Lana thought, blotting from her mind the Rh factor in her blood that twice during her marriage to Dan Topping had resulted in the agony of miscarriage and the sorrow for babies who hadn't lived long enough to be born.

But that sorrow was in the past, and there was only happiness that day in September, 1953, in Turin, Italy, when Lana and Lex started a new life together and Lana's ten-year-old daughter, Cheryl, got a whole new family—a daddy she'd already learned to adore, and a new sister her own age to play with all the time, and a new little brother for both of them to order around just a little bit.

And through the next years, it really seemed as if this time they *had* found happiness forever. As far as their marriage was concerned it was, as the old Hollywood saying goes, "ideal." They weathered the first few difficult years, these two beautiful people—luscious, lovely, completely feminine Lana and husky, handsome, all-man-and-then-some Lex. Together they discovered a piece of land down in Acapulco, Mexico, and lived for the day it would have their home on it, completed.

To love, enjoy and do together

And through the years, they found so much more in each other than they had dreamed of to love, to enjoy, to do together. Lana had never been what you might call an outdoor type, and yet "she flips me," Lex said once, when they'd been married just a little while, "the way she gives me a run for my money in tennis and golf!"

They loved to dance together. They loved to talk with each other. They discovered they loved to live together. They loved each other.

About three years after their marriage, Lana and Lex sat over their dinner one evening and Lana casually said that she thought maybe she wouldn't take that role in *My Man Godfrey* after all.

"Why not, honey? Sounds like a terrific part for you."

"Oh, I don't know, Lex" she said, in that extra-casual tone that's always a dead give-away, "maybe it's just that I don't want to take *any* chances, because of the baby."

Lex didn't do a double-take or say *what baby?* or rush over to hand her the salt so that she wouldn't exert herself.

He just looked at her with all the love he felt for this woman who was his wife,

it
whispers...

"come
closer"

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who had made him so happy, and who at last was going to have the baby she had wanted—they had both wanted—so much . . . while Lana thought *I told you, Lex. I told you I'd make you happy. I told you I'd give you everything, everything a woman can give a man. . . .*

The dream ends . . .

But a month later Lana was in a hospital in Santa Monica for minor surgery. Her doctors said, according to the newspapers, that there was no danger to the baby she was expecting.

Four days later there was another item in the columns—LANA TURNER YESTERDAY LOST THE BABY SHE AND LEX BARKER WERE EXPECTING. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THEIR FIRST CHILD.

She lay in the hospital, smiled brightly at the nurses, thanked the doctors for their care, welcomed her husband at visiting hours.

She came home from the hospital, rested, ate, grew stronger. And hour after hour, week after week and month after month she lived with one thought. Until finally she was strong enough to try to give Lex what she thought he had the right to have . . . strong enough to cut herself off from the man she loved—so that he would be free to find, some day, a woman who *could* give him everything. Everything *she* had wanted so much to give. . .

"I won't let you go!"

When she told him, Lex wouldn't listen to her.

When he realized that she was going through with it, was going to leave him, he had stormed at her, "Losing the baby wasn't your fault! I won't let you go!"

But there was nothing he could do to hold her, nothing he could say.

Then, just a few weeks later, had come the call from Cheryl's school: Cheryl had run away!

She called Steve. He was the child's father; he had a right to know. Together they sat, jumping every time the phone rang, until at last—at midnight—the police called and told them they had found Cheryl. She didn't like school, so she had run away. As simple as all that.

Minutes later they were at the police station and Lana was holding a frightened child in her arms and whispering, "Baby, why did you do it?"

Later, after Steve and Lana had talked to her and made her understand that all children must go to school and almost convinced her that school wasn't so bad after all and finally drove her back to the almost-welcome halls of learning . . . then Steve tried to help Lana. As the cab turned from the school and headed back to Lana's home, Steve started talking. He finally convinced her that she was not a failure as a mother because her youngster had run away from school—most kids tried it one time or another. He made her see that. Then he tried to help her in the other thing. "Lana," he said gently, "Lex is the best judge of what will make him happy."

She sat there, her head held rigidly erect and her emotions under control again—except for the tears that wouldn't stop.

"He's the only one who knows," Steve continued, looking at the misery she couldn't hide. "It's not fair for *you* to decide what someone else should have."

But that he couldn't make her see.

And neither could Lex . . . so far. . . **END**

Lana can soon be seen in U-I's Lady Takes A Flier, Lex in U-I's Beast Of The Kremlin and U.A.'s War Drums.

john derek—ursula andress

(Continued from page 40) imported machine. His truck is nice, but it is all over Indian blankets and leather-work and beds in the back, and he wants to put in a stove and refrigerator, and I think we would be a little conspicuous. He said "Okay, no truck." But he didn't want to go in a foreign car either. I said, "Why not, I'm a foreign girl." "Foreign my foot," he said. "Your eyes never said a thing I couldn't understand." It was very romantic, except I sneezed.

Wednesday morning:

This will be a long story. I am Mrs. Derek now, diary. A different person is writing in you. Last Saturday night we started for Nevada in the new car. It was right after dinner, and I was still miserable and with a red nose, but John had boxes of cold pills and thermos jugs with hot tea and bourbon and he said I would feel better in a minute. We got to Nevada, and we drove all around and we didn't see one single chapel. The people there must all come to California to get married. John looked at me. I was like a piece of wilted lettuce, all damp and pale green. "We'll have to go to Las Vegas, after all," he said.

We didn't reach Las Vegas till morning. There we made arrangements. We will be mar-

ried in the Chapel in the Silver Spur. The priest comes out and the music starts, and I am absolutely terrified. I don't know why. The priest talks to me. I can't answer him. I take John's hand and start hitting him real hard. I don't know what's happening, but I am so scared I cannot talk. It is all very frightening.

The music stops. John is very patient. "Come on, baby," he says. "Everything will be all right." But I keep hitting him. He takes me in another room for five minutes, and I get calm, and then we go back to the chapel. I see myself in the mirror, and I am all over red spots like measles. My cold is suddenly not there but my hands are swelled, and it is hard to get the ring on. What a bride for poor John. But he looks very happy, and he kisses me, and all at once I'm very happy too, even if I am all covered with red spots.

"I want to take your picture," says my husband.

"Not with spots," I say. "With spots or without spots," he says. So I go and stand by the car, and he gets far enough away so the spots won't show up I hope.

And now we are off on a honeymoon. For weeks, we had been reading and reading the travel folders and there was this place in Death Valley called the FURNACE CREEK HOTEL. It sounded like heaven. Sometimes when you are driving to Lake Tahoe or Lake Mead, you see billboards

about the FURNACE CREEK. Always there are pictures of these beautiful girls and these handsome tan men diving into the blue FURNACE CREEK pool. We knew it must be a perfect honeymoon spot. We were so anxious to get there, we speeded the whole two hundred miles. Finally we arrived. We registered at the desk, but we were starving, so we headed for the dining room before going upstairs.

A little old lady was standing with some menus. "Are you guests?" She had a very suspicious look. I wanted to say "No, we are jewel thieves!" But John was guiding me toward a table. There were no young people anywhere! All very old ladies and couples, whispering. Not a noise. It was frightening. We were very hungry, but they stared at us and it made us lose our appetite. "Baby," John said, "we got to get out of here."

We decided to go to our room and have some food sent up. An old bellhop led us to a chamber which was dark and ugly.

"We don't like this room," we told him. It was like a cell, with gray paint on the walls and two tiny beds in the corner. The bellhop said he'd take us to a more lavish room. The more lavish room was a little bigger but just as worse. "I can't stand it," John said. "Let's go." I was tired and hungry, but I agreed. Anything would be better than this. But where to go?

We got in the car and drove to a gas station and asked for a map to go to Lone Pine. The gas station man showed us big cities and little cities on the map, and we thanked him and started away. For three hours we drove through beautiful country, mountains, desert, but no cities. John looked at the map. "Honey, there is a big city coming up in ten minutes."

"Good, we'll eat there," I said. The big city appears. Three houses, that's all. Then we lost Lone Pine. Finally we decided to head for APPLE VALLEY INN. By the time we got there it was ten p.m. It's more than twenty-four hours we are driving around without sleep. I am writing this from APPLE VALLEY INN. We are here two days already, and now we are going home, because we have much to do. Maybe you don't think all this is a sentimental journey, diary, but you are wrong. I am so happy there are no words.

Thursday:

Today we spent moving me into John's house on the hill. His clothes are everywhere, and he doesn't want to pick them up. I told him this is a bachelor's house and he is no longer a bachelor, and this made him roll his eyes and start moaning over his lost freedom, and asking why he couldn't have married a girl with only one suitcase. I don't think we will do much to this house. We plan to buy one of our own when we come back from Europe.

Friday:

All afternoon we were arguing with a lawyer. John wants me to come to Europe with him. I want to go. The lawyer says I cannot leave the country and still get back on the visitor's visa I have now. We spoke to a second lawyer who is more optimistic. He thinks I can go, but not with John. John will leave first, I will have a trial—it sounds faintly criminal, no?—and after that I can join John for a real honeymoon. So diary, we have just two weeks before our separation. This being the case, I will waste no more of tonight's precious time scribbling. I am going to go and drag my husband away from the television set and give him a large kiss.

Sunday:

We've been at Tahoe this week end. John is still out in the motorboat, as I write. He is crazy about boats, but he has terrible luck with them. The motor is always conk-



what BOB CUMMINGS TEACHES HIS CHILDREN ABOUT GOD

■ Robert and Mary Cummings and their five kids make up one of the happiest, glowingest families you could find. Perhaps what the Cummings teach their children about God has something to do with it.

Bob's mother is a minister of Divine Science, who incidentally officiated at their wedding. She set the pattern with Bob, and he's carried it out with his own children. It's important, he thinks, that kids get a good feeling about God as soon as they are able to understand. So he taught them "You are a little bit of God. God is in you. Don't picture him like an old man with a beard sitting on a cloud the way you see old men sit on a bench in the park. He's not a person at all. He's Principle and unchanging law throughout the universe. You can find Him everywhere. It's as if we were each an electric light bulb and God is the current running through us to make us shine. You know those little lights that we trim our Christmas tree with? Well you can shine as a little light like that or as a big searchlight, so powerful it lights up the sky for the planes at night. No matter how you choose to show your light, big or little, God is the Power that makes it burn."

After the kids get the idea, Bob goes further to teach them that the laws of the universe are present to make for scientific order and "you have to obey the laws not because God sees when you don't—but because the laws *are* God, unchanging and unchangeable. They work for everyone the same way. If you touch a hot stove you get burned—but so did Mommy, even though she's an experienced cook. Remember the time she burned her hand? Nobody can make a mistake without suffering pain.

"Or take a pilot like your Daddy. I've flown thousands of hours in the air alone. Maybe you think I can do what I like up there, but I can't. If I make a mistake and break the rules of flying, I don't get a second chance any more than does the pilot who goes up for the first time. God works in the laws of flying just as he works in the rules of our whole lives."

The kids understand these examples. "In teaching my children about God, I have to be careful to make them cautious but not make them afraid." He sums up the matter by telling them, "You have to live by the rules whether you're in the air, on the earth or under the sea. Live by God's laws and you'll be healthy and happy."

ing out, and he is left looking sad in the middle of the water as the dusk falls. He is reckless in a boat. Once he stayed out until 10:30 at night in a fog, and didn't realize anyone would worry. And once he tried to race a boat so fast the boat turned over and the motor nearly cut him to ribbons. We argue about this. "You big egotist," I tell him. "Always you must go faster, faster, and be perfect."

I am discovering my husband has this problem about many things. He is a master of horses, and the bull-whip, and shooting, and he doesn't really like for anyone else to be expert at his hobbies. Now I have learned to draw from the hip very fast myself, and he tries to be a good sport, but he hates when I beat him. Note to myself: it is not nice or feminine to draw a gun faster than your husband.

Monday:

Tonight we had a real old-married folks' kind of argument. John thinks he spoils me, and this is an example of how. He asks me, "Where do you want to eat?" "I don't care," I say, "where would you like?" "No," he says, "you name someplace." "Okay," I say, "how about BARNEY'S BEANERY?"

"No," says my husband. "I don't care for the food in BARNEY'S BEANERY tonight. Name someplace else."

"You name someplace else."

"No, you," he says.

I name an Italian restaurant. He doesn't want Italian food tonight. "So why don't we just go to the market?" I say.

"No," he says. "We will go where you want to go."

We end up at the market, because John wants to eat home in the first place.

The next time I mention that he never asks me where to go, he will tell me how considerate he is, and use tonight as an example. I hear him calling me now. He is full of my cooking, and sounds very contented. Should I go and fetch him slippers? Why not?

Sunday:

John is on his way to England. The house is so empty. I don't want to think about it. If I could only look up and see him this minute, he could even be in a terrible mood, and I wouldn't care. He is moodier than I. Sometimes I try to play moody, but he only laughs and imitates me and tells how cute I am when I am angry. Tonight I am too sad to write.

Tuesday:

Today I searched for a house. I found a beauty for \$10,000, and I have written John about it.

Saturday:

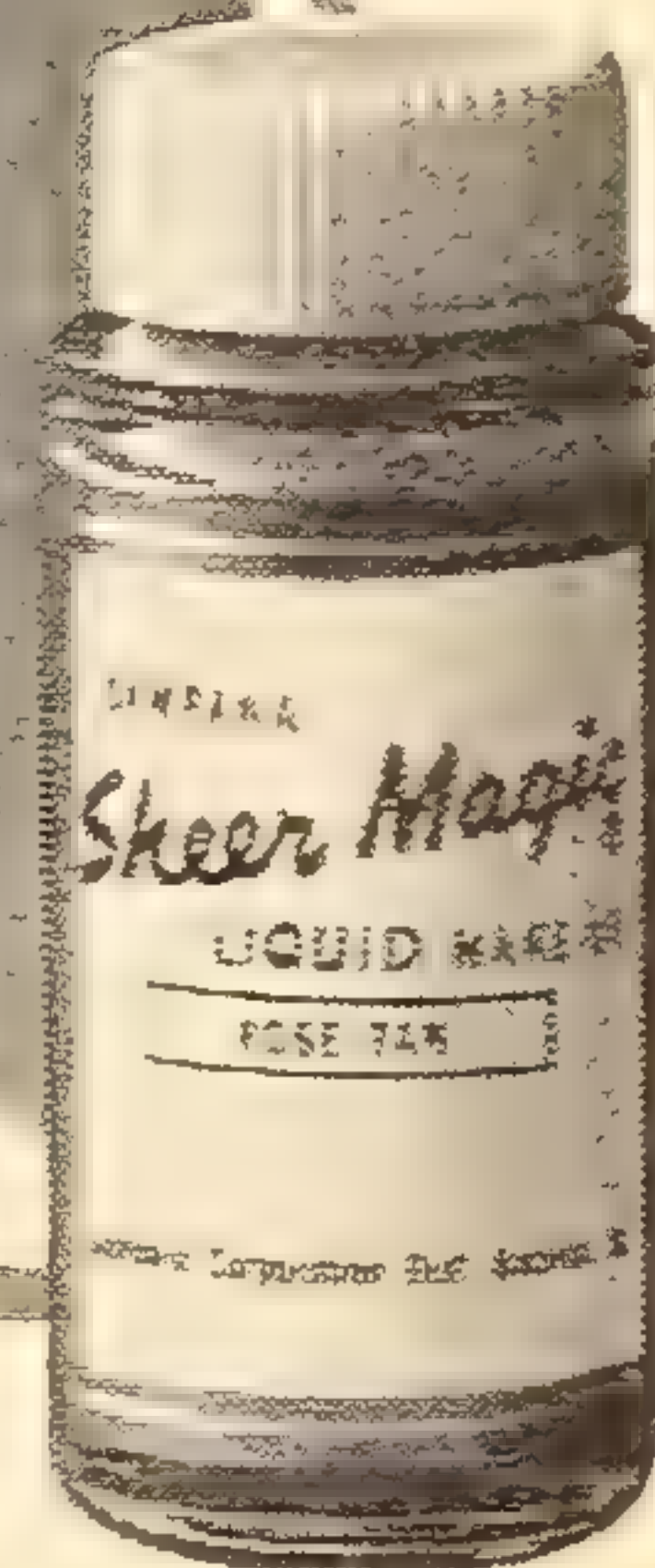
John's answer arrived so fast. \$10,000 isn't enough, he says, it can't be a good house. Wait until I tell him about the one for \$50,000. So elegant.

Friday:

He doesn't like the \$50,000 house either. Too much money. I must find the right place. This one scares me. I do not like it up here in the hills by myself. I keep a gun; no real bullets in it, but still I feel safer with a gun. Without John, nothing is the same. I am lonely, lonely. I can think about nothing but Europe, and joining him there. We will get married again in Europe, and we will have a real honeymoon, with no spots. Goodnight, little book. I am going to bed and dream of the beautiful future . . .

END

John Derek is currently in Paramount's The Ten Commandments and will soon be seen in Omar Khayyam. Watch for him also in U.A.'s Fury At Showdown.



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MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

KIM'S PURPLE PANIC



Kim got a rude awakening early one morning.

■ A standard gripe with the stars has always been that early morning call to report on the set, but in the history of movie making no one was ever awakened for one like Kim Novak was!

It was while she was in rehearsal for *Jeanne Eagels*. Kim was just about through with that well-known virus hex, and she tucked herself between her lavender sheets early, because she was expecting a dawn call to wake her for work.

Sure enough, the studio called at 4:30. Kim was in her Malibu house, a hefty drive to the studio, but she still felt so sleepy that she begged, "Let me sleep fifteen more minutes and call me back."

The studio called back. Busy. After a half hour of busy signals they checked with the operator—no one was talking on *Miss Novak's* line. . . .

The studio sent an SOS to Kim's secretary—who happens to live in San Pedro! The secretary got as panicky as the studio. Robbery? Murder? Overdose of sleeping pills? Quickly she called the sheriff's substation near Kim's house.

Two deputies took off lickety-split. Too wary to just use the knocker on the front door, they climbed through a window into the cottage.

Flashlights brought Kim out of her deep sleep in a purple panic—to find two strange men in her room!

Then came the explanation for it all.

Dat old debbil virus was still hexing, because Kim had not only been sleepy but woozy. Eyes still shut, she thought she had replaced the receiver after talking to the studio when they had first called her. But the receiver wasn't back on the phone—and so the busy signal.

Then one of the deputies spoke—just like it's routine for a sheriff to do this sort of thing. "We came to wake you, Ma'am; you have a 5:30 studio call."

dodo's summer wardrobe

(Continued from page 52) with soft, flowing skirt.

The point of this emphasis on fabrics? "It saves me money," Doris smiles, with that bargain-hunting gleam in her eye that husbands the world over are familiar with, "in addition to getting me exactly what I want." The materials were quite expensive and made-to-order dresses are not exactly cheap—but compared to Paris prices they're bargains.

A fourth principle is her emphasis on wearing only those colors which she found suited her best. And this makes it easier, and far less expensive to get proper accessories.

"I look at color with just one thought—will it flatter my complexion and hair? If the color does nothing for me—who needs it?" Plain, pastel shades that match or highlight her own coloring is what Doris has found best for her—various shades of beige and brown—honey blonde, wheat, straw, and adobe. She also has a few all-white and a few all-black outfits.

But—Doris rarely goes in for contrasting colors in one ensemble. At most, as with a beige and chocolate brown 'separates' ensemble, she might have different shades of one color. She does prefer the non-contrasting outfits though, like the linen suit she recently purchased, the suit she's wearing in the photo. It's made of a light-weight beige linen, and designed with three-quarter sleeves for coolness, rhinestone buttons for the extra bit of formality that afternoon and early evening dictate—and it's perked up with a matching short-brimmed hat of the same material. Usually Doris wears matching shoes and gloves. Then, to get the variety that makes two outfits out of one, she'll switch occasionally to white gloves, white hat and white shoes. It works, too: the accessory change altered her appearance so much that one of Doris' closest friends exclaimed, "What a beautiful new outfit you have on!"—and it was the same suit she had seen when they had lunched at the BEVERLY HILLS TENNIS CLUB less than a week before!

Of course, there are exceptions to the one-color motif—a favorite of hers is a toast-brown-and-pink lace evening dress, with full skirt, short sleeves and low neckline. "It was a present from Marty," Doris laughs, "but that isn't the only reason I like it."

Her preference for single colors shows up particularly in her beach and sports wear. Almost all of Doris' bathing suits, beach robes and playsuits are all-white. "They have a summery flavor," Doris insists, then adds smilingly, "Besides, they show off my freckles!"

An eye on the practical

Just about her entire summer wardrobe has been acquired with an eye on the practical. Most of her evening dresses, like the one shown in the picture, are short. "That way," Doris explains, "I can be properly dressed for small semi-formal gatherings as well as for big parties. And they're a cinch when I'm traveling," she adds. "Whether I have to watch the weight of my luggage on a Trans-Atlantic flight, or because Marty is reminding me of the inconvenience of too many pieces of luggage lugged along on a short automobile trip to northern California, I'm better off using as little space as possible."

Since Doris doesn't care for formal entertaining, her evening wardrobe is quite limited. This year she bought only one new gown—made of beige chiffon. It's short in front, longer in back, with a loose-fitting cape of matching shantung. "But my favorite, still, is an evening gown

that caused quite a sensation two years ago. I wore it for the first time at one of those big Hollywood parties," she tells you with a my-but-I'm-pleased-with-me look of satisfaction. Most of the gals showed up in off-the-shoulder gowns cut so low that it looked like a contest—whose gown has the plunging-est neckline? Doris stole the show in—a turtle-neck evening gown!—tight black, with a sleeveless bodice and full skirt.

A long-time job

If being chic seems like a tough thing to achieve—well Doris didn't acquire her flare for dressing overnight. She made plenty of mistakes in the process, some quite embarrassing. She's been interested in clothes since she was three years old! "That's how old I was," Doris smiles, "when I first got 'all dressed up' in Mother's high-heeled shoes, big floppy hat, old skirt and blouse with sleeves that touched the ground. I happily clattered down the street . . . looking like a walking mushroom!"

"Now Mother may have thought that little performance was no more than the usual little girl's desire for dress-up games," Doris explains with just a bare hint of a smile to clue you that she's fooling, "but it was really the first expression of a tendency that influenced my grooming for many years to come: I always wanted to be older, and look older. It was Marty who helped me get rid of that mistake in choosing what looks best on me—and only a couple of years ago!"

A month after she became Mrs. Marty Melcher, Doris brought home a wide-brimmed Hattie Carnegie hat, made of white straw and gaily trimmed with a black veil and colorful flowers—the kind of hat worn by the most sophisticated models in *VOGUE* or *HARPER'S BAZAAR*. "How do you like it?" she asked Marty, sure he'd swoon over it, and over her under it.

Maybe he'd have managed to keep a straight face—if Doris had bothered to change from her gardening slacks and old blouse. Marty couldn't stop his hoot of laughter.

"What's wrong?" Doris burst out, a little annoyed. She'd asked for his opinion, she thought. But this was going too far. "Very chic . . ." he laughed.

"Well?"

"It'll be lovely on you—in fifteen years."

Stick to what looks best

And suddenly Doris realized that, no matter how much she might wish she were, she just wasn't the type who looked well in something like that. And, if she didn't look attractive wearing the hat—what good did it do that the hat was stunning?

Thanks to Marty's criticism—plus years of association with, and yen to learn from, well-dressed women—and plain common sense, Doris has learned what's best for her. And she sticks to what looks best! Like, for instance, she avoids clothes which expose her long neckline; most of her skirts are slim because she knows she looks smarter and neater that way.

But, like all rules, there are exceptions—and this well-dressed gal knows just when it's chic to throw the rules away.

As Doris puts it, "Full skirts give me more freedom of movement, which makes them so much more comfortable in warm weather. That makes it a choice between a chic slim skirt that's looking wilted and wrinkled within a half hour of putting it on—or looking brisk and crisp till the day's end. It's pretty obvious which is more 'smart'—in both meanings of the word!"

Which is why Doris recently bought about half a dozen of the full variety—mostly made of pastel-colored fabrics, and all easy to launder.

Where accessories are concerned, Doris sticks just as rigidly to her basic theme of simplicity. Doris explains it's not just her clothes that are button-and-bow-less. As Doris puts it, "Frills, complicated shoulder straps, fancy beading or heavy embroideries draw attention to only *one part* of the dress, instead of the whole creation and you in it. The same goes for shoes: they shouldn't be an attention getter—just a part of the picture."

Most of Doris' are what she describes as "classic pumps." No buckles, no rhinestone trimmings, no glass heels or plastic materials. Like the rest of her summer clothes, they are plain and one color—usually pastel or black so that she can wear each pair with at least three or four different outfits.

Her big weakness

But that doesn't mean this gal with the bright smile has no weakness—her Waterloo is . . . purses—great big ones. And she goes overboard on them!

One day she went to BULLOCKS-WILSHIRE to buy herself a new white bag. The saleslady showed her a smart, small, quite unadorned bag, square with a simple silver handle. "Very attractive," Doris admitted. "But I'd like a larger one . . ."

She was shown one almost twice as big. That one was turned down. The third one, the largest in stock, was still too small for Doris.

"You don't want a purse. You want an overnight bag," the salesgirl kidded her.

"I need a big purse," Doris alibied. She wasn't *exactly* fibbing. Back in the days when she was singing with Les Brown and his orchestra—if the band was playing anywhere in the vicinity—she'd make a quick trip home to see her son Terry, who was staying with her mother while she was on tour. And her purse *was* her overnight bag. That's when she got hooked by the big-handbag habit.

The end of the story at BULLOCKS? The salesgirl sent Doris to the cruise department, where she found a trunk-size white cotton affair with a glass handle.

"Of course," Doris says, "I only used that one when it was *appropriate*."

Somehow Doris sounds like she found it appropriate pretty often!

When in doubt—underdress

"You know," she continued, "that reminds me of the rule I'd put at the top of the list—*dress appropriately*."

"And when in doubt—underdress rather than overdress!"

She'll never forget an embarrassing incident that happened when she forgot that rule. She was in high school, and a boy called her for a Saturday night date. He didn't mention what they were going to do, and she was too shy to ask. She dressed for the poshest possible evening—she wore a brand-new net formal her mother had sat up a couple of nights making especially for the occasion. It was red, but not nearly as red as Doris' face when they sat down in the corner booth of a nearby drugstore—where they spent the entire evening!

The final bit of thinking that goes into Doris' clothes buying has to do simply with *where* and *where not* to head on a shopping spree.

"Wholesale houses? They're too *expensive*!" Doris says—and she proves it.

Rushed through

"First of all, I've got to take enough time to shop for just the right thing to suit me—make me look as attractive as I can look." That's one of the reasons she no longer tries to save a buck by going to wholesale houses. It was an expensive lesson she learned, back in the days when she first got a contract with WARNER

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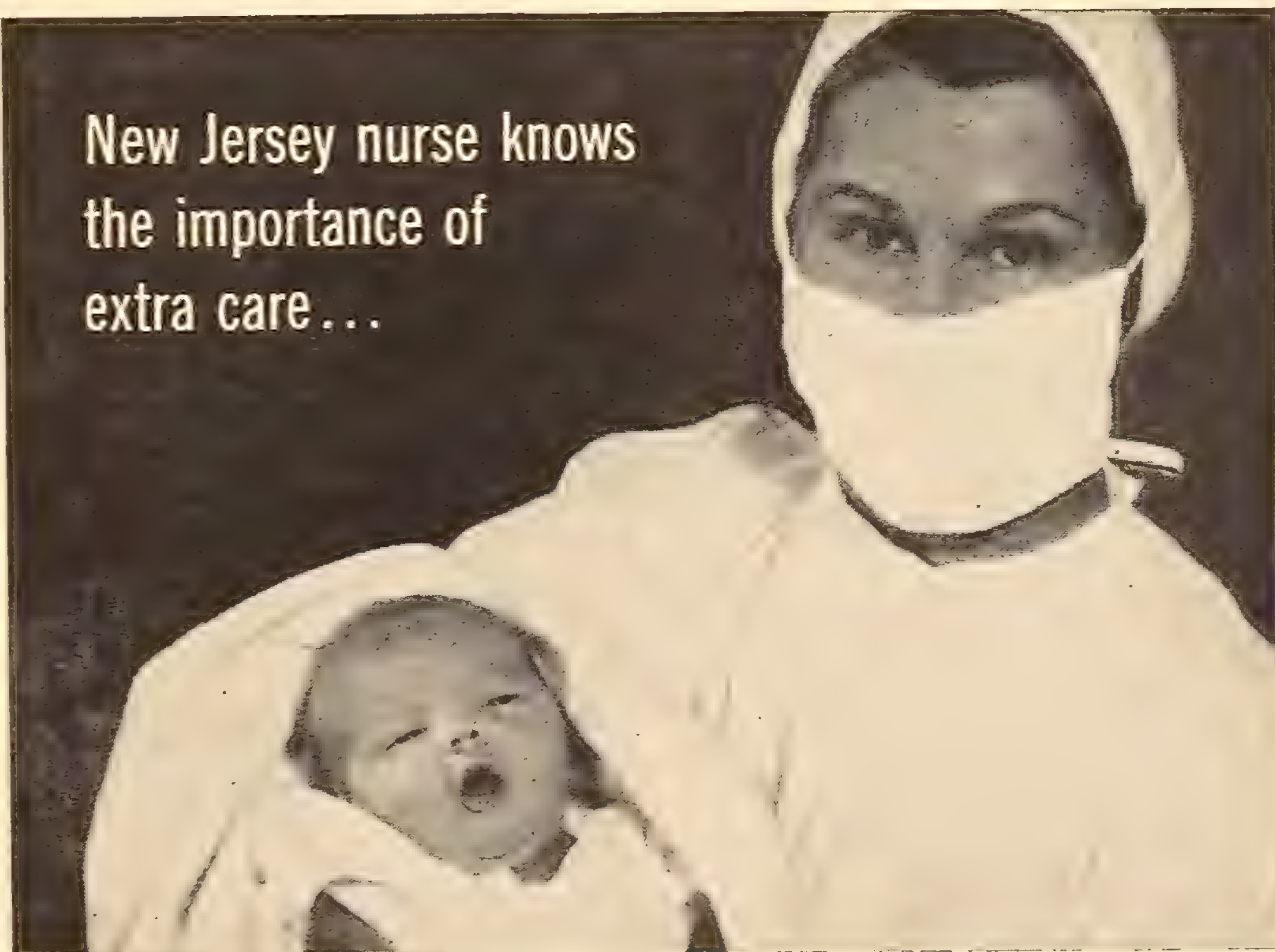
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PLAYING THE PALACE WITH JUDY GARLAND

■ I'll never forget my first glimpse of Judy Garland. I had come to audition for her when she needed some male singers for her act at New York's PALACE. She sat quietly in a corner but gave each of us a big smile to take away some of the stage fright we were feeling.

During the PALACE run, there were many unusual evenings. Like the night Bing Crosby was there. He and Julie Andrews, the *My Fair Lady* star, were sitting in the front row. Judy introduced Julie and Bing, and the audience applauded so loudly that Bing had to come up on stage. As Bing and Judy sang together, I knew I was watching the greatest—there isn't enough money in Ft. Knox to pay for these two entertainers in one personal appearance.

One Sunday matinee I was chatting with Judy before the curtain went up and she told me she was very nervous that day: her three children were in the audience and they were the toughest critics she had. When she reached the point in her act where she sang "Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Joe" she got her little son Joe out of the audience and held him as she sang it. There wasn't a dry eye in the house when she finished. Next, she brought little Lorna out of the audience and sang "Rock-a-bye My Baby" to her. Then, Liza, the eldest, came up on stage. This time, Judy stepped aside and asked Liza to sing. Liza sang "Swanee" and on the end of the second chorus, Judy joined in the singing and Liza started dancing. Then Liza took her bows—just as Judy does—while Judy stood at the side of the stage beaming with pride.

Of course, the run wasn't all sweetness and light. Judy missed several performances because of laryngitis. Judy hates to perform when she can't give an audience what they've always heard in the movies, so she usually cancelled a performance when the strain would start showing. But one night she didn't realize how bad her throat was. As the show progressed, Judy's voice got weaker. At the end of her last song, "Over The Rainbow," Judy had to hit two high, sustained notes. When she got to it, she realized she just couldn't hit them. She paused for a few seconds, and the audience burst into applause to help her. Then, she kind of croaked the two notes. Every other night she walked slowly off stage after that number, since it was her finish, but that night she ran off, and threw her arms around a stage hand and sobbed bitterly.

Then she dried her eyes and went back on stage to take her curtain calls.

The week before Christmas, the whole show took a vacation. When we came back, Judy decided to put another opening number in the show. We sang this number off stage into a mike, but even though we weren't on stage, Judy wanted us to smile while we sang so it would be a happy sound to the audience. It sounds silly, but it's true—if you smile while you're singing, it *sounds* like you're happy. But it's difficult to smile to no one, so until it was her cue to go on stage Judy used to stand in front of us and make faces! And the faces she made really broke us up. We'd laugh at Judy—and she had the effect she wanted.

That was what playing the PALACE with Judy was like, right through closing night—when the whole audience stood up as one and sang "Auld Lang Syne" to Judy Garland, in thanks for the magic she gave in her voice.

Red Hilton

BROTHERS and penny-watching was still pretty necessary.

Every time she went to New York, she got in touch with a girl friend who was a secretary at one of the big buying offices. Through her, Doris could get into most of the wholesale firms in the garment district. But quite naturally she was always rushed through by the salespeople who wanted to get over to the buyers who would pick up fifty or a hundred garments instead of the one, two, or three that Doris chose. So while she might save herself up to fifty percent of the retail price, in the end it wasn't worth it since she could not exchange her purchases. And rushed through to a super-fast *yes* or *no*—it isn't surprising that Doris invariably regretted one out of three dresses bought.

"And some of the alterations!" she smiles ruefully. "I'll never forget one little number. It *looked* like it would fit, but holding a dress up in front of you is hardly the best way to judge! The alteration bill!—to widen the shoulders and drop the waist and take in the darts and narrow the skirt, make the neckline fit and on and on."

Doris stuck to retail stores ever since.

"There's no doubt about it—it was too expensive to buy wholesale—believe it or not!"

'Bargains' cost too much

Continuing on the theme of *what to pay for something*, Doris explains that "It's wiser to buy *fewer things for more money*, than *more for bargain prices*. That's especially true for summer cottons." That was another of Doris' expensive 'learn-by-experience' lessons.

Soon after she first settled in California she bought two cheap dresses at a chain store near La Brea. One of the dresses shrank to where she couldn't wear it again; the other was equally unwearable . . . the colors ran after the first washing.

Most important, says Doris, is to compare merchandise as extensively as possible. "I never buy the first dress I try on anymore no matter how much I like it. How could I *know* it's the best I can find—and the *most* flattering?"

That she meant what she said was quite apparent to Donna Reed when Donna went shopping with Doris for a garden-party number. They went to *seven* department stores and four specialty shoppes before Doris made her choice—the first dress she'd tried on that morning! "I've never seen anyone more surprised than the salesgirl when we came back for the dress six hours after Doris had first tried it on!" Donna recalls. But Doris explains, "How would I know I liked it best if I hadn't seen the others?"

Crisp, clean and sparkling

And that's just about it—what makes Doris Day one of Hollywood's best-dressed women.

Except for one more thing—and it's probably the most important. Now Doris can afford to spend far more on her summer wardrobe than the average working girl. But according to Edith Head, the true secret of her success with clothes has little to do with the amount of money she spends. As Miss Head puts it, "It's in the way she takes care of what she has, whether it's a \$750.00 Dior creation or a \$15.00 cotton dress. I've never seen Doris with a run in her stocking, a wrinkled skirt, a dirty glove. She always looks crisp, clean, sparkling, like she had just taken a shower and the garment was delivered from the cleaners no more than fifteen minutes ago . . ."

END

Doris will soon be seen in Warner Bros. musical *The Pajama Game*, RKO's *Curtain Going Up* and Paramount's *Teacher's Pet*.

Shirley temple returns

(Continued from page 31) "It's the first thing that has been offered me that permits me to have both my home-life and my work," she said thoughtfully. "Everything else has threatened to take me away from my husband and three children. I couldn't have it that way."

"But, Shirley—television can be very demanding, too," I argued, thinking of the hectic pace of girls like Jane Wyman, Loretta Young and Dinah Shore.

"Oh, yes, I know that." She nodded that shy head. "I've had many television offers before, as well as motion picture offers. I even turned down David Selznick's diamond Jubilee program."

"But this particular offer seems to solve problems," she continued, "First, as you've probably read, I'm going to narrate a series of famed and familiar fairy tales. A part of the shows will be filmed at the television studio here in Burbank and will for only a few days work a month. The rest of the programs will come live from New York."

"Second, the fairy-tale theme of the series appealed strongly to me. My three children adored *Peter Pan* and so did I. I thought it was the most beautiful show in color I had ever seen. I was crazy about *Cinderella*, too. I was promised that all my shows would be in color. You see, the whole thing will be just like my telling these wonderful stories to my own little brood—but with children all over the country listening in," she laughed.

"How does your husband—Charles—feel about this?" I asked.

"Oh, he's delighted," she nodded briskly. "He never objected to my working. It was I who felt the children were so young they didn't want to leave them. I have a good marriage. A very good marriage," she repeated seriously, "and I treasure it. You can't have everything in life. I prefer my life as Mrs. Black."

'Inferior' decorator

Atherton is thirty miles from San Francisco, close to Palo Alto, and Shirley tells me it is so spacious there are just six houses to a street. "In our *cul de sac*," she laughed, "there are fifteen neighborhood children. We have a ranch-style house and two acres for the children to roam over. It's really heavenly."

Then Shirley went on to tell me that her life in Atherton is far from being just that of a housewife with no outside interests. "I call myself an 'inferior decorator'," she explained chuckling over the little joke. "I work in my spare time with the *Franciscan Interior Decorators*, earning just enough to pay State taxes,"—and now she really laughed.

"Being close to a great college like Stanford, too, there are dramatics, and concerts and interesting lectures to attend and, of course, Charles and I enjoy social life and having our friends around us."

Nothing more a girl could ask for

Those famous Temple dimples kept coming into full play as she told me all this, reminding me so vividly of that little girl of long ago. How long has it been since she used to put that chubby little hand of hers into mine as I visited her movie sets? Let's see, Shirley was twenty-nine April 3rd—hard as that is to believe. When I first met her she was four!

"You know, Shirley, it has been printed that you feel that you had an unhappy childhood as the little darling of the screen, and that's the reason you didn't want any part of professional life," I said—as tactfully as I could, because it's been printed that she was quite bitter about her days of childhood stardom.

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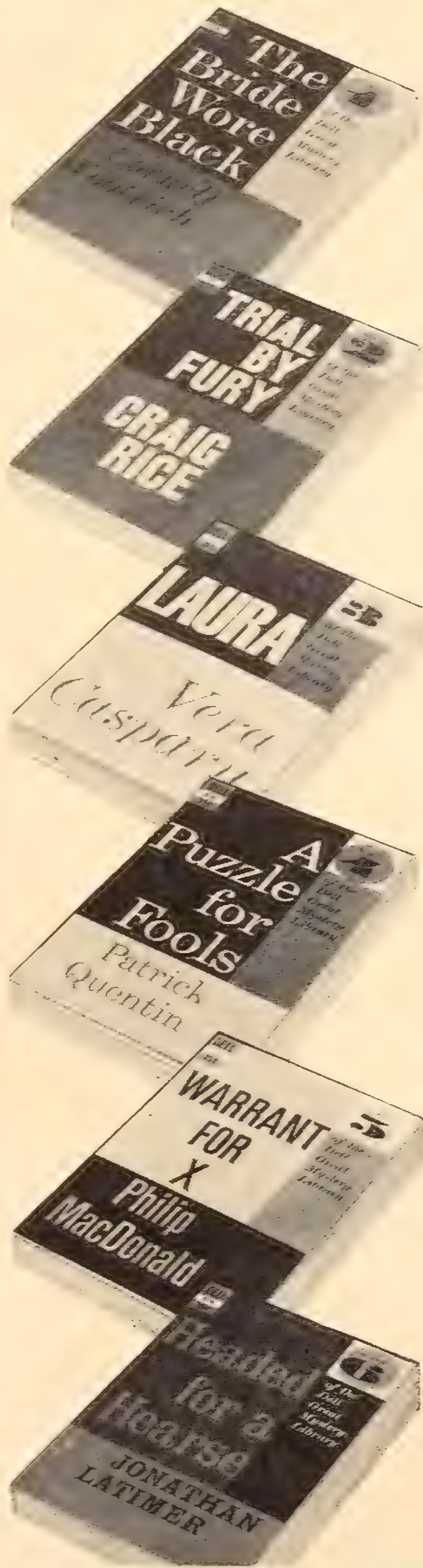
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GISELE MacKENZIE IS WAITING



If you wait long enough, you always get what you want. At least that's what Gisele has found out. Like the pink kitchen, the mink coats, a chance to show her talents on Your Hit Parade, and marriage in the future.



■ Gisele MacKenzie is thirty, and her friends are urging her to hurry up and get married. But Gisele—she's waiting. Not anxiously. Just waiting, casually, because she's discovered that she always gets what she wants, if she's patient.

For example, she always wanted a mink coat. So, when she got rich enough, she bought two minks! She always yearned for an apartment of her own. Not a hotel room, not a sub-let with somebody else's furniture . . . but her own, furnished and decorated by herself. So she got it: a terrace apartment, sixteen floors above New York's Central Park.

She always wanted a pink kitchen, with everything pink, from the dish drainer to the pots and pans . . . and has it.

She always wanted to be a fine cook, and her friends told her it was impossible for a working singer-actress to find time to be a first-rate cook. So, she became one. Dinner invitations to her apartment are as precious as tickets to *My Fair Lady*.

As for men, she confesses she was engaged twice, but both romances broke up.

She likes the tall, dark, handsome type. For a long time, she mooned over Gregory Peck. "But I guess he didn't get my messages," she smiles. When she met Perry Como for the first time, she paid him the highest compliment by telling him, "If Gregory Peck could sing, I'm sure he would sing like you."

When she appeared on Edward R. Murrow's *Person To Person* TV program, he took her out for the usual get-acquainted luncheon before the show. "I don't think I've been the same since," she sighs.

She recalls meeting, some time later, Nanette Fabray, who lives in the same apartment building, and Nan noted Gisele's vague, faraway look. "I'll bet you had lunch with Ed Murrow," said Nan, who also had that same faraway look.

"If I can find a man who's a combination of Peck and Murrow, I'd marry him instantly," Gisele laughs.

"But I'm not going to marry just to avoid being an old maid, and then get into trouble later," she insists. "I've got my career, and I'm busy, and I still have a lot of recipes to test, especially pie crusts. That's one thing I do that's awful. The fillings, fine . . . I can do them well, but not the crust."

And when her friends get too insistent about her getting married, she uncorks her punchline argument: "When I had lunch with Ed Murrow, he said, 'If a woman is not more beautiful and more charming after fifty than she was before fifty, then she had nothing to start with!'"

"That's why," she explains, "I feel I'm gaining something instead of losing as I

78 grow older. Perhaps I'm too young to get married!"

She wasn't even annoyed as she answered, "You know better than that. You've known me for twenty-five years. I had a wonderful childhood, and adoring parents and everything—and much more—that a little girl could ask for."

As long as we were on this subject, I was determined to pursue it. "Then why were you so upset when your own child, Susan, was in a school play. You marched right down there and took her out of that play when she was advertised as your daughter!"

"Because they sold tickets saying Shirley Temple's daughter was going to be in the Christmas play. It was a small nursery school actually. Susan was only three at that time and all she was to do was walk out dressed as a fairy and wave a wand!" Quickly she explained, "I felt it was taking money under false pretenses—particularly as Susan had so little to do and the children who had the leading roles weren't being advertised at all."

Shirley's three children

Susan, daughter of her marriage to John Agar, is now nine years old and goes to a private school close to the Black home. Charles Jr. is five and goes to nursery school. And three-year-old Laurie will go next year.

Of all her children, Laurie looks most like Shirley did as a child. Laurie has a mop of curls, although her hair isn't as golden as was her mother's in those days. "Why don't you put her in one of the fairy tales?" I asked Shirley. She said proudly, "I may do just that. It would certainly prove that I have no bitter feelings about children acting, for one thing," she teased.

Turning to business again, she said she expected she would first do *Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves*, and then *Beauty And The Beast*. But the order and the selection is subject to change without notice.

"I'm even considering an hour-and-a-half *Spectacular* later in the Fall, after the fairy tale series is well launched," she said. And before I could say anything, she added, "I could rent a house here while I'm working and rehearsing and bring the children along before they return to school. Charles could join us week ends."

How sensible and sane she is, putting her family considerations ahead of everything else, I thought. And how very amazing: For fame, when she knew it, did not come to Shirley in half measures. Before she was five years old she was one of the greatest stars Hollywood has ever produced.

A tiny Oscar for a little girl

My mind went back to the night, so many many years ago, when the entire industry honored her achievements with a special Oscar. She was held in her father's arms as C. B. De Mille presented her first with a kiss and then with the tiny Oscar that had been made just for her.

And then, this tiny little golden doll stepped to the front of the big stage and made her little *thank-you* speech, a veritable little Princess blowing kisses to the audience.

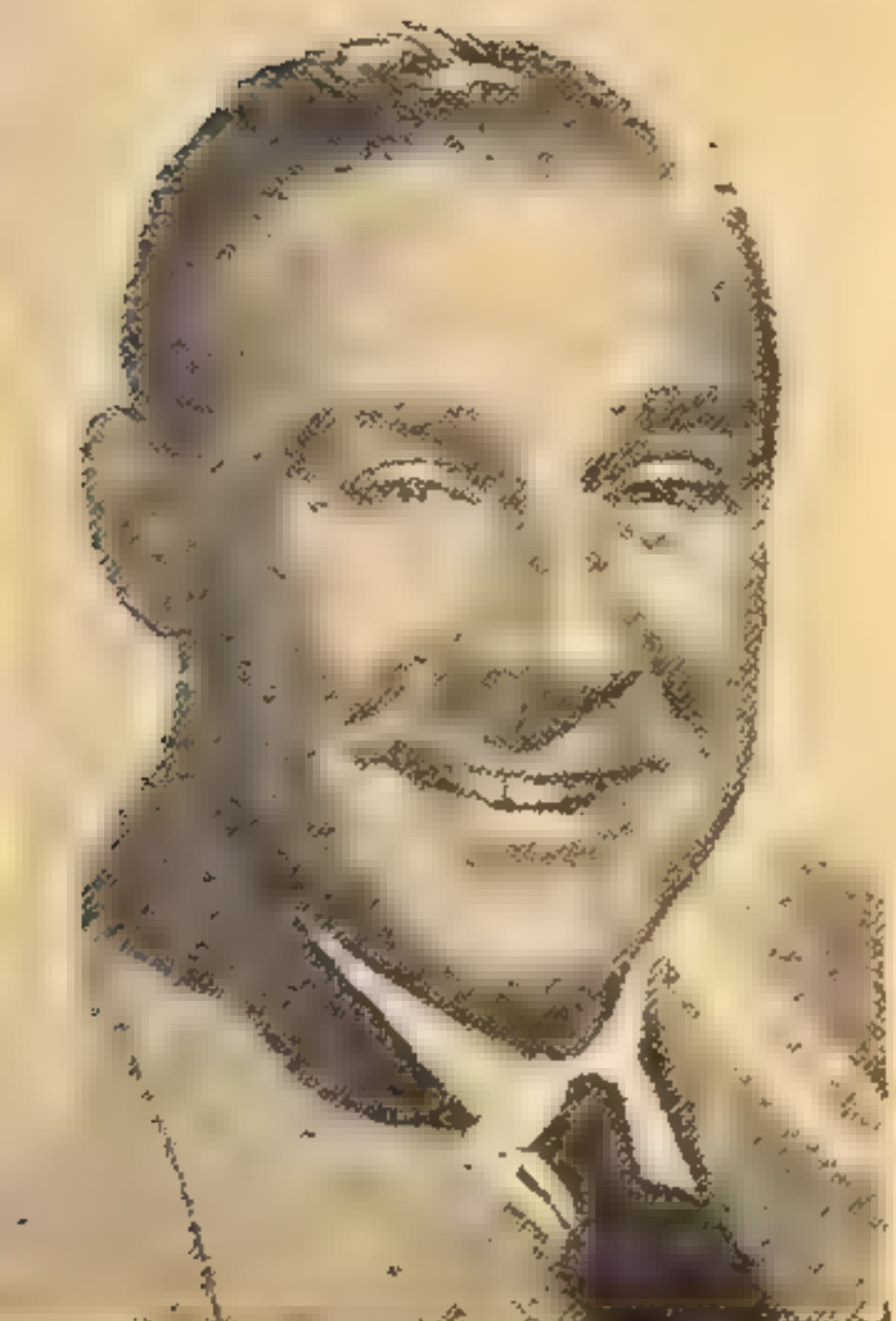
There were Shirley Temple dolls, doll houses, dresses, toys, and a hundred other things marketed in her name with sensational financial success. Shirley must be very rich because all this was in the days before taxes took such an enormous cut into film salaries and income. Even when she was a tiny little thing, there was an enormous trust fund set up for her by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, who were scrupulously careful of her money always.

I can remember her a little longer-legged, growing up a little, but still so imperceptively that it came as a shock to us in Hollywood—as well as to the rest of the world—when we learned that she was



THE TERROR OF THE KITCHEN

Jan makes out the menus but it's husband Paul Douglas who does the cooking. That's because Paul believes women do not belong in the kitchen.



Paul Douglas doesn't think that women belong in the kitchen.

"My wife, Jan Sterling, drives me crazy when I'm cooking. She's too sloppy. But then, so are most women when they cook." His secret: "I wash the pans and stuff as I go along."

So in his home Paul does all the cooking. He's an expert on summer squash, broiled halibut, green salads ("the secret there is the delicate balance of salt, pepper, vinegar, herbs, and oil"), and barbecued chicken ("the sauce is my own invention. I'm not giving it away to anybody"). He doesn't bake because "I'm already ten pounds overweight."

He learned to cook in desperation after he got tired of restaurant meals during his two years as blocking back for the Yellow Jackets football team, and the Philadelphia Eagles. He likes all the trappings that should go with good food. He thinks that the atmosphere created by the silver, linen, and crystal is as important as the food.

Still one of the meals he enjoyed most was eaten off paper plates! It was dinner on the day late in 1955 when his son was born. Jan Sterling had given birth to Adams Douglas in their own home early in the afternoon. For dinner Paul was too excited to whip up anything more fancy than hamburger and baked beans—served on paper plates—which he shared with his wife as he sat on the edge of her bed and looked at his six-hour-old son.

Of his wife, he says, "Jan's a fine mother, but she's a lousy cook." Then, to be gentlemanly, he adds, "Well, after all, I've been eating for a good many years longer than she has."

Paul's in MGM's This Could Be The Night and Paramount's Beau James.

a young lady in love, a teenage girl who was engaged and later married to handsome young actor John Agar.

The wedding of Shirley and John was a story-book affair. No bride ever looked as glorious and happy as Shirley did at her big wedding to John. Everyone was sure that they were a real-life Romeo and Juliet, but with no sad ending to their love story. When it became known, in due time, that Shirley was going to have a baby, many is the mother who looked at her own adored teenage daughter and sighed, "Oh, if my child can only know such happiness."

This is why it came as such a cruel, heartbreaking shock—when it came—that the little Golden Girl was seeking a divorce! Unbelievable! It wasn't possible, it couldn't be true, that fate, previously so kind, had written into her life that Shirley should play the role of a divorcee with a child.

But love was to come again, this time with a man whose interests are far removed from the world of show business. Charles Black, young business man of Menlo Park, another suburb of San Francisco. When Shirley married him, it seemed as though we had lost her forever—and that she was happy to forget about that little girl that used to be.

Except in the vital statistics columns—when she had first a son, and then a daughter—there was very little printed about Mrs. Charles Black, the former Shirley Temple. It was as though she wanted things that way—and would have them no other.

Little Susan Agar

And yet, I could not let Shirley go without asking her about Susan, the daughter of that brief, unhappy marriage to Agar.

She said with great simplicity and dignity, "We never discuss John. He has not been seen Susan in six years."

I could hardly believe it, it sounded so tragic. The reason must be, it has to be, that John does not want to intrude on the happiness he knows Shirley has found. After a period of being a pretty mixed-up boy and getting in several unfortunate scrapes, he too seems to have found happiness in another marriage.

"Is there a possibility that John might permit Charles to adopt Susan?" I asked softly, I, too, hoping not to open old wounds.

She went on in that same level tone, "I don't want to reopen anything—or to have such a thing in the newspapers. I wouldn't want Susan, who feels she belongs to Charles as much as she does to me, to be hurt by the publicity. Children can be hurt so easily—and silently."

Perhaps she is right. Let that chapter in her private story remain closed.

Obviously it was a subject Shirley did not want to dwell on, and I was just as eager as she that we part with happier memories of our meeting.

It was time for her to go back to her little very private Paradise called Atherton.

As we parted outside the cafe, I kissed her on the cheek and said, "Shirley, everyone loves you and wishes you nothing but happiness."

"I have found happiness. And I treasure it," she said with deep feeling. "I am a very lucky woman."

And the slim straight little figure that waved to me just before she stepped into her car was every inch a woman in the full meaning of that word—seasoned, mature, tender and wise.

And I know the world will love the woman she has become, and welcome her back to show business with all the heart and love it gave to Shirley Temple, the little girl.

END



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how susan got her man

(Continued from page 59) Hollywood more and more often from Georgia. I wondered how he could have so much business in California.

During press interviews Susan was starting to hedge whenever reporters asked if there was a chance she might get married again. And only a few months before she had been giving a firm "Never again!" In fact, if it were a female reporter asking the question she followed that firm "Never again!" with a long tirade against the men who had done her wrong—career-wise. But that was a few months before.

The courtship went on and on, in a merry whirl. Susan began to entertain on a lavish scale. For someone who had never given parties, she went all out. The parties were always for Eaton. And al-

ways she had the same non-Hollywood guests. Why? Because Susan had come to the realization that since Eaton wasn't an actor, she shouldn't get him all involved in her business life. But giving parties for Eaton wasn't as easy as it might seem. She was nervous about it all. She hadn't had the years and years of education that Eaton had and she came from the slums of Brooklyn. But she was smart enough to know that she would have to prepare for this marriage as hard as she had prepared for her fabulous acting career! For one, it meant getting ready to mix on equal terms with Eaton's very social-register set! And that meant knowing about silverware, dishes, what to use and when—what was right and in good taste. Susan had never bothered before—she didn't like big parties, so living in that kind of social-whirl home was something she had to learn, and wanted to, for Eaton. She learned. The tree was the pret-

tiest and smartest in Hollywood—the decorations were ribbons tied in bows instead of the conventional Yuletide decorations that Susan had always hung on her trees, helter-skelter, ever since her childhood in Brooklyn. This time—Susan's home was geared to Eaton's taste, his friends' taste.

Marriage plans

It was a wonderful party. Looking back I believe this was when the actual marriage plans were being made by the happy couple. Why do I believe so? Because immediately after Christmas Eaton went back to Georgia and Susan stopped reading scripts submitted to her by every studio in town, although she promised her old boss Walter Wanger, who had given her her big break in *Smash Up*, that she would make a picture for him if he came up with a good script.

Why did Eaton go home? To pack nothing else. Shortly after New Year's Day this year he returned to Hollywood. The couple left for Phoenix, Arizona, telling only a few friends of their plans. And they were sworn to secrecy.

The couple ran up against a stone wall in Arizona. No one had told them that the state had just passed a law requiring a three-day wait for marriage licenses. They arrived in Phoenix only to be told that they would have to wait it out for three days. Why didn't the story leak to the press then? Because Susan wore dark glasses and registered at one hotel under her real name, Edythe Marrener, while Eaton registered as Eaton Chalkley and who in Phoenix had ever heard of him?

Disappointed, they decided to fly to Nevada where an immediate marriage is legal. But then Eaton took over—he's a great one for taking over, this man!—and phoned the Governor of Arizona. The Governor issued a special dispensation. Susan and Eaton were married in Phoenix, as planned.

The old homestead

They went to New Orleans on their honeymoon. Then they went to Carrollton, Georgia, where they live in their home—Eaton's old, old, old homestead—on, of all streets, Sunset Boulevard!

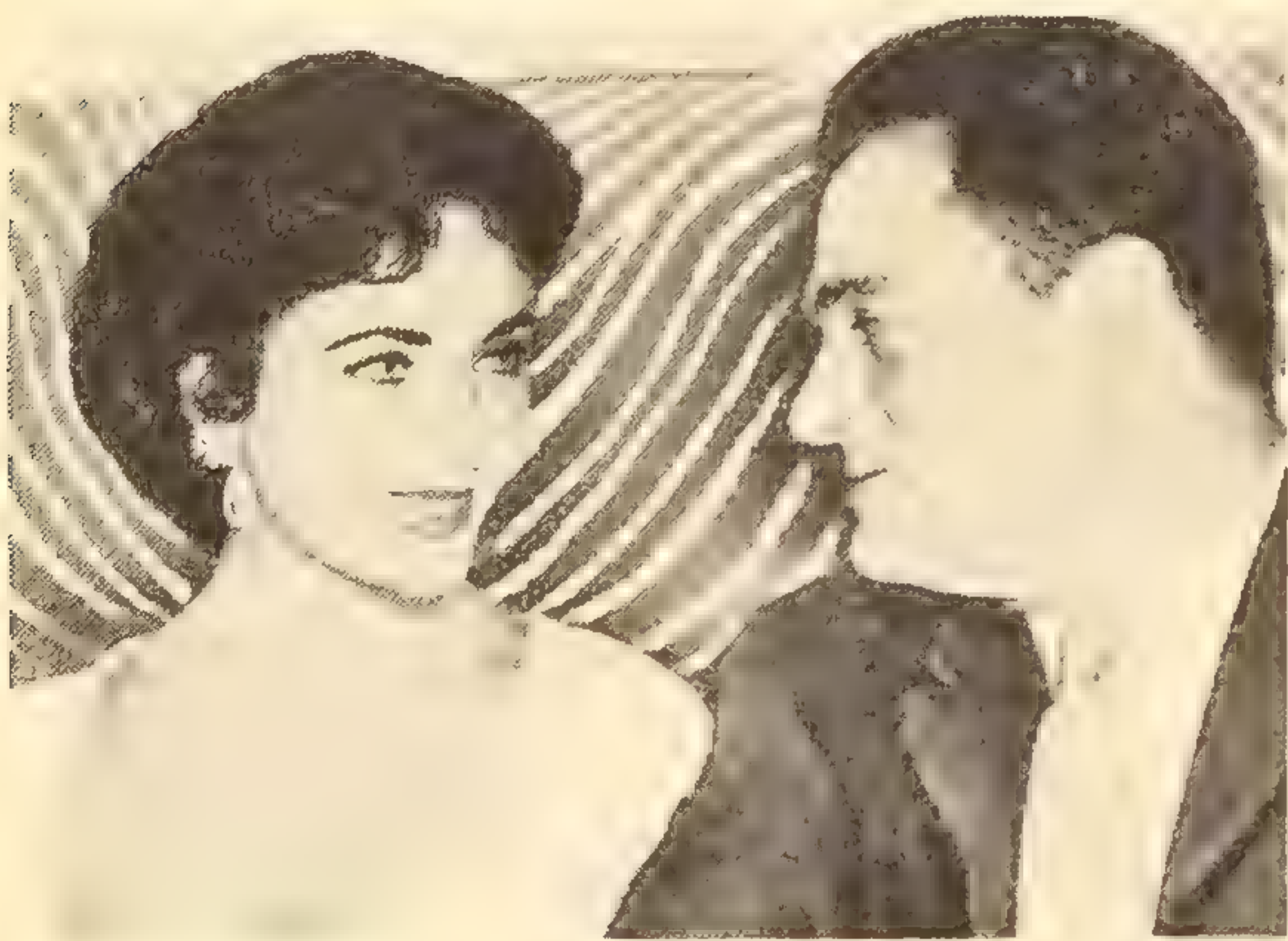
Most people in Hollywood thought Susan's stay in Georgia would be short. They couldn't imagine her giving up Hollywood and all its glitter and glamour. The wise-acres had it all doped out that this would be "just another one of those commuting marriages." Watch it, they said, she'll be back! How could anybody live in a place called Carrollton? Certainly not a Susan Hayward!

Well, Susan Hayward showed them. Two months later she was still in Georgia—and loving it. She sent word to her business manager in Hollywood to put her Sherman Oaks home up for sale. She also gave out a statement to the press that she was going to learn how to make real honest-to-gumbo Southern gumbo soup. And she was photographed driving one of the pick-up trucks on Eaton's estate—the picture of a completely happy housewife!

I'm not saying that Susan has deserted Hollywood. She will come back, but only to make the movies she wants to make. And when she finishes making them she'll go right back to Georgia.

Because that's where she's happy.

Everyone who has met Eaton—and looked at the devotion the Chalkleys feel for each other—know the marriage should be for keeps, with no reservations whatsoever. He's a first-rate, all-round good guy. That's why Susan Hayward's happy these days; she's found the stuff that dreams are made of, and the dream that makes her want to be an actress second—and a wife first. . . .



HOW LIZ TAYLOR AND MIKE TODD MET

■ If it hadn't been for an English priest vacationing in Hollywood. Liz Taylor and Mike Todd might never have met. In fact, fate in this case produced a couple of coincidences to bring Liz and Mike together.

It all happened last summer. Mike Wilding, knowing that his marriage was a failure, was living with his friends, the Stewart Grangers, and night after night Liz sat alone in her home.

Father George Long was one of Liz' friends and he knew how lonely and unhappy she was, pacing through the rooms of her house trying to forget her memories. So one evening when he was to join Shirley MacLaine and her husband and a few other friends for dinner at BIT OF SWEDEN, he phoned Liz and asked if she would join them.

"It's a very small party," Father Long said, "and I know you'll find everyone there congenial. Besides I'll be leaving for England soon and I do want to see you. . . ."

To himself he thought, *It'll do her good to get out among people.*

In the meantime, one of the other guests, a close friend of Mike Todd's, learned that he was in town. Mike is witty, gay, a welcome addition to any party. "I'll invite him," she thought impulsively.

That evening at BIT OF SWEDEN eight people met, among them Mike and Liz. One member of the party decided, "I'll maneuver Mike and Liz so they sit next to each other." She knew that Liz hadn't been very happy recently. "Mike will cheer her up," she thought hopefully.

How right she was! Liz, who hadn't enjoyed a hearty laugh in weeks, responded to Mike's quick, outgoing, witty personality. For the first time in weeks, her laughter rang out—no longer forced and meaningless, but gay and spontaneous. And Mike, of course, was dazzled by the girl who has been called the most beautiful woman in the world.

But it wasn't only her beauty that attracted him. There was something else—something that he wasn't really prepared for. To those who get to know the real Liz comes an amazing discovery—that this girl is not the flibberti-gibbet you'd expect such a beauty to be. She cares deeply about people, and is completely responsive to their needs.

Mike sensed these qualities in Liz, and he was right.

And so began the romance which led Liz to say, even before she married him, "I'm madly in love with Mike Todd."

Liz can currently be seen in George Stevens' production of *Giant*, a Warner Bros. 80 release. Watch for her soon in MGM's *Raintree County*.

Dick Egan—Pat Hardy

Continued from page 38) strides"—and says she wouldn't want to give up yet; Dick feels his own career is far to go, yet they do talk marriage. And so, of course, does everybody else. Dick and Pat are by now quite used to reading about their wedding plans in the papers. Mostly, it doesn't bother them.

A couple of weeks ago, Pat's mother, who lives in Brooklyn, had a visit from a neighbor. Neighbor rushed in brandishing a gossip column. "Oh, you're a sly one," she cried. "Not even dropping a hint about Pat's marriage—"

Pat's mother reached for the column with one hand, a glass of water with the other. "Pat's marriage?" One look, and she whole thing was clear. Sheilah Gramham had written that friends *thought* Pat and Dick might be secretly wed.

Mrs. Hardy handed back the paper, laughing. "She wouldn't elope without telling me." She thought a minute, then added, "She wouldn't elope at all."

Pat says that's true. "When I get married, it will be a real wedding, with all the trimmings."

A church wedding is what she means, and you can be sure that Egan, who's had the same kind of Catholic background, would agree. Their Church is important to them, though they aren't much for talking about it. Sometimes on a Saturday night, Pat will stay over at Dick's family's place, and they'll all go to church together on Sunday morning. "His parents are wonderful," she says. "They're fun to be with, and they treat me just like a daughter."

A feeling of being looked after

After Sunday morning services, Pat and Dick are just as likely to get in his car, make a long drive out to the beach, spend the day lazily between sand and sky. They come home late, their ears full of sea sounds, tired but content. And at times like these Pat sometimes forgets to be the perfect lady—she'll do some outlandish thing like letting herself into the car. Then he catches it from Egan—"I can still open the door for my date," she reminds her firmly. She tries not to laugh at him, all serious about her gash. "Tomorrow I get the Family Post book, honey. From now on, it's

Perry como

Continued from page 60) make the grade. And they alternate between safe, happy kid-stuff with bubble-gum and the slang—and then they try on a too-bright lipstick for size and too-high heels."

Perry is a man who can take both sides of his young friends with sympathetic understanding, and his easy, kidding manner says, "Take it easy, you're not missing the boat. I went through it all myself."

Isn't this kind of subtle assurance exactly what a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old needs? For instance . . .

Jean was a cute fifteen-year-old in a hurry to grow up. She started wearing inch-long nails set off with siren-red polish.

"Hello, Crazy-nails," said Perry one day. "You fixin' to scratch my eyes out?"

"Aw Perry," she protested, "this polish is the living end."

"Well who needs it! I liked you better without that red stuff."

Next time she appeared "Crazy-nails" was back to normal. If Perry liked her as she was, that was good enough for her and it would darn well be good enough for any young male who might appear on the horizon.

He has a natural flair for hitting on an

white tie for breakfast, and my small talk's gonna be all in French—"

She teases him about his formality, his insistence on doing things right, but she really likes it. It gives her a feeling of being looked after and protected.

The Egan-Hardy night-time dates aren't the kind they make movies about, all crystal chandeliers and vintage wines and lobsters served at the stroke of midnight. The couple occasionally makes it to one of the fancier clubs, more often they don't. Sometimes it's an evening at a friend's home and good conversation. Mostly it's CHIANTI's, a little Italian restaurant with atmosphere that's on Hollywood's Melrose Avenue. They often go there for dinner, and to listen to old Caruso records.

Belief in the miracle of love

Here is a typical beginning to a Hardy-Egan evening. Scene is Pat's place. Telephone rings. Pat answers.

Dick: *Hi Pat! You think we should try some place new for dinner tonight?*

Pat: *Fine and dandy.*

Next scene takes place in the Egan car.

Dick: *You really want to try some place new? I mean, think of the crowds everywhere. And you hate to wait, and I know you're starved. Let's go to Chianti's.*

She knew they'd end up there all the time.

At CHIANTI's the management is fond of Dick and after dinner he and Pat are allowed out into the back part of the restaurant, ordinarily off-limits, where there are always Italian love songs playing; and if you've never danced to an Italian love song, you've just never danced.

Pat and Dick like CHIANTI's for another reason. They're never bothered. They can sit for hours talking, and being together.

Pat lives in Hollywood, so it isn't far from CHIANTI's to her house, and then good night, and the long drive home to Brentwood for Egan. It takes an hour from her place to his. What does he think about on the trip? A girl with soft eyes, soft hair, soft mouth. A girl named Pat Hardy, who'd look wonderful in a wedding gown? His thoughts are his own secret, and he keeps that secret well. But we can guess, and we can hope—and we can believe in the miracle of love . . . **END**

Richard Egan will soon be seen in U-I's The Man Who Rocked The Boat.

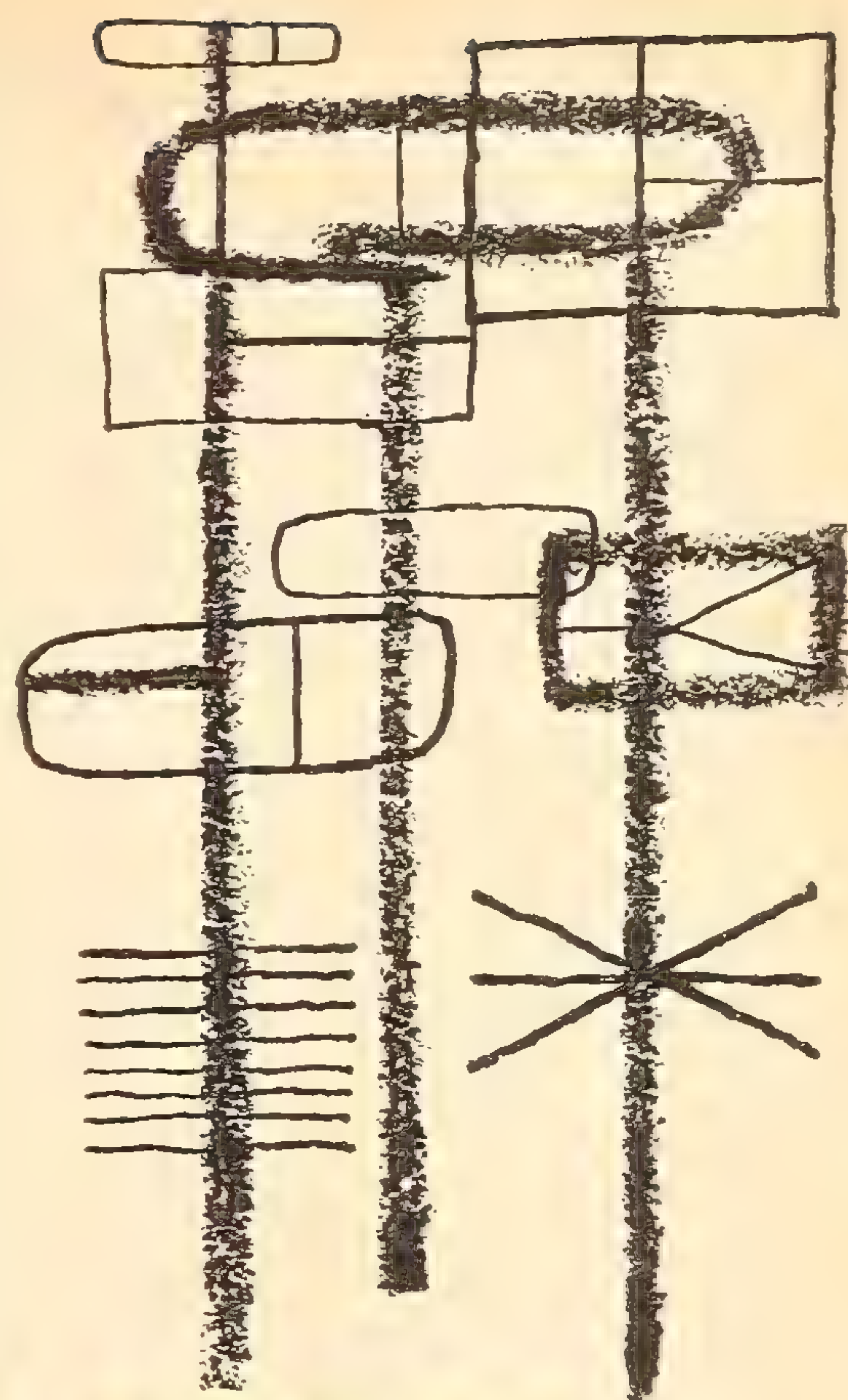
apt nickname to show up the kids' mistakes without hurting their feelings. When he says it, it's an endearing nickname, but the point is made nevertheless. A girl who always stands in the path became *Road-block*; the one with the frown, *Scowly-puss*.

The girls claim he has eyes in the back of his head. He can sign the autograph book of a girl in front of him and say over his shoulder to one in back, "Stop biting your nails." The kids don't know how he does it but they love it. Then there was the time they would troop in to see him, smacking their bubble-gum with enthusiasm. Perry rooted out all the *plops* by telling the kids, one by one, "Ladies don't chew bubble-gum."

There's nothing new about the technique; fathers have been using it since time began. But from him, the kids love it—maybe because it tells them that he likes them and takes a real interest in their progress.

"It isn't as if he were young and foolish," one young miss explained. "He's an Older Man and we know the advice he gives us is tops. When I had a problem, it would worry me sick, but now I tell Perry."

That seems to be the great secret. Sure he's a great singer. But more important he's a Friend, one who isn't too unavailable in an emergency. **END**



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baby-sitting paid off for MARILYN MONROE



■ Much has been made of the fact that Marilyn Monroe started out in life as an underprivileged, unloved orphan named Norma Jean Baker. Her biographers have analyzed her from every angle. But one aspect of her early career appears to have been overlooked.

When Marilyn was a teenager, she occasionally earned money by baby-sitting. She'd been elected *Oomph Girl* of EMERSON JUNIOR HIGH, and had survived a short-lived marriage at fifteen. But she was yet to be discovered by the movie-going American public.

One night, a Hollywood matron who wanted to meet her husband for dinner hired Marilyn to stay with Junior. When the couple came home, the man of the house spotted the sitter.

Lady Luck was with Marilyn that night because Junior's daddy just happened to be in the Casting Department of 20TH CENTURY-FOX. So what happened? Before anyone could beat him to the punch, he told Marilyn to come to the studio the very next day.

Marilyn showed up and was signed to a year's contract. That made the lady of the house good and mad, because she had to go and look for another baby-sitter. And our guess is she chose one who wasn't so photogenic!

Marilyn will soon be seen in an L.O.P. Limited Production *The Prince And The Showgirl* for Warner Bros.

shirley jones—jack cassidy

(Continued from page 42) Shirley does all the Cassidy cooking. She won't let Jack help, she says, because "I'm afraid he'd do it better and make me feel bad." And she has made progress. Jack summed up her pre-marital cooking art once with the statement— "She was great . . . with a glass of milk."

He's still teasing her about their first dinner party. They had six guests. Shirley'd figured out a fool-proof menu. Roast beef and baked potatoes. "You put it in the oven, adjust the heat, and take it out later, right?"

The dinner hour approached, Shirley advanced on the oven. Everything was gorgeous. Guests sat down and opened up their potatoes. Nothing but skin, nothing inside. Guests politely buttered the skin, as Jack asked quietly, "How long did you have them in the oven, dear?"

Shirley looked up, wide-eyed. "Oh, five hours or so. Why? Is that too long?"

When Jack finishes telling that story, Shirley invariably follows up with, "Now j-u-u-u-s-t a minute! What about that first time we had your folks over—"

If we're going to be fair about it, Shirley did enjoy quite a cooking triumph. Her in-laws enjoyed baked ham, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage—all Jack's father's favorite foods. Of course, it took her hours—and the elder Cassidys were so hungry by the time food appeared they were thinking of starting the meal with the floral centerpiece. But everybody admitted they'd never tasted more elegant ham and cabbage!

The Cassidys' pets: piano and hi-fi

Getting out of the kitchen, and on with the married-life-with-the Cassidys show, we come to the Cassidy living-room, which is as handsome as could be with its deep-piled carpet, drapes across a window-wall, lush sofa, comfortable chairs. And a huge, round, slate-topped coffee table which tells another story about this couple.

Jack and Shirley had ordered the table from California. It arrived with a crack right down the middle of the slate. "We'll send it back tomorrow," Jack said.

Tomorrow came. They studied the table. "It's not too bad a crack," said Shirley, just before Jack thought of saying the same.

A week later, they wouldn't have traded that cracked table no-how. Nobody seems to know exactly why. A friend may jeer, "It looks lived in," but the Cassidys are content. "A slate table is supposed to be rustic; what's more rustic than a crack?"

Shirley's pet thing in the apartment is her piano, a baby grand smaller than the usual baby. It is, in fact, a size they don't manufacture any more. It's an EMERSON that Shirley practiced on as a child. Her folks had it polished up, the worn and damaged parts replaced, and then gave it to Jack and Shirley as a wedding present. Incidentally, Shirley will tell you, their good luck with wedding presents was because of Shirley's mother, a well-organized lady who told friends and relations what was needed and saw to it that there weren't any duplications. "I can hear her now," Shirley giggles. "You bring the frying pan, and you get the whisk broom, and tell Mabel no more nut dishes."

Jack's pet thing in the apartment is his hi-fi set, enclosed in a louvered cabinet. Luckily the building is old and has thick walls and floors, or the neighbors would long since have had Jack thrown out as a public nuisance. Because he plays his hi-fi loud.

In fact, the reason why Shirley wasn't too much good around the house for the first few months of her marriage, she ex-

plains a the drop of a hat, was because "I lost the use of my hands; I had them over my ears all the time."

She'd ask him nicely, "Turn it down?"

He wouldn't answer. How could he answer? He couldn't hear, with his ear glued into the loudspeaker. He plays Frank Sinatra as loud as he plays classical stuff, and by now Shirley's used to it. Mostly, she even likes it. On the occasions when it gets to be too much for her, she goes into the bedroom and complains to the dogs. The dogs were presents from Jack to Shirley. They're tiny animals, mother and daughter, and extremely sympathetic.

Definitely not modern

The Cassidy bedroom, incidentally, hasn't got a regular bedroom set—they're waiting till they get their house, which is going to be small town and English—definitely not modern. So far the bedroom has been furnished just with a huge bed—no headboard, a large chest of drawers, and the dressing table that Jack's building for Shirley on one small piece of wall. There isn't enough closet space, so Shirley hangs her evening gowns in the coat closet in the hall.

Jack has built—or rather, half-built—a great many things for the apartment. The things never get finished because the Cassidys have worked so steadily since their marriage—professionally, that is—that there hasn't been time for much puttering.

Which brings us to the now-famous story that Jack and Shirley won't work

Jack Carson and his wife, Lola Albright, appeared on the Bob Cummings TV show. He played a wolf, and had one blazing love scene with his wife. The director wasn't pleased with the inadequate passion displayed by this husband and wife before the TV camera. Carson promised to perfect it. "Lola," he said to her, "in this scene make love to me fiercely—like . . . like . . . like . . . you did with Frank Sinatra in *The Tender Trap*."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

separately, have to be hired as a team. There's only one thing wrong with the story—it isn't true. The Cassidys do like to work together, and so far producers have been anxious to get them that way. It's romantic; the public loves it. But Shirley has movie commitments which don't include Jack. Of course separations are painful to think about, but the Cassidys don't have a jealousy problem; they trust each other. "In this business, you must," Shirley says.

No reason to be jealous

She remembers her mother coming with her and Jack to a Broadway-type party. Mrs. Jones was staggered. There stood Shirley in long and earnest conversation with a strange man; across the room Jack was greeting a pretty girl with a kiss. Finally Mrs. Jones took Shirley aside. "Isn't it all very odd? Don't you mind?"

Try to explain to your Smithton mother that New York is different. "This is the way show people are," Shirley said feebly.

Of course Shirley and Jack have had none of the usual reasons to be jealous. Right from the very beginning they were all for each other. There was none of this *who were you with last night?* stuff. They were together every night. They don't like night clubs too much, and they'd rather take Jack's son, David, to the zoo than get all dressed up and go to the Academy Awards.

Jack's son, David, is seven. Shirley's crazy about him, and he returns her feel-

HER CAREER'S AN ACCIDENT!



Patty McCormack's career came about because Patty had a speech fault. Her mother, Mrs. Thomas Henigan, tells the story. "Patty started to talk at a normal age, but from the very beginning she had this very pronounced lisp. It didn't seem to bother Patty, but it bothered me. When she passed her sixth birthday, I decided she needed help."

Mrs. Henigan heard of Eleanor Raab, who makes a specialty of working with children. And Eleanor is so interested in the theater that she uses old play scripts for her students to read from.

In three months Patty's lisp was gone. But something else had happened. Mrs. Raab said, "I realized after a few lessons of reading scripts to correct the lisp that Patty would be able to do anything with words. I told her mother, 'You have an actress on your hands.'"

Just then a new play was being cast for Broadway that needed a little blonde girl about seven, which Patty was. The agent called Eleanor Raab. She said, "Yes, I do know a little girl."

So Patty McCormack went into her first Broadway play, into tv and the *Mama* show, and then *The Bad Seed*.

Of course, pandemonium broke loose that opening night—over an uncanny actress, not yet ten years old.

There's one other thing. Now Patty gives Eleanor Raab her old scripts for Mrs. Raab's students to read from!

Watch for Patty in RKO's *The Day They Gave Babies Away* and *U-I's* *Christmas In Paradise*.

ing. "He's charming, wonderful," she says. "He has a sense of humor, but he's not raucous. He's sort of a pensive little boy. We're going to have new pictures of him as soon as his hair grows out. He's been to a terrible barber!"

Every Saturday, Jack picks up David and brings him home. If the weather's good, they go to the park. Later Shirley cooks dinner for them, and sometimes they see a movie in the evening. Shirley and David first met back in October, before Jack and Shirley were married. "I wasn't worried about their getting along," Jack remembers. "Shirley's wonderful with children, she doesn't push them, or talk down to them."

Not a weapon in a cold war

David wanted to know why his father was marrying somebody else, listened gravely as Jack explained. Mommy and Daddy didn't want to live together any more, Jack said, but they both still loved David. Shirley would be just one more person who'd love David. Since the ex-Mrs. Cassidy has been just as anxious as Shirley and Jack for David to feel secure and happy, there's been no using the child as a weapon in a cold war. David has seen nothing but friendliness and civility between his mother and father; he's been spared any broken-home scenes.

When Shirley and Jack get their house, they'll be able to keep David with them more; now there's no room for even an overnight visit. Being the hospitable type, this is one of the things that bothers the couple most about small-apartment dwelling. Every time Shirley's folks come up from Smithton, it irritates her that they have to stay in a hotel. Fortunately the older Cassidys live only a subway ride away, and every Sunday the younger Cassidys travel to Queens to dine with them. There's a pack of young Cassidys besides Jack and Shirley. Jack's got two brothers, and a sister with nine children!

He hates the dishes

And that's how the Cassidys spend their time—Saturday is David day; Sunday is Queens Cassidy day, and the rest of the week are routine Jack-and-Shirley days. Shirley gets up anywhere from 10 to 11:30 in the morning. "Middle of the night," says her husband, shaking his head pitifully. She can yodel, sing, drop dishpans on the floor if that's her idea of a good time. When Jack's asleep, he's really working at it. Around noon, Shirley gets busy rousing her spouse. Cold water, fire alarms, shouts of *murder!*—anything goes. Once she's succeeded in shocking him awake, silence falls. Jack is not a cheery riser; he wants quiet.

Like a man in a trance, he pads out to the desk in the living room. He looks at the papers. Shirley is permitted to hand him orange juice and coffee. Sometimes while he's drinking his coffee, he'll get on the phone and arrange the business of their movie club. They've got a screen and projector, and they rent movies which they show for themselves and a few friends a couple of nights a week. While Jack's deciding on the movie bill, Shirley's washing the dishes and making the bed. Jack never helps with dishes—he hates to—and Shirley doesn't mind. After all he's a demon curtain hanger, even though the cafe curtains in the kitchen keep falling down because the plaster won't hold up the curtain rods. But you can't blame that on Jack, can you? And he's also a demon cabinet builder, dog feeder, dog bather and dog walker.

Sent home on approval

Nowadays the dog walking is a slow business, because one of the dogs is going to have babies. "Baby roaches we

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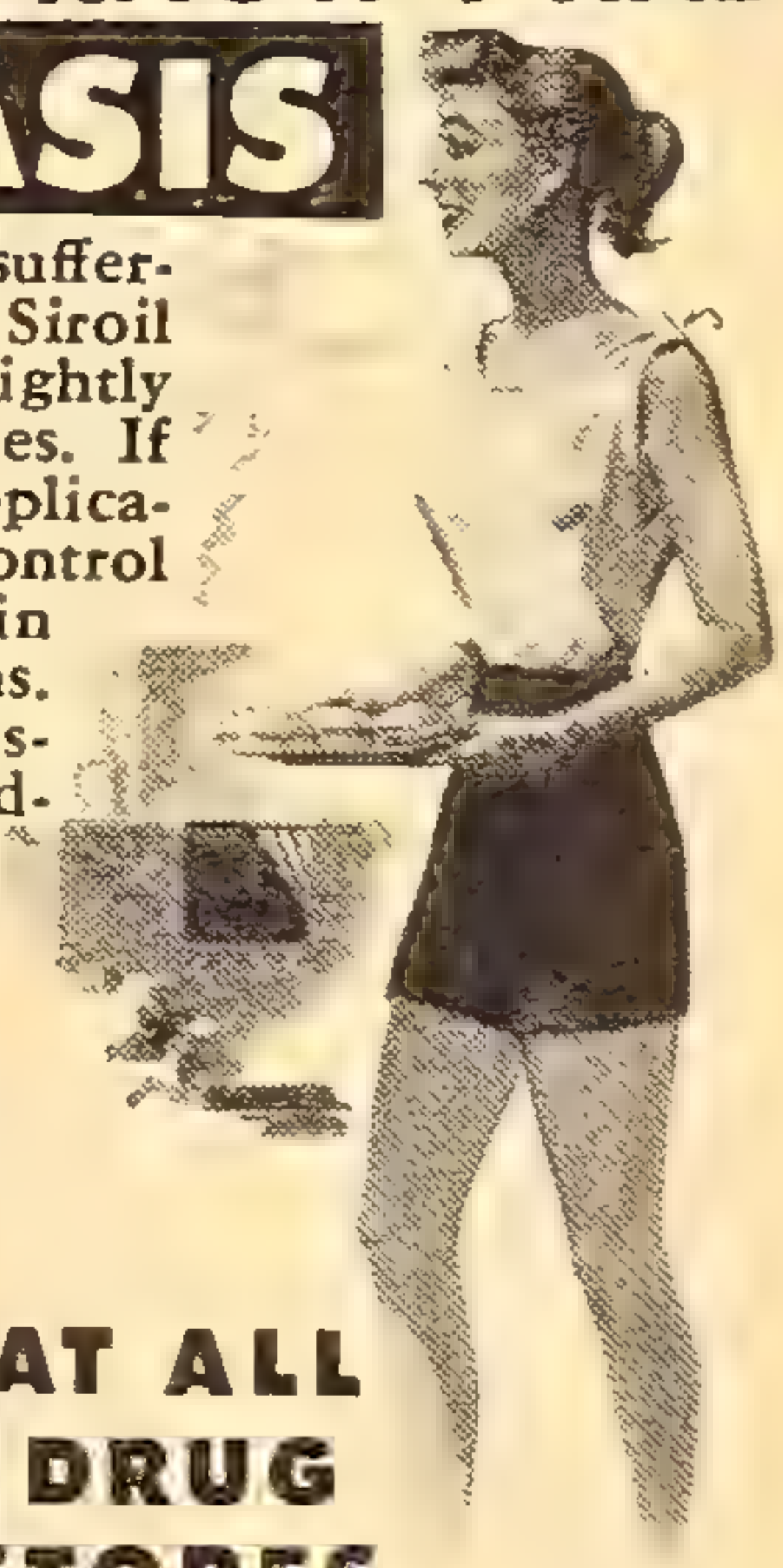
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HUNGRY TONY PERKINS



■ Tony Perkins is the only person in the world who could get a patent on his breakfast.

"I invented it myself," he says. "I open a can of tuna fish, dump half the can into two eggs and mix it up, add two pieces of American cheese, and put all that into the frying pan for about a minute and then turn it over and swish it together. A very excellent breakfast. I recommend it."

Tony's cooking is limited to his breakfast invention, but he has developed certain facets of eating into a fine art.

It is primarily the art of eating other people's dinners. Says his co-star, Elaine Aiken, "When Tony invites me out to dinner I've learned to fortify myself with crackers and cheese before he arrives. I don't think that Tony has ever let me finish a meal. He eats quickly and he's always through before I've half started. Then he leans forward, looks intently behind me, and starts muttering something like, 'My gosh, Elaine, he's... he's going to drop that tray!' He sounds so earnest that it never seems like a trick. So I turn around and start looking for a non-existent waiter. By the time I realize I've been had, Tony has stolen most of my meat and half of whatever else was on my plate!"

Elaine has tried to figure out some way to beat Tony at this game. "If I could only discover something he didn't like, I'd order it."

But, up to now she has had no success because, "Tony eats anything that's edible." And, as the final, crushing blow, "He never even gains a pound," she wails.

Tony's currently in Paramount's *Fear Strikes Out*. Watch for him in *The Lonely Man*, *The Tin Star* and *Joey*. He's also in Columbia's *The Sea Wall*. Elaine co-stars with Tony in *The Lonely Man*.

think, from the size of her," says Jack.

Incidentally, Jack walks the pups and Shirley goes to the supermarket without being stopped by autograph hunters. Probably because they're not all dressed up—and nobody expects to see stars without mink stoles and emerald ankle bracelets!

Not that Shirley goes around in slacks much, because the only slacks Jack can stand seeing on Shirley are those he buys her—and besides he really prefers skirts, suits, tweeds, sporty things. For dress-up he likes her in sexy, low-cut gowns—"just for friends," he'll tell you—and he likes to okay her choices. So when she shops by herself, she has the things sent home on approval. Shirley never quibbles with Jack's taste, for her or for himself. He likes blue suits, bright vests, and she thinks he's memorable in all of 'em.

Life at home for the Cassidys is a little different when they're working in a show. Then they have an early dinner at home, dash to the theater, dash home again afterward and turn on television. Shirley used to be one of those conk-out-at-ten-o'clock girls; now she makes it through the *Late Show* with Jack, then stumbles off to bed, leaving him transfixed by the *Late Late Show*.

A break in this routine came when the Cassidys wound up their chores at the NEW YORK CITY CENTER, in *The Beggars' Opera*. They took off on a honeymoon, their

first vacation since the wedding. They went to Bermuda, where the days are bright and a couple can lie around and just be in love because there's nothing else to do.

They've made a marriage

Has marriage changed Jack and Shirley? You bet it has! For the better? Yes again. Jack was a guy who could never share things. Oh, closet space he could share, or money, or a sandwich. But his thoughts, his problems he hugged to himself. And he was a guy well acquainted with moods. Before there was no place to run. Now there's Shirley.

At first it bothered him that she wanted him to talk things out with her, that she was troubled if he was troubled. Then he found it was better talking it out with the closest thing to human sunshine they've invented. She's just naturally sweet-tempered and crazy about her husband. A man would have to be a lunatic to feel grim in the face of that.

Think of them walking in the warm sands of Bermuda, talking about the house they'll have, and the children, and the jobs. He's calling her *Maude*, or *Mouse*, or whatever name comes into his head—he changes her name almost daily—and she's thinking how beautiful he is, that the sea is exactly the color of his eyes. They are two people who are more—and less—than two. They've made a marriage. They are *one*. **END**

I'm glad she's not perfect

(Continued from page 57) the ash, as usual heading lazily for the floor. She shook her head. "You men!" she said smiling. "What?" Pat asked, looking up from the magazine.

"Never mind," Jane said. She put down the coffee tray, barely making it before Pat dragged her down into his arms and began to kiss her. Between kisses Jane managed to reach over for an ashtray. "Darling," she said. Pat held her closer. "Hmmm?" he whispered. "Will you please stop flicking the ashes on the floor," Jane said. "Sure," Pat said. He kissed Jane, said something about boy scouts' honor, then kissed her again. But the spell had been interrupted, just a bit.

Half an hour later, Pat was smoking another cigarette. This time he was standing near the tv set, adjusting the dial. Jane was on the couch, watching him. Well, that's to say she was watching Pat with one eye and the cigarette he was holding with the other. The ash on the end of the cigarette was getting longer and longer. It was nice, Jane thought, how there just happened to be an ashtray lying on top of the tv set. Pat wouldn't have to disturb himself to reach it.

But as the minutes passed Jane noticed that nothing was happening—at least, not between the cigarette and the ashtray.

"Darling," Jane called out.

"What, honey?" Pat asked, too busy with the dial to look up. "Your cigarette," Jane said, a little anxiously. "The ash. It's..." "Oh, yeah," Pat said. And with that he gently flicked the end of the cigarette—and the ashes went floating down onto the rug.

Jane on bended knee

A few minutes later, Jane was at his side. "Excuse me, Pat," she said. Pat looked over at her, then at the tremendous gadget she'd obviously gone to some closet to get. "Excuse me, dear," Jane said again as she got down on her knees, plugged a wire into a wall socket, turned on a switch and began vacuuming the little ash pile. Was Jane being too fussy

for Pat's comfort? Pat didn't think she thought so. *But...*

A few nights later, Jane and Pat were invited to dinner at their then very new—and now tried and true—friends', Marshall and Barbara Thompson. Barbara had called Jane that afternoon and made a 7:30 date. Like everyone else in Hollywood, Pat had been used to showing up about half an hour late for such occasions. But he shrugged a little and figured maybe he'd been wrong all these years when Jane handed him a tie at 7:10 and told him they had to be out of the house in five minutes if they were going to get to the Thompsons' on time.

At 7:30 sharp, they were there. Pat rang the bell. There was no answer. He rang again. Still no answer. "You sure tonight's the right night?" he asked Jane.

"I'm sure," said Jane, as she tried the door. It was open. The first thing she and Pat heard when they stepped inside was the shower running. That turned out to be Barbara. Then they peeked into a bedroom just off the living room and saw a man in his scivvys crouched under the bed. That turned out to be Marshall looking for a lost cufflink.

The situation is well in hand

"Hello," Jane called out, smiling her greeting. Then, before Marshall had a chance to say anything, Jane continued, "I guess Pat and I are a little early. Well, please don't be embarrassed. Pat, you stay here and help Marshall look for whatever he's looking for and I'll go inside and start setting the table for Barbara." Sometimes, Pat must have said to himself, this neatness and punctuality of Jane's can go too far. Well, (he figured,) I'll just learn to grin and bear it.

The next day, Pat was at a business cocktail party and he told a friend about what had happened the night before. "It turned out swell," he said "The ice got broken right away, and we all ended up having a ball like we'd all known each other for years."

"This girl of yours sounds like the greatest," his friend said.

"Yes, if you like the type," a voice chirped in. It was a woman who'd been

It was her birthday—but Eddie got surprised!



■ In this photo, Eddie Fisher had just finished singing a song for his TV audience when Carol Oppenheim flew up to the stage and planted a kiss on startled Eddie—because it was *her* birthday, her sixteenth. Carol's a member-in-active-standing of *Eddie's Steadies*, the 6,000 Fisher fan clubs in the U. S. She had mentioned casually to Eddie the week before that she might miss his next show because it was her birthday.

Eddie remembered to send a wire on the day, *May I sing to you . . . Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday dear Carol, Happy birthday to you. Love ya, Eddie Fisher.*

That did it.

Carol's parents claim there was no holding her after the wire. Clutching the telegram close to her cardigan, Carol went to the show as usual. birthday party or no birthday party.

Right after the show, Carol rushed up to Eddie and kissed him. Then handed him a present, a lovely linen, monogrammed handkerchief.

When Eddie had a chance to recover from the birthday surprise of gift and kiss, even if it wasn't his birthday, he asked Carol and her two friends to stay and have—what else?—a coke with him. Meanwhile, back in North Hollywood, Carol's parents and some twenty guests were waiting for the birthday girl. But she didn't take a raincheck on the coke!

Carol's fourteen-year-old brother summed up the whole day-and-delay with. "She'll be seventeen before she cuts her sixteenth birthday cake!"

But for Carol, it'll be a sixteenth birthday to remember!

listening in on Pat and his pal. "I mean," she went on, "this wife of yours sounds like absolute perfection, like an absolute angel. But what I'd like to know, Pat Nerney," she added, "is how does a man live with an angel? . . . I mean, sometimes don't you think that if she's so marvelous, so perfect, that maybe *you're* not good enough for her . . . I mean—you know what I mean!"

The gossip's words left him feeling a little strange. He left the party.

What's the gag?

"Hey, Pat," a voice called out while he was waiting for his car. "How you doing?"

Pat nodded. "Okay," he said.

"Saw Janie today at lunch," the friend said, laughing and shaking his head. "Boy, that gal's really funny. We're at ROMANOFF's and I'm sitting at the table next to hers. She's eating with this guy, an older guy. They're sitting there talking, talking very seriously, and halfway through the meal the guy excuses himself and says he's leaving for a few minutes. So I happen to be watching Janie, and you know what she does? She calls over the waiter and she asks him if he'd be so kind as to tell her the name of the gentleman she's eating with. I wonder what the gag was?"

Pat said he couldn't imagine what the gag was, either.

"Well, it sure was funny," said the friend, still laughing.

At that point, Pat's car came.

The drive home only took fifteen minutes, but for some reason it seemed unusually long that night. When Pat finally pulled up to the house, he saw Janie standing outside. She smiled a *hello* and came rushing over to the car. "Hi, darling," she said, throwing her arms around Pat.

"Hi," Pat said. He felt a little low.

"Is something wrong, dear?" Jane asked.

"No," Pat answered.

Jane shrugged. "Well, let's eat."

Dinner turned out to be a fairly quiet affair that evening. Then over coffee, Pat happened to remember that bit he'd heard while waiting for his car. He repeated the story about Jane at ROMANOFF's that afternoon. "My friend wanted to know what the gag was," Pat said. "I told him I didn't know."

Happens all the time

Jane began to laugh. "It was awful," she said. She named the name of the man she'd been eating with, a big-time producer who'd been after her to do a certain role in a certain picture. "Well, there we are, sitting there, eating, talking about the picture," said Jane, "and all of a sudden I realized I'd forgotten his name. Pat, it's the most embarrassing thing. And it happens to me all the time."

Pat looked up from his coffee. "You . . . you forget people's names?" he asked.

Pat couldn't help it. Slowly, he smiled.

"Well," Jane said, looking just a little sorry for herself, "there are times when it *does* embarrass me."

"And you're not . . . perfect?" Pat asked.

"What?" Jane said, a little confused.

Suddenly, he jumped up from his chair and grabbed Jane.

"I like to be hugged, Pat," said Jane, hugging back, "but what's this all about?"

And then Pat told her about the silly woman at the party and that business about being married to an angel, about how hard it must be on a man to be married to the *perfect* woman.

"It didn't bother me, not really," Pat said. "But still it's good to know . . . it's great to know that you're *not* perfect."

END

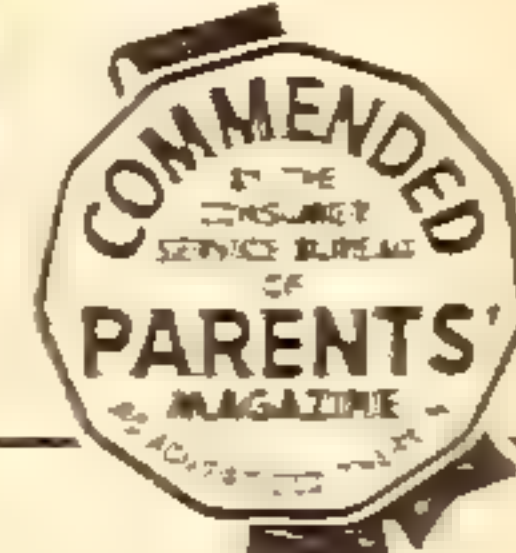
Jane's in RKO's *Girl Most Likely*.



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I'm my own worst enemy

(Continued from page 50) How much money do you make?" someone yelled.

"That's my business," replied Johnny shortly.

"Have you got a girl?"

"Yes," Johnny answered.

"What's her name?" asked a frantic young female.

"What good would it do *you*?" he fired back.

He took just a few minutes of this verbal battling before once again he walked off. Some razzes mingled with the applause. Today, Johnny knows he deserved those razzes.

These are only scattered incidents, of course. Most of the time, when he's relaxed, Johnny is polite, friendly and charming. But he knows he's as unpredictable as the weather, and as intense as heat in July. As one friend observes, "Johnny always seems to be running a temperature of 102."

It's no secret that all during his first break in *The Unguarded Moment*, John carried on a stubborn feud with Esther Williams. Before his first break came along, he spent two years doing a slow burn—and was all packed up to leave Hollywood four separate times!

Now none of that fits Hollywood's accepted formula for winning fans and influencing producers. And if you like the work, as Johnny does, that's part of the job. But Johnny Saxon couldn't control his impulses—or wouldn't, not even when it would have been the right thing to do. And everything got tougher for him to achieve. . . .

The trip back home

After *The Unguarded Moment*, Johnny made his first trip back home to Brooklyn. "I swore to myself I wouldn't be a phoney," he says. "I'd heard about people going

out to Hollywood, making a name for themselves, then going back to the old home town and buddying up everyone with that *I'm really just the same as I always was* line. Boloney! *I wasn't the same*. I couldn't be. Maybe because the things my old buddies were still doing—were all in my past."

So when he met his old acquaintances, his friends, his old neighbors from the block—Johnny felt like a stranger—and seemed just plain stand-offish!

"I guess I made them sore," he admits. "I botched myself all up, and that was that as far as not being—or seeming!—a phoney."

"I was glad to get back to Hollywood," Johnny confesses. "I didn't feel at home any place else."

But in Hollywood Johnny wasn't at home either. In Hollywood, Johnny Saxon wasn't a part of the town—he was a minor mystery man.

Few people around his own U-I lot really know him.

He has no close buddies.

He doesn't whirl around in the social spotlight.

The fun-fare of *The Young Hollywood Set* leaves him cold.

And you have to *work* to crack a smile in his serious young face.

Tracing the reasons why

Part of it is because of the things he lived through when he was a kid. Part of it is from coming cold to Hollywood at eighteen, and he's only twenty-one now. Part of it is because, before he came to Hollywood, he was scared stiff about the glamour guff he'd run into in Movie-Town.

You might also trace some of his touchiness to just plain excitable Italian blood.

But mostly Johnny's the serious young guy he is today because of that contradictory streak of his that's a yard wide in a to-be-or-not-to-be make-up. "Often," he'll allow, "I'm my own worst enemy."

Yet, strangely enough, that probing discontent he had is what spurred him on until he was one of Hollywood's most fascinating new stars. . . .

. . . Nothing seemed very complex about the brown-eyed *bambino* born to Anthony and Anna Orrico in Brooklyn on the morning of August 5, 1935. The only thing unique about little Carmen, Johnny's real name, was one bent foot that suggested a duck's. To his immigrant grandmother, the cause of this calamity was obvious—"You go to that movie, *Donald Duck*," she scolded Johnny's mother, "now . . . you see?" Luckily Johnny's foot straightened out before he was more than a couple of years old.

Johnny's people were hard working and respectable and plain. His grandfather left Italy to build roads in America for a dollar a day. Johnny's father started working when he was ten, shining shoes. Then he was apprenticed to a printer for twenty-five cents a week, and finally he learned the house painter's trade.

His mother crossed the ocean in the steerage hold, when she was eight.

His grandfather's tenement flat on 38th Street, where Johnny was born, was near the heart of Brooklyn's *Little Italy*.

Sensitive—with guts

With such a background you might not expect Johnny to worry about much of anything—except growing up and someday running his own fruit store, shoe shop or painter's truck.

But back of his round brown eyes, the husky little boy was a sensitive kid. With guts.

Like the time that a tough little character next door pushed Johnny too far. Johnny didn't want to fight but, cornered, he had to. He knocked the tough kid into the dirt and bloodied his nose. And immediately felt desperately sorry! It took Johnny less than a second to decide to do the hard thing—help the boy up, stop the nosebleed, and say in words how sorry he felt.

Sometimes, with his toy six-guns and fringed pants and wild sombrero, he'd swagger out into the street—his only playground—imagining himself a two-gun bad man from the West. And then he'd look at the tiny suspenders his mother made him wear to hold up his rompers underneath—and slump suddenly to the curb, wilted and defeated, unable to play. Cowboys didn't wear suspenders; they wore big leather belts. Things out of place like that—even that little—jarred him.

His childhood?

He started school when he was five.

The first day he saw the teacher 'discipline' another pupil—with a paddle. School was a terrifying place for Johnny for a long time.

A poetic gang leader

One summer, Johnny found something. That was the week end when his father painted a house out on Long Island and took Johnny along. It was the first time Johnny had ever been out to the country—to the sea, with its white sand and the sparkling blue of the Sound. They stayed two days, and for two days Johnny spent the hours alone in a rowboat bobbing on the ripples . . . drinking in the wonderful new world around him. He didn't eat a bite all that time. He didn't want to.

Poetic nature-lover? Not exclusively!

Besides wrestling all comers in the schoolyard—and licking most of them, too—he was a whizz at punch ball, kick-the-can and shinny. And, to his own surprise—was elected leader of his gang. He didn't duck the fight with the rival gang chief that his promotion immediately triggered.

When he was about nine, his family



GAGS PHIL SILVERS NEVER REHEARSED

■ Television's Sgt. Bilko—otherwise known as Phil Silvers—claims he is no expert in the fine art of ad libbing.

But there was that time Phil was master of ceremonies at a top-drawer function attended by President Eisenhower. As Silvers strolled out to do his stint, he took in the distinguished guests. In addition to Ike, they included Vice-President Nixon, members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and the Senate.

A born worrier from way back, Phil had been plenty nervous about this en-

gagement. But you'd never have guessed it as he calmly looked the President in the eye and blandly inquired, "Who's minding the store?"

The placed rocked with laughter, and nobody laughed harder than the President.

Perhaps the zaniest antic of all was the one Silvers pulled on Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. That daffy pair were headlining the COPACABANA show in New York at the time, and Phil was living in the hotel in the East Sixties in which the night club is housed. But that night Phil had insomnia. He'd been tossing and turning in his bed for hours and finally, at three A.M., he gave up. But what's to do at three in the morning? So Phil put on his bathrobe and slippers and took the elevator downstairs.

Dean and Jerry were in the midst of their wild capers when Phil ambled onto the floor and promptly stopped the show.

Placing a finger to his lips, the comic pleaded, "Fellows, could you keep down the noise a little? I'm trying to sleep." Then, stifling a yawn, he made his exit.

For once Martin and Lewis were at a complete loss. Even they couldn't top that one!

HUGH O'BRIAN'S GUN RULES

"That was something I really looked forward to, probably was the biggest event of my year," said Wyatt Earp, otherwise known as Hugh O'Brian.

Earp—or O'Brian, depending on your point of view—was talking about his trip to Washington a couple of months back to attend the annual Conference of the National Rifle Association. As chairman of the Hunter Safety Program, he spearheaded the 1957 firearm safety program. Hugh was a particularly happy choice since he's become known as the Man Behind The Safe Gun.

That's because of his faithful portrayal of Earp for the last two years.

In this popular TV series, the famous peace marshal is presented as he actually was in real life, a conscientious, courageous person who used his gun only as a last resort and even then aimed only at non-vulnerable spots.

Hugh thinks it's important to present people with this idea.

"Wild and reckless gun-happy cowboy pictures have given many children the wrong ideas," says Hugh. "And as far as parents are concerned it's made many of them try to do away with the natural interest most boys have in guns because the fast-gun-play techniques have given kids the wrong idea about what a gun is for."

In Hugh's opinion, the sensible way to meet the problem is to have boys and girls taught safe gun handling in an NRA supervised group. The result, he believes, will be fewer firearm accidents.

That's the viewpoint which the actor promoted as NRA Chairman of the Hunter Safety Program for 1957.



moved from his grandfather's apartment to a place of their own on 11th Avenue. His parents still live there, by the way. This was no *Little Italy*—the families here were of all national origins.

Things were different right away, too. He got to be a baseball whiz—and some afternoons he wore out a deck of cards, playing *brisk* with the young sports on the street corner. He'd always made top marks easily before, but now, like a *regular guy*, his grades slipped fashionably. He was always in trouble, and one year he flunked a subject—English Speech and Drama, of all things!—and had to go to summer school. And contradictory as ever, he finished up with top grades!

"I got a kick out of knowing that if I wanted to be good at my studies, I could," he remembers.

Things no one knows about Johnny

Another for instance of that pulling-in-opposite-directions trait occurred during Johnny's physical-culture period.

When he was around thirteen he made his cellar a gym, fitted with barbells, dumbbells, stretchers, weights—the works. He worked at it.

For almost two years, he worked out every spare minute. And after two years there were muscles on his muscles! Or, as Johnny puts it, "I looked like a bumpy little bulldog." But when kids stared at the glorious new biceps revealed by his T-shirt, he got so self-conscious that it was nothing but long-sleeved shirts from then on in to hide the muscles he had worked so long and hard to develop! The muscles he didn't want the world to know about! Typical of that funny Johnny, all right—and in many ways he hasn't changed.

An example? Nobody knew then, as few do now, that he liked to sketch and had quite a talent in the beautiful-pictures department. Or that he secretly ate up serious books—hidden behind a comic-book cover. When his father and grandfather told him how hard it was making a living as a laborer, he'd stubbornly insist, "But that's what I want to do!"—when it wasn't at all. But Johnny was scared that a laborer's job was all he *could* do.

He still stops in his tracks, wondering if he's an actor or if everybody will wake up some day and know that he's a fluke. . . .

Earning a living

But he doesn't always think he's worthless. He didn't think so on his first job, one summer between school terms, in a neighborhood grocery store. To Johnny the work was so boring that he figured he was worth a raise to compensate for his boredom. So he asked for one—on his second day at work. The boss fired him.

His next job was in a department store putting price tags on women's hats.

His first morning, he walked in at nine o'clock. The first thing he saw was a time clock. The first words he said were, "Do I have to punch that thing?"

"Sure—why not?"

"I won't punch any clock!" Why not? Who knows! "I'll be on time, but I won't punch a clock," said Johnny, and he didn't. He was on time; he was ahead of time. For four days. Then his declaration of independence on time clocks caught up with him.

His next job was at a fruit store on week ends delivering orders on his bike. With tips he usually earned fifteen dollars. That lasted seven months, right on into the school year.

Those were the jobs he took—while he day-dreamed about what he *wanted*. Day-dreamed until a man sniffed out the secret, other side of young Johnny. He was a young English teacher with a gift for teaching that kept Johnny interested enough to try doing his best. When the

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DON MURRAY—



GUY WITH A HEART

■ Don Murray is back in Europe.

He is not making a movie with a glamorous European star or gambling on the Riviera or enjoying a vacation in the Alps. He has gone back to Europe for a month to help bring food, clothing, and hope to displaced persons in Germany and Italy.

Don, who is a conscientious objector because he does not feel that it is right for any man to take another man's life, spent a year and a half in Naples during the Korean war working with displaced children under the auspices of the Brethren Church.

"The kids were living in bombed-out buildings. We built them a school and organized a boys' club so that they could have some place to go that was safer than the streets."

During that year and a half Don pushed himself beyond endurance. He entered a Naples hospital three times, twice for yellow jaundice attacks brought on by fatigue and overwork. The third time he had acute appendicitis.

When his year and a half was up, he didn't go home. Instead he went to Germany. For another year he taught in refugee camps—English, baseball, and anything else that needed teaching.

He had turned down offers of three Broadway shows to do this work. In return he was given food, paid \$7.50 a month and allowed \$50 a year for clothes.

Today his paycheck from TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is infinitely larger. But he still sets aside a sizable chunk of it each week to help finance the Brethren Church's aid to displaced persons.

In an interview, Don once said, "It makes no difference what a person says he believes. A person's life shows what he is and what he believes."

Every action of Don's life shows that he believes in God and human dignity and the responsibility of people to help each other.

Don is currently in U.A.'s *The Bachelor Party* and will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *A Hatful Of Rain*.

teacher told the class to write a composition about *A Friend of Mine*, Johnny gave it all he had.

The teacher read it, and asked him to stay after class. The teacher looked down at the young boy who didn't study unless he felt like it and asked, "Who is this friend you've written about?"

"Me," Johnny confessed.

"I thought so," said the teacher. "I don't know what you want to be—but you might consider writing."

Walking both ways

Johnny considered it, but not for more than a minute or two. In a feverish burst of enthusiasm, peddling like a racer towards home and paper and pencils, he worked out an elaborate plot about a husband and wife in a psychological struggle. He didn't know what he was writing about, and the story was terrible. But the idea of writing was enough to keep Johnny interested in English classes—and interested long enough to get cast in a school production of *Death Of A Salesman*. The teacher took the class into Manhattan to the theater.

It was the first play Johnny had ever seen. But it was not to be the last.

Johnny lived in Brooklyn. Four blocks in one direction from his house was a corner pool room—and the rowdy, looking-for-trouble gang that went with it. Three blocks in the other direction was a different neighborhood. There the incomes were higher, and standards too. Boys had more ambition, dressed better, dated nice girls, kept out of trouble. All through his teens, this was to represent his struggle to find himself. "I was in between—and involved with both sets," Johnny says. "Actually, there was a touch of both in me and I guess—at one time, for a little while—I could have walked either way."

No pegged pants

The first half of high school he leaned toward the pool room bunch. He spent his spare hours hanging out with them, sharply dressed, his dark hair long and slicked, betting his spare dollars on his cue-stick talents.

One day he made a small killing on a pool game and, with a couple of his real cool pals, went down to order a new pair of trousers.

"You want them pegged?" asked the clerk.

"No," Johnny found himself saying, as a picture flashed in his mind of how those other fellows looked, the ones who dated the nice girls. "You crazy, Man?" his companions hooted. "What do you want to slop around like that for? Don't be a square!"

An unimportant incident?

No, because suddenly Johnny looked at his pool room companions, and he didn't like the picture—not enough to want to be a part of it, not by a long shot. He began to veer the other way.

In the girl department—her name was Jenny and he met her when he was sixteen, in the soda fountain hangout around the corner from school. "She was dark, exotic like a Creole, savage looking—but nice," remembers Johnny today.

He bought her a friendship ring that first Christmas, and they started going steady.

One Saturday afternoon as he and Jenny left the ROXY THEATRE, a man stopped Johnny on the street, told him he was a photographer's agent and asked, "How'd you like to pose for some magazine illustrations?"

Johnny started figuring, in hours and minutes, and knew he couldn't. High school was winding up. He had a Saturday job; he had a girl. Where was the time? He ran into the same man three

months later. And the same offer. But the third time they spotted each other out of New York's eight million people, Johnny had just graduated. That was 1953; he was seventeen, and he needed that fifteen dollars an hour that posing for the camera paid.

Out of a strait-jacket

Modeling made that year the greatest yet in his young life. "I began meeting people—all sorts of new people doing exciting things—painters, writers, musicians, actors," recalls John Saxon. "I talked to an actor, and next thing I knew I was taking classes with him. And I felt as if I'd suddenly stepped out of a strait-jacket, as if I had the whole world to choose from—and I remembered the time I'd said I wanted to be a laborer, because I couldn't think of anything else that anybody'd want to pay me for."

Of course, none of the avenues were speedways.

He broke in with some bits on television—and almost wrecked one *Omnibus* show when he leaned against a 'marble' pillar . . . and over it went!

Then the one avenue he'd considered dead-end and strictly for immediate dough—the magazine posing—sent him rolling right off to Hollywood.

That particular assignment started out looking like *Death*—John Saxon's death! Three bulbs exploded in his face when the electric generator blew out.

But a month or so later the editor called Johnny to his office. Seems that gambling on good-looking guys from nowhere was Hollywood agent Henry Willson's specialty, and Henry Willson was offering Johnny an agency contract and a crack at some screen tests. Johnny had about \$100 in the kitty. He'd never been west of New Jersey. What could he lose?

Just how good is it?

The day after his plane landed, Henry Willson took him to TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX and UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL. Johnny had eight dollars left when he inked the dotted line on a UNIVERSAL contract, just enough to call New York and tell his folks the good news.

But plenty of times from then on Johnny Saxon himself wasn't sure just how good it really was.

For almost two years he didn't even have an extra job, just a stock pay check that was big enough to buy food and half of a one-room apartment.

Then he met a few people here and a few people there, and the Bohemian life took him over. He had just one suit, but plenty of T-shirts. He'd sit up all night with the other young hopefuls spinning platters, banging bongos, talking life, love and what have you.

"It was kind of fun, really," he says, "—for a while."

But a year and a half is a long time, when you're eighteen, to spend six days a week just in training—studying at U-I's *Talent Workshop*, or roaming around the lot watching the stars at work.

As time slipped by, his eyes deepened, his brows scowled, and his mouth broke

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

6—INP; 7—Bruce Bailey, Gary Wagner; 8—INP, Darlene Hammond; 11—Bud Fraker; 12—Wide World; 14—INP, Globe; 16—Bailey, Frank Mastro of INP; 24—Globe; 26—James J. Kriegman; 29—Wide World; 31—John Engstead; 34-35—Dick Miller of Globe; 36-37—Dick Miller of Globe; 38—Don Ornitz of Globe; 39—Phil Burchman; 40—Globe; 42—Gene Dauber, Jacques Lowe; 43—Lowe; 44-45—INP; 46-47—Topix; 51—U-I; 53—Warner Bros., Bob Beerman; 60—Burchman; 62—Peter Basch; 74—Larry Barbier of Globe; 78—NBC; 79—20th Century-Fox; 82—Beerman; 83—Warner Bros.; 84—Beerman; 88—20th Century-Fox; 90—Warner Bros.; 91—Beerman; 92—Warner Bros.

"NOW WE HAVE EVERYTHING"

It was midnight on Broadway. The bright lights of that fabulous street showed a starry-eyed red-head seated in a car listening to the pleadings of the dark-haired, dark-eyed young man in love.

"Let's get married tonight," Desi Arnaz urged Lucille Ball.

It was indeed a magic hour, for Desi won. Three

hours later, his car was speeding to Greenwich, Connecticut. They were married in a civil ceremony after a six o'clock champagne breakfast.

During the nine years that followed, the Arnaz couple could have run out of fingers counting their blessings: their careers were flourishing; the earning power of each star was more than respectable; they had a beautiful home on a ranch in Northridge; they had wonderful families, and they had their love and their health.

But there was something missing. And it was not only that their marriage had not yet been blessed with children. Then, suddenly, they both realized that what they needed for a fuller life was *the spiritual values that give life a meaningful purpose and balance.*

Desi had been brought up with deep religious feelings. Lucille and he decided to be remarried in the Church.

And so, on a beautiful sunny day, the handsome Cuban and his radiant bride knelt for their second marriage vows in the picturesque little CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE VALLEY in California.

"It was the moment which counted most in our lives," Desi maintains. And the things they had hoped for and prayed for started to happen.

Less than a year later, Lucie Desiree Arnaz was born. It was the fulfillment of the greatest hope the couple had.

To the people who remarked on the coincidence of the second marriage and the birth of their first child—ten years after they first married and a year after their religious vows—Desi's answer is humble.

"You may think as you like," he says. "All I know is that our home was blessed with a child, and it didn't happen until we had been married in the Church."

This faith was rewarded again a year and a half later when Desi IV was born. "Now we have everything!" Desi shouted happily.

And no small part of that *everything*—family, success, health—was the spiritual serenity that was born in Desi and Lucille when they knelt at an altar before God and renewed their marriage before Him.



into a smile less and less often. The reason? Nothing was happening to him. Nothing.

The routine changes

That was when Johnny Saxon periodically packed his bag to blow back to New York. "You've got a contract with me!" Henry Willson would remind Johnny. So he'd start on Willson. "Do I get going or do I get gone?"

Until Henry finally blew up. "I'll buy you a ticket," he'd yelp, "you're driving me crazy!"

The no-roles-for-Saxon routine was simply because nobody *knew* if he were good or not—he'd never been in anything to prove he had it. At his second option U-I execs were unanimous about letting him go until Jess Kimmel, head of the *Talent Workshop* said, "I'm supposed to be judge of new talent; I say keep him."

The second time he was due for the pink slip, a little film called *Running Wild* saved the day. Johnny played only two scenes, but it broke the ice. Then he played a diabetic prize-fighter on tv's *Medic*.

The grapevine tapped out news of a plum part opposite Esther Williams for an intense young actor in *The Unguarded Moment*, and Johnny got the script. Half-way through reading it, he knew the role was for him.

He walked on the lot and saw two actors testing for it. "I felt like I'd turned white as a sheet," he remembers. He stalked right over to U-I studio boss Ed Muhl to speak his piece. Busy. "I'll wait," said John. He did, for an hour: he sat on Muhl's car outside so he couldn't miss. He got the job. And soon after he started working, he also got a rep for blow-ups and battles. "But," explains Johnny, "I had worked up such a solid conception of just how that kid should be played that I flipped when anyone tried to change it."

There was something else he got—enough fan mail to become a studio problem. And enough offers from rival producers—Darryl Zanuck, for one—to make him feel great.

A new perspective

So he took some time off, and went back to the old home town—Brooklyn—and made himself a promise that a little success wasn't going to make him the kind of phoney he'd always hated. So instead, he knew, he had seemed like a snob.

Another casualty of that trip was his romance with Jenny—there wasn't anything any more for either of them. He doesn't try to figure out why—whether it was her fault or his. He just knew it was over and lost. In a way that was a turning point in his life, when he suddenly knew he wasn't happy and didn't know what to do about it. At least, he *knew* he was doing himself no good.

What John Saxon obviously needed was a little perspective on himself.

He got it on his tour with *Rock, Pretty Baby*. The idea of sparkling at autograph parties and on stages made him sweat. Actually, having to face it in twenty-five cities was good medicine. He learned something that surprised him: people were just as skittish of John Saxon as John Saxon was of people! It made it easier for him to take, easier for him to handle being a celebrity. It even made it possible for him to enjoy being a movie star, at least a little.

And he learned to relax a little in other departments. His temper still flares up, but more often he's on an even keel when work problems come up. "I'm calming down," he laughs now.

He's still on the Bohemian side, but he's a little more conservative there too—he's not likely to stay up with the owls remaking the world.

His one suit's grown to three, although

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Kirk and Anne always laugh at *THAT* word.

Such Language Mrs. Douglas!

• I've heard some unusual language in my life.

I used to wrestle for a living in a carnival show, and I've heard some startling things whispered in my ear by opponents who thought I was getting a bit too strenuous putting on a hammerlock or some other hold.

When I arrived at ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY, in Canton, N. Y., as a freshman, I had hitchhiked a ride in a fertilizer truck—and I heard some rather extraordinary comments then too, until I hit the gymnasium showers. And what I heard serving with the Navy's anti-sub patrol during the war!

And there was a day at SCHRAFFT'S 83rd Street restaurant, where I worked at the soda fountain, when I slid a chocolate nut sundae a bit too fast and far along the counter—and it landed in the customer's lap! Said customer spoke some startling lines that would have even been censored out of *Tobacco Road*.

Then there have been episodes where I goofed a tough scene on a temperamental director—and got a nasty earful of old Anglo-Saxon words.

All these unusual language episodes were pretty startling to me at the time, but the word with the greatest shock, the sharpest impact on my mind, was spoken by my lovely wife—and of all places, at our wedding!

The town was Las Vegas; the date, May 29, 1954, and the beautiful but somewhat nervous bride was Anne Buydens, of course. Now Anne was born in Paris, and she's by no means letter-perfect with the English language. Add her touch of bridal nervousness and what she said on the occasion would seem to be natural enough.

But was I shook when I heard Anne, repeating the wedding ceremony words, say, 'I, Ann Buydens, take thee, Kirk Douglas, as my AWFUL wedded husband!'

Kirk Douglas

Kirk's currently in Hal Wallis' Paramount release *Gunfight At The O.K. Corral* and MGM's *Lust For Life*.

he still doesn't own a tux. The '49 Ford tangled with a truck, so now he drives a secondhand MG. He's a lot busier, but he's added a couple of hobbies—boxing and practicing judo.

He still lives in a Hollywood apartment, not much bigger than the first one, but he hopes to swing a little house soon.

He hates restaurants, so he usually broils himself a steak for dinner.

He takes a drink when he feels like it and a cigarette, too. His spare cash goes into books—"the classics, philosophy and psychology. From now on my education has to be self-taught," he says realistically.

His favorite way of shaping up his acting technique is to go to the movies. Recently, he joined an experimental acting group under actor Anthony Quinn.

Right now if you press him about romance he'll level, "Yes, I've got a girl. You wouldn't know her, she's a student at Los ANGELES CITY COLLEGE. She's pretty; she's smart; she's studying for an artistic ca-

reer. I like her a lot. I see her a lot. Engaged? Of course not. Marriage isn't in my picture now. Someday—sure. I'm standing by for the NAVAL AIR FORCE RESERVE right now.

"Besides that, I'm just in the process of getting my feet planted—I'm still digging in. If Hollywood works out, I want to handle it right . . . without doing things that'll only spoil it for me. It took time—ever since I had to make my first decision about *anything*—to get over being my own worst enemy. Though I admit," he suddenly laughs, "it's easier to get rid of the knife-in-the-back when it's you, yourself, who's shovin' it in!"

"But if I want to get with it," he adds, his voice quietly serious, "I've got to keep working at straightening things out."

Then the eyes brighten up. And you know he's working at it, and enjoying it . . .

END

John's in *U-I's Cry Innocent*.

harry belafonte

(Continued from page 29) not a taint, that he, Harry Belafonte, would be a great artist.

The coincidences—or the Helping Hand—that made the dream come true started when Harry was seven. He was hit by an automobile. That's when his mother decided that Harry was going to have a safer place to play. She took him to Jamaica, where—along with sunshine and the smell of trees—he got his first taste of being a stranger in a foreign land. But he also got the feel and the taste of a drama in song that were the art his people could give to the world of music.

He lived in Jamaica for eight years, and then he came home again to New York's Harlem. Again a stranger, this time a country boy in the city, a foreigner who spoke with broad A's and a funny West Indian accent. A boy who had forgotten, and didn't want to live again in the jungle of violence and crime that was crowding him in.

So as soon as he could, he escaped. He joined the Navy, and met a beautiful girl to fall in love with, and a year and a half later was back in New York—a civilian again—with no idea of what to do with his life. Until a friend of his took him to the theater one night, and Harry ended up an actor—with degree and everything from THE DRAMATIC WORKSHOP. And no job for a Negro actor, not even one who thought he'd found his place in the world and a work to give meaning to his life.

He was twenty, a man who couldn't get a job and living in the kind of poverty that too frequently made him have to choose between a frankfurter because he was hungry or a coke because he was thirsty—or a bus because he was tired. He was twenty, and had a solid knowledge of how to make a playwright's character come alive. He was twenty—and Harry Belafonte had never yet sung a note outside his own bathroom, never suspected he had a voice.

Pressured into singing

But in his last year at the WORKSHOP, they staged a musical variety show called *Middle Man, What Now?* Every student had to contribute something. Harry dug into his own yearnings and wrote a piece of poetry called *Recognition*. A girl in the class put some music to the words and he handed it in for the show—along with a calypso song he remembered from the Indies. The committee liked them. "You sing them in the show," they suggested.

"Not me," Harry backed up. "I can't

sing." But they pressured him and he sang the two numbers. Years later, Harry recorded *Recognition*. It was his first recording. Today it's a collector's item but even back then, the audience felt something when he sang—and in the audience was a night club proprietor named Monte Kaye.

Then school was over, and Harry was still making the rounds. And looking at the peeling walls of the home that was all he could afford. And living through hungry hours. To keep eating he snapped at a job in the Catskills as sports director. There he met a man named Fisher who owned a Manhattan fabric store. Harry landed a job with him, tracing fabrics, running errands and working in the front office. It paid forty dollars a week.

There was one other thing he had in those days—a hobby. At the WORKSHOP he'd heard some students talk about American folk music, and the subject struck a curious, tingling response. Why, this was the cultural contribution of the Negro race, a unique artistic offering to the world. Something that was important. He started reading about folk music, learning it.

His hobby leads him to Marguerite

Today Harry Belafonte not only knows about it but he sings it, with a dramatic impact unknown before. And today that hobby is still riding him—once he travelled with a chain gang in Georgia to catch lonesome chants and ballads that have never reached radio, or records, developing songs from them. Much of Harry Belafonte's repertoire comes from his own research.

But back then the hobby was strictly a personal, private kick. Harry had no idea of singing the folklore he collected. He just wanted to know about it, and he scrounged through yellowed scores of folk ballads long forgotten, hour after soul-fulfilling hour.

One week end he decided that if the small New York branch held so many treasures, what must there be in the main LIBRARY OF CONGRESS in Washington? He took a train down. When he walked through the train depot, he headed for a phone booth, thumbed through a tattered address book and called Marguerite Byrd, the girl he had loved enough to marry—had she been willing, too.

She was friendly. Maybe, Harry thinks, because he was older, more mature and had something to say. She said she was coming up to New York the next week for an appointment with the Board of Education, to teach child psychology in New York's public schools.

"That's great," he said. "Do you know



ESTHER WILLIAMS a producer as well as a star

Once upon a time, Esther Williams was elected *Mother Of The Year*. The honor was bestowed upon her by a group of citizens working in the interests of the CITY OF HOPE. These good people had in mind a benefit to raise funds for the hospital, and so commissioned artist Ritt Rogaski to paint a portrait of Esther and her three children, figuring that charity-minded folks would pay a good price to watch Esther receive the painting. That planned, they telephoned Esther. Could she give them any idea when she might be available for the benefit?

Esther named a day, then said, "What about the show?"

"The show?" they asked. "Why, there's no show—Mr. Rogaski is just going to present the portrait to you."

Esther realized these people were without a clue to the whys and wherefores of producing entertainment that would insure plenty of admission tickets, so she plunged into action.

"First of all," she told them, "I don't think it's fair to name only one mother. I'd suggest you name ten in all, plus some celebrity fathers."

Then she called Ralph Edwards, of the tv *This Is Your Life* show. "Sure," said the ever-willing Ralph. "I'll be here. What about doing a *This Is Your Wife* for each of the fathers involved?"

The show ended up being a wingding that included Sue and Alan Ladd, Maureen O'Sullivan, Gale Storm, Ann Blyth, Donna Reed, Harriet and Ozzie Nelson, Frances and Joel McCrea, Sheila and Gordon MacRae, and Patti and Jerry Lewis.

And a ball was had by all, particularly the ten mothers of the year surprised by the presence of someone out of their past—à la *This Is Your Life*. Ben Gage dug up Esther's first swimming coach. Out of Ann Blyth's past came the man who met her at the train when she first came to California. Jerry Lewis gleefully invited Ted Fio Rito. Patti had left his band to marry Jerry, and Ted had said at the time that she was making a mistake, that Jerry would never be successful. Louella Parsons was invited by Esther to unveil the portrait—that's it, on top—and the evening was a huge success.

By the time it was over, the CITY OF HOPE had netted a tidy sum. But few people ever knew that Esther was the producer as well as its star.

anybody there?" No, she said, *she didn't*. "Yes you do," he corrected her, "you know me." That spring he saw her every night she would let him. On June 18, 1948 they were married. Harry had just turned twenty-one.

A good steady job

He had only the \$40-a-week job to support a wife on. Marguerite's parents weren't too happy about the match. "To them I was a first class villain, I'm afraid," he laughs, "the city slicker—all talk and no security." Right away security became top priority, too. Because three months after their marriage Marguerite became pregnant. He had to make more money.

Sometimes at night Harry used to stop in a cellar joint on Broadway called *The Royal Roost* to hear Ella Fitzgerald, Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie. Monte Kaye staged the shows, and Monte Kaye remembered hearing Harry in that *WORKSHOP* musical. Often he had asked, "Ever think about singing professionally yourself, Harry?" But Harry had just laughed. "I've got a steady job—and I need it!"

But now it wasn't good enough. Forty dollars didn't support a wife and child; Marguerite had to go back to Washington to have her baby. Was he a flop as a family man? The AGVA minimum was \$110 a week. Forty dollars a week—and maybe in a year a ten-dollar raise? With a wife and child that wasn't a good job any more! He walked in to see Monte Kaye. "I'll try singing," he said, "if you'll audition me." He sang some pop numbers for the try-out, and Monte offered to try him for two weeks. The two stretched to twenty-two.

That was the beginning. Then CAPITOL RECORDS spotted him and cut some trial numbers. Broadway columns mentioned him as a comer. Other night clubs started bidding for him. An agent booked a tour.

His daughter Adrienne was born in Washington that spring, and Harry was there—he had the money. But right afterward he went off hitting night clubs and was away most of the year. The money was good. But, alone in New York, Marguerite was miserable. And Harry felt more and more that his life was a failure. He hadn't worked and dreamed all this time to wind up a wandering crooner of Tin Pan Alley stuff. The unsung folk music that started as a hobby by now throbbed deep inside him.

A fuse touched off

Then, in Florida for a club stint, he had to carry a pass to show that *this* Negro had permission to walk the streets after the curfew hour—the curfew for Negroes only—in this White Man's Land. That touched off the fuse in Harry that was already set to blow any minute. He called Marguerite, fifteen hundred miles away in New York, and told her of his decision to junk night club crooning for keeps. "Bravo!" she said, and "Hurry, hurry home." By the time he reached New York, Harry Belafonte knew what he *did* want to sing. But he still had to make a living for his family.

So with two friends, writer Bill Attaway, and actor Firmin Phillips, he opened a hole-in-the-wall restaurant in the Village. Bill named it *THE SAGE*. Just why, Harry has never been quite sure. "It certainly wasn't smart," he chuckles, "and even the food wasn't very tasty." The three of them stood shifts, and for eight months made a modest go of it.

But it had started on a shoestring, and for the most part the *SAGE*'s customers were as poor as its proprietors. "We drew our friends and the struggling art crowd," says Harry. "I guess we talked ourselves out of business—too much jabber

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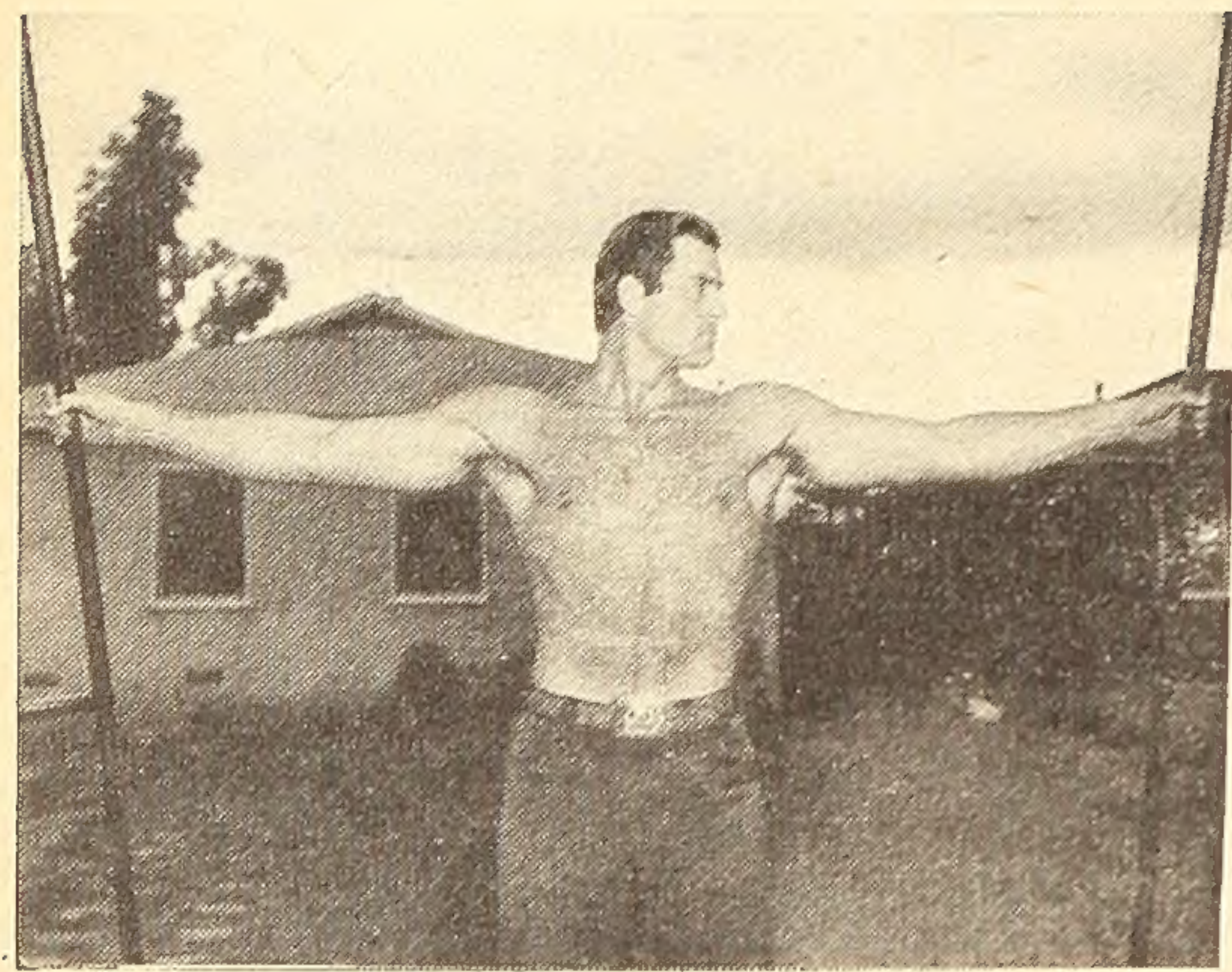
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DIET FOR A HE-MAN



■ Clint Walker is not one of those fanatics who tries to convert friends to health food, but if you ask him, he talks about the subject eagerly.

"A few years ago, I wasn't feeling well," says Clint, whose six-foot-six, 235-pound frame of hard muscles suggests perfect health. "I went to the doctor. He told me I had high blood pressure.

"That was the beginning of my consciousness about food values."

Clint, fastest rising he-man in TV, points out that in his WARNERS' series *Cheyenne* he has to perform real he-man feats of strength, "and I must be well!

"I don't use salt—that is, not mineral salt. I use vegetable salt. I'm not much of a drinking man. Don't drink coffee or tea. I like grape juice with lime in it. I don't smoke.

"I like salads, and I eat meat only once a day, so I'm not a vegetarian . . . which most people take for granted when they discover you like health food.

"I never eat pork, and I eat most vegetables and fruit raw. I love dates and nuts and plums and raisins. These are high-powered foods, and I like to eat them as they're grown, without sweetening."

Clint says the biggest problem comes when he's on the road. "I don't eat much when I'm out with people because most people don't like health foods. That's why I always take unsweetened raisins and sunflower seeds wherever I go. I always put a few bags of them in my valise . . . since I'm never sure there'll be a health food store handy."

His biggest meal is breakfast, and the first time he went into the BROWN DERBY he threw the waiter into a tizzy by ordering two steaks, six eggs and a quart of milk. But he doesn't eat much the rest of the day. "I have no trouble keeping my weight down," he adds.

Around the studio, there are folk who kid Clint about carrying a bag of sunflower seeds around with him—until they see him rip the Central Los Angeles phone directory in half with just one tug . . . which isn't bad for a fellow who used to have high blood pressure and feel run down, just three years ago!

about the mistakes of Bernard Shaw and not enough service for the customer."

But while it lasted Harry was happy. He supported his family; he had time to develop the folk material he wanted to sing—or rather, *perform*.

Something different, something good

He worked on arrangements for almost a year with a talented guitarist named Craig Work. "I wanted to make it dramatic," he explains. "It stirred me deeply. Why couldn't it stir every other American? That's what we worked to get." Finally they knew they had something different and good. Late in 1950 they opened at the VILLAGE VANGUARD, where Eartha Kitt and Judy Holliday had gotten their start. The first week crowds swelled from a curious hundred to five hundred trying to squeeze in.

Then Harry was booked at the sophisticated, up-town BLUE ANGEL. An MGM scout caught him one night and in 1952 Harry came to Hollywood to make the appropriately-titled *The Bright Road* with Dorothy Dandridge. While in Hollywood he sang at the MOCAMBO. Critical screen-colony audiences ate him up, and offers from the best night clubs all over America started becoming routine. In 1953 he hit Broadway in *John Murray Anderson's Almanac* to tremendous applause. One of the songs he sang he had written himself from his own research "Mark Twain." That led to his first RCA-VICTOR album of folk songs. Otto Preminger grabbed him next for the all-Negro film *Carmen Jones* at TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX, an artistic triumph. After that Harry teamed with Marge and Gower Champion in *Three For Tonight* on Broadway and on tour. Eminent critics like Brooks Atkinson hailed him with rave reviews.

The glory road of Harry Belafonte suddenly stretched out, bright and shining.

What powered Harry's climb to greatness? His talent, yes. But more, it was his own belief in the importance of what he does—to deliver dramatically the rich heritage of America's folk history to the American people. "It belongs to them," he says simply.

And the minute Harry unleashed what he had long stored up, and passed it around, he belonged to America too.

Wanted: a husband she could see

But there was a price to pay. Harry Belafonte had no personal life worthy of the name—and Marguerite wanted a husband she saw often enough to stay in love with, a man who was with his wife often enough so that *his* love could grow bigger and bigger too—as they grew more a part of each other. Instead they became strangers—two people who both happened to be parent to the same children—two people who no longer even knew the little things of each other's daily living.

Success destroyed his marriage? In a way. Because success kept them apart, and success had made of the man Marguerite had married a different man—a Harry Belafonte whose work was his life, whose work she was not dedicated to as he was.

They've known for a long time they no longer loved each other, but for a long time there was no reason to do anything about it. They had become friends only, but for a long time there was no reason to bother changing their legal status of husband and wife. Not even when Harry started realizing that more and more he kept noticing a dancer named Julie Robinson in the little groups of musicians who'd find themselves gathered to play and sing and dance for each other, for fellow artists—after hours, after they'd finished with the paying audiences. Then, just before another tour took him off again, he'd

think about how nice it had been each time he and Julie had run into each other and talked—and found so many of their wants and ambitions were the same. And how he always left her feeling a little less alone.

First victory

By the time Harry was thirty, he had quite definitely won his first victory. He had a work to fill his soul with and a dignity . . . a place to go and a job to do.

And twenty per cent of all he earned was going into the BELAFONTE ARTS AND MUSIC FOUNDATION OF WASHINGTON, D. C. established "To help promising young talent in serious art fields," Harry explains. American cultural standards can't thrive without support. "I want to help deserving youngsters out of the kind of blind I was in once myself. It's the only way I can see any meaning in my position, my success and the great fortune I've had," he says.

For instance, between a string of concert tours this summer and the scripts that Hollywood is feverishly rushing for him, he plans to go to Poland on a good-will junket sponsored by the Department of State.

After that he's eager to tour Europe to promote international relations. Then India. And most of all, Africa. "Boy," Harry lights up, "think what I can dig into there! All the cultural beginnings of my race. And what it has meant to America."

He had done what he had set out to do, but there was something missing.

Harry had been running into Julie Robinson for about two years—off and on, here and there. It took him that long to realize that there was so much more he felt for her than just the enjoyment of talking shop with another artist.

Perhaps Marguerite realized it first, because one morning she left for Las Vegas, and a divorce.

It was granted.

An end to all loneliness

Julie Robinson became his wife—this girl who had been a teacher in MARTHA GRAHAM'S SCHOOL OF MODERN DANCE, had toured for six years through nineteen countries—and knew the meaning of the thing that drove Harry Belafonte, because it flamed in her too.

What Harry feels for Julie he says this way, "To accept an entertainer in my position, and to accept the difficulties that go along with this responsibility, calls for a unique kind of woman, and such a woman I think Julie is. I do not feel that I am an easy person to live with, for like many entertainers—I have temperament . . . I go through changes of moods, and I am 'public property.' For a woman to cope with this calls for an enormous amount of understanding. Julie has that, also. As far as my work is concerned, she has a great interest in folk culture all through the world, and helps me gather and edit a great deal of the folk material and other material I use.

"So you can see," Harry Belafonte smiles, summing up, "I consider myself quite fortunate!"

And that's what the headlines shouted to the world that morning, about a month after they had flown from Las Vegas to Mexico to marry each other.

In their 2½-room apartment off Manhattan's Central Park West, Julie and Harry sat over a second cup of coffee and a cigarette and looked at the headlines that told what Harry had found and loved in the woman he made his wife. He had found an end to loneliness; he had found someone to talk to

END

Harry Belafonte can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Island In The Sun*.

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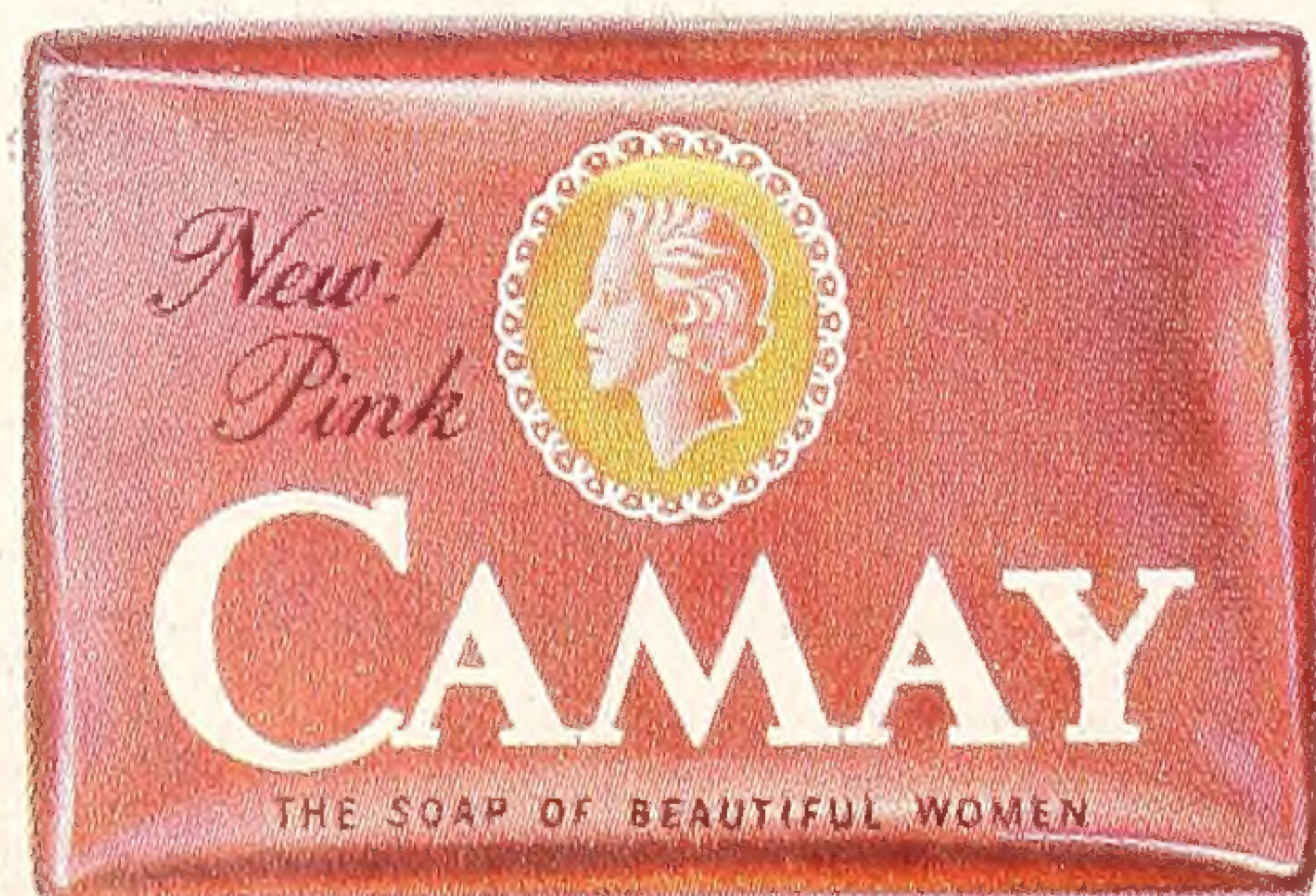
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